

BIBLE BRILLIANTS

OR
MOTHER'S HOME
BIBLE
STORIES

By

GEORGE M. HAMPTON

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

BS551
Chap. Copyright No.
Shelf H29

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





And some fell among thorns.

BIBLE BRILLIANTS;

• OR, •

MOTHER'S HOME BIBLE STORIES

RE-TOLD BY

THE REV. GEO. M. HAMMEEL.

WITH THREE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

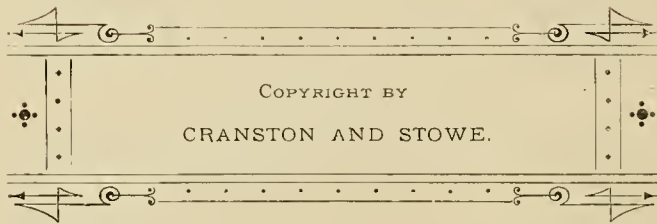


CRANSTON AND STOWE.
CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO.

SEP 10 1889

26330

BS 551
H 29





CITY OF JERUSALEM

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
ABRAHAM'S FAITH and Isaac's Obedience.....	18	Dorcas, The Restoration of,	267
A Bunch of Grapes (poem)	165	Dove and the Deluge, The.....	14
"After Many Days".....	186	Dreams of Sheaves and Stars.....	24
Afterward; or, The Patience of Job.....	263	Dreams of Sheaves and Stars, How the, came True..	31
Among Thorns	259	EARTHQUAKE SERMON, An.....	235
Andrew, the "Gentleman" Disciple.....	179	Easter Sunday, The First	224
Answers of God to Questions of Man.....	155	Elijah.....	101
Ark of God, The History of the.....	90	Enemy in the Wheat-field, An	255
Athens, The Gospel in.....	233	FAITHFUL TO THE LITTLE ONES.....	151
BABY BOY in the Bulrush Boat, The.....	38	First Words	7
Babylon, The Last Days of.....	114	GIRL WHO DIED and lived again, The!.....	145
Balaam, The Way of	308	God and the First Man.....	11
Bartimeus, The Prayer of (poem).....	148	God's Goodness to Bad Birds.....	179
Beginnings of Life, The	10	God, The Power of.....	268
"Be sure Your Sin will find You out!"	56	Good for Evil; or, David's Victory over Saul.....	82
Betrayer's Confession, The.....	222	HAMAN, THE HANGING OF.....	116
Boy's Story of a Miracle, A.....	170	Hercules, The Hebrew.....	63
CAN 'T PLEASE EVERYBODY, but You can please One..	278	Hero, The Christian.....	248
Caught in a Trap.....	302	Herod Agrippa.....	251
Cave, The Double, at Hebron.....	21	"Home Again".....	181
Cities turned to Ashes.....	303	"Honor Bright".....	144
City, The Holy.....	294	How the Dreams of Sheaves and Stars came True...	31
Crosses, The Three.....	269	How to Read the Bible.....	9
Crowned at Last	227	IDOL, THE SERPENT.....	55
DANIEL THE GOOD, in the City of Babylon the Bad..	105	"Idols, Keep Yourselves from".....	280
David's Falsehood, and what came of it	81	Incense-burner's Son, The.....	142
David's Flight from Gath.....	79	"In my Father's House are Many Mansions".....	320
David's Prayer, and Aliithophel's Suicide	89	"In the Holy Mount".....	286
Dedication, The Feast of; or, Judas the Hammerer...	190	Ishmael, the Boy without a Home	22
Diana, The Temple of	254		
Dionysius.....	240		

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
JEREMIAH, LIFE AND TIMES OF.....	183	PAUL, APOSTLE; Nero, Emperor.....	241
Jesus, The Boy-days of.....	135	Paul's Foot-prints in Italy.....	248
Jesus, the Giver of Health.....	148	Peter's Profanity.....	208
John, the Last of the Apostles.....	312	Plagues, The Ten.....	44
Joseph's Tomb.....	35	Pontius Pilate, The Fate of.....	221
Joseph wears Pharaoh's Ring.....	28	Prayer before reading the Scriptures, A (poem).....	9
Judas the Hammerer.....	190	"Put Off"—Forever.....	265
Judas Maccabeus, The English.....	200		
KING ON THE CROSS, THE.....	211	ROD OF MOSES and the Rocks of Meribah, The.....	51
		Ruth	60
LAZARUS RAISED FROM THE DEAD.....	165	SAMUEL, the Power behind the Throne.....	70
Liar's Doom, The.....	227	Saul's Last Battle; or, A King's Suicide.....	85
Light and Lightning; or, Miracles and Curses.....	228	"Seed after Its Kind".....	175
Love for Love.....	276	Shepherd-boy who became a Soldier-king, The.....	74
Lunatic Boy, The Lord and the.....	152	Shipwrecked.....	239
MARY OF BETHANY (poem).....	201	Six Bible Names.....	133
Mind-reading.....	204	Stars, The Seven.....	13
Miracles and Magic.....	253	Syro-Phenician Girl's Story, The.....	154
Miriam, the Sister of Moses.....	43	TEMPLE, THE STORY OF THE.....	125
Moses and the Obelisk of On.....	50	"Thou shalt not steal".....	145
Mother's Reminiscence and Advice, A.....	133	Too Late (poem).....	223
Murder without Blood.....	298	UNTIL HE COMES.....	288
Musician, The First.....	13	WALKING ON WATER.....	167
NEIGHBORS IN NEED and Friends in Deed.....	173	What Will Be, Will Be.....	256
Night at Noon.....	208	With all his Might; or, Seeking and Finding.....	272
OBEY ORDERS.....	283	Worth Living For.....	258
On One's Knees.....	261	"YOU SAID IT WAS A SHADOW".....	272
"Out of the Depths".....	187		

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.
"AMONG THE THORNS"— <i>Frontispiece</i> .		The Dove sent forth from the Ark.	17	Joseph cast into the Pit.....	26
Mother—Home—Bible.....	7	Mount Ararat.....	18	Joseph sold to the Ishmaelites....	27
"Beginnings of Life"—Title....	10	The Trial of Abraham's Faith...	19	Ring Seals.....	28
The Land of Eden.....	11	God's Covenant with Abraham...	20	Joseph in Prison.....	28
Adam and Eve in Eden.....	11	A Patriarchal Journey.....	20	Joseph interpreting the Prisoners'	
Expulsion from Eden.....	12	Abraham offering Isaac.....	21	Dreams.....	28
Thou crownest the Year with Thy		Well at Beersheba.....	21	Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's	
Goodness.....	12	Mosque over Cave at Machpelah..	22	Dream.....	29
First Musical Instruments.....	13, 14	Hagar and Ishmael cast forth....	23	Joseph exalted.....	29
The Deluge.....	15	God opened her Eyes, and she saw		Pharaoh honors Joseph.....	30
Entering the Ark.....	16	a Well of Water.....	24	Simeon detained by Joseph.....	31
The Dove's Return.....	16	Joseph's Dream.....	25	Joseph revealing Himself.....	32
God's Covenant with Noah.....	16	Joseph telling his Dream to his		Jacob setting out for Egypt.....	33
Noah's Sacrifice.....	16	Brethren.....	25	Joseph presenting Jacob to Pharaoh	34

PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.	
Egyptian Mummy-cases.	35	Samson betrayed.	68	Nebo.	108
Embalming Joseph.	36	Samson grinding Flour.	69	The Fiery Furnace.	109
Shechem and Mount Gerizim.	37	Elders at the Gate.	70	Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar.	110
On the Nile.	38	Samuel anointing Saul.	71	The Handwriting on the Wall.	111
Zoan, Lower Egypt.	38	Ebenezer.	72	Daniel in the Lion's Den.	113
Reeds of Papyrus.	39	Samuel reproaching Saul.	73	North-east Court of the Temple, Babylon.	114
Winnowing Grain.	39	The Sheep-fold.	74	The Gate of God, Babel.	114
Egyptian Granary.	39	David among the Sheep.	74	Babylon taken by Cyrus.	115
Wine-press.	39	Defending his Sheep-fold.	75	Publishing the Decree against the Jews.	116
Molding Brick.	39	Leading forth the Flock.	75	Xerxes and his Queen.	117
Brick-making.	39	David going forth to slay Goliath.	75	Haman and Mordecai.	117
Moses taken to the Palace.	40	Goliath slain by David.	76, 77	Esther before Xerxes.	118
Finding of Moses.	41	Saul attempting the Life of David.	78	Mordecai at the King's Gate.	119
Miriam's Song.	42	David feigning Madness.	80	The Triumph of Mordecai.	120
Inundation of the Nile.	44	Saul searching for David.	83	Reading the Records.	121
Amon.	44	David sparing Saul.	84	Sentence of Haman.	122
Nile Temple at Ipsamboul.	45	The Battle of Gilboa.	86	Feast of Purim.	123
Egyptian Priests.	45	Death of Saul.	87	David in Solemn Assembly.	124
Apis.	46	Raising of Samuel.	88	Tomb of Mordecai and Esther.	125
Emblem of Osiris.	46	Ark and the Mercy-seat.	90	David instructing Solomon.	126
Isis and Nephthys.	46	Tabernacle in the Wilderness.	90	Hiram's Messengers.	127
Locust.	46	Ark and Cherubim.	90	Cutting down Cedars.	128
Egyptian Mourners.	46	Acacia.	90	Solomon's Temple—Interior.	129
Death of the First-born.	47	Moses and the Ark of God.	91	Solomon's Temple—Front View.	129
Departure of the Israelites.	48	Marching through the Wilder- ness.	92, 93	Solomon's Temple—West End.	129
Crossing the Red Sea.	49	Ford of the Jordan.	94	Jewish People rejoicing.	130
Plain and Obelisk of Heliopolis.	50	Jordan at Hasbayeati.	94	Temple Rebuilt.	131
The Great Temples.	50	Dagon.	94	Temple of Solomon.	131
Cartouch.	50	The Land of Bashan.	94	Herod's Temple.	132
Gateway of Sinai.	51	Passage of the Jordan.	95	Jesus among the Doctors.	134
Wady Feiran.	51	Jericho Taken.	96	The Message to Joseph.	135
Mount Sinai.	52	Plain of Jordan above Jericho.	97	The Nativity.	136
Wilderness of Kadesh.	52	Plain of Jericho.	97	The Annunciation.	137
Moses smiting the Rock.	53	Uzzah and the Ark.	97	Modern Bethlehem.	137
Moses on Mount Pisgah.	54	Arrival of the Ark.	98, 99	The Wise Men guided by the Star.	138
Lifting up the Serpent.	55	David bringing the Ark from Kir- jath-jearim.	100	Gateway of Bethlehem.	139
Viper.	56	Elijah denouncing Ahab.	101	Going down to Egypt.	139
Theft of Achan.	56	Elijah fed by Ravens.	102, 103	Modern Nazareth.	139
Stoning of Achan.	57	Zarephath.	102	Jesus at the Age of Twelve.	140
Nathan reproves David.	58	Mount Carmel.	102	Going up to Jerusalem to the Pass- over.	140
Death of Nadab and Abihu.	59	Elijah summoning Elisha.	103	The Church of the Nativity.	141
Ruth.	60	Ford of the Kishon.	104	The raising of Jairus's Daughter.	146
Ruth and Naomi.	61	Hermou.	104	Ruins of Tell Hum, Capernaum.	147
Ruth gleaning.	61	Daniel—Title.	105	Christ healing the Sick.	149
Boaz buying the Inheritance.	62	Hanging Gardens in Babylon.	106	The Sick laid in the Streets.	150
Ehud and Eglon.	63	Tower at Babylon.	107	Christ healing the Sick.	151
Gideon and his Followers surpris- ing the Midianites.	64	Babylon.	107	Christ healing the Lunatic.	153
Gideon destroying the Altar of Baal.	65	Procession of Bel.	107	Jesus and Nicodemus.	155
Samson and the Lion.	66	The Hebrew Boys.	108	The Sermon on the Mount.	156
Barbary Lion.	7	Nisroch.	108		
Jackals.	67				

	PAGE.
Jesus itinerating in Galilee.....	157
Christ blessing Little Children...	158
Jesus teaches Humility.....	159
Jesus preaching at the "Sea"-side.	160
The Pharisee and the Publican...	162
The Spies, and the Bunch of Grapes.....	164
Resurrection of Lazarus.....	166
Sea of Galilee.....	167
Jesus and Peter on the Water....	167
Christ saving Peter.....	167
Jesus walking on the Water....	168
"It is I!".....	169
The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.....	171
The Good Samaritan.....	172
Interior of a Khan or Inn.....	173
Lazarus at the Rich Man's Gate..	174
Seed germinating.....	175
Seed-time.....	176
Acorns.....	177
Pine Cones.....	177
Spring-time.....	178
COLORED PLATE.	
The Prodigal's Return.....	180
The Prodigal in the "Far Country".....	182
Reclining at Table.....	183
Serving a Dinner.....	183
Jeremiah before the King.....	184
Jeremiah let down into the Pit...	185
Joppa.....	187
Jonah cast into the Sea.....	188
Jonah Preaching.....	189
Assyrian King.....	190
Site of Nineveh.....	190
Desolation of the Sanctuary by the Soldiers of Antiochus.....	191
Syrian Soldiers commanding Jews to sacrifice to Idols.....	192
The Translation of Elijah.....	193
Death of Mattathias.....	194
Maccabean Soldiers preparing for a Night Surprise.....	195
Joshua at the Battle of Beth-Horon.	196
Messengers bringing News of the Victory of Adasa.....	197
Lament for the Death of Judas Maccabeus.....	198
The Walls of Jerusalem.....	199
Bethany.....	201

	PAGE.
Mount of Olives.....	202
Mary anointing the Feet of Jesus.	203
The Widow's Mite.....	205
Jesus and the Woman of Samaria.	206
The Helmet—a Roman Soldier ..	206
Christ and the Tribute-money....	207
Peter denying Christ.....	209
Christ in the Garden.....	210
Garden of Gethsemane and Mount of Olives.....	211
The Kiss of Betrayal.....	212
City of Jerusalem, from Mount of Olives,.....	213
Jesus Scourged.....	214
The Crown of Thorns.....	215
Arranging the Body of Jesus for the Tomb.....	215
Erecting the Cross.....	216
The Crucifixion... ..	218
Jesus taken down from the Cross..	220
Easter Dawn.....	224
Christ is Risen.....	225
Thomas said: "My Lord and My God!".....	226
Elisha dividing the Waters of Jor- dan.....	229
Elisha saving the Shunamite's Son.....	229
Elisha sweetening the Bitter Waters.....	229
Charity to Lepers.....	230
Naaman offering Presents to Elisha.....	231
The Areopagus.....	233
Paul on Mars' Hill.....	233, 234
Paul in Prison.....	235
Paul preaching to the Jailer.	236
Believe on the Lord.....	237
Macedonians presenting Gifts to Paul.....	238
Saint Paul's Bay.....	239
Tarsus.....	241
The Forum.....	242
Stoning of Stephen.....	243
Damascus.....	244
Public Garden, Damascus.....	244
Conversion of Saul.....	244
Paul before Agrippa.....	245
Nero's Persecution.....	246
The Coliseum.....	247
Martyrdom in the Arena.....	247

	PAGE.
The First Christian Martyr.....	249
Paul at Ephesus.....	252
Ancient Ephesus.....	254
Diana of the Ephesians.....	255
Temple of Diana.....	255
Arthur at Prayer.....	262
Job hearing of his Ruin.....	263
Job and his Friends.....	264
The Ten Virgins.....	266
Jesus bearing the Cross.....	269
Nailing Jesus to the Cross.....	270
A Boy's New Leaf.....	273
Straightening the Tree.....	274
"Thy Face, Lord, will I Seek!" ..	278
Calling of Matthew.....	279
Interior of Shinto Temple.....	281
Great Image of Daibutzu.....	282
Augustine preaching to Ethelbert.	283
The Potter.....	284
Transfiguration of Jesus.....	287
Rescue of Wesley.....	289
"He heapeth up Riches, and know- eth not who shall gather them" ..	290
"He that withholdeth Corn shall be cursed".....	292
Christian in his Armor.....	294
Land of Beulah.....	295
The Angel Guardian.....	296
Blessed are the Peacemakers.....	297
Death of Abel.....	299
"Shouldest not Thou also have had Compassion?".....	301
Destruction of Sodom.....	305
Paul let down by the Wall in a Basket.....	307
Balaam receiving the Messengers of Balak.....	309
Balaam withstood by the Angel...	311
Jesus and his Disciples.....	312
"Follow me!".....	313
Peter and John healing the Lame Man.....	314
John and Peter at the Tomb of Jesus.....	314
Jesus appearing to his Disciples (after the Resurrection).....	315
John on the Isle of Patmos.....	316
Harbor of La Scala—Patmos.....	317
Vision of the Candlestick.....	318
Opening of the Sixth Seal.....	319
"Many Mansions".....	320



FIRST WORDS.

IN one of Rich'ard Jeff'er-ies's delightful stories there is a word-picture of a boy sitting at a cottage window with his grandmother's old Bible lying open before him. A very pious boy, passers-by thought, as they went to Church; but they did not know that all the doors and windows of the cottage were securely fastened, and that the boy was studying

the Book, as Jeff'er-ies says, "under terror of stick!" "He won't read," said the grandmother; "but I makes him look at his book!"

Perhaps she thought her duty done when she accomplished this; but if, instead of threatening to whip her grandchild for his lack of interest in the Scriptures, she had told him the Bible stories and shown him Bible pictures, she would

have found no need of locking the doors of her cottage and shaking a sharp stick over the boy.

However, her Bible may have had no pictures, and she may not have known the art of telling stories. But now that boys and girls can have their own Bibles, full of pictures drawn by the best artists, and printed in large, clear type, it ought to be a real pleasure to read the writings of Mo'ses, of Da'vid, of Sam'u-el, of Mat'thew and the other evangelists.

And yet there are many, even in our Churches and Christian homes, who say as Fred said to his teacher: "I suppose I ought to want to sit down and read my Bible when I go home from Sunday-school, but I must confess I would much rather read Pres'cott and Ir'ving than the history and biography of the Bible."

Fred's teacher was wise; and so, instead of

finding fault with him, she told him a secret, and from that time he found that the Bible was not, after all, such a dull book as he had supposed.

What Fred's teacher did for him I wish to do for other boys and for other girls. (For I have learned that even *girls* complain that they do not find the Bible interesting.) I wish to make the Holy Scriptures *interesting*; or, rather, to lead the way to the entertaining stories told by the Bible writers—to put them into a form which shall produce the desire to know more of them, and to read them in their connection with that wonderful history written by "holy men who were moved by the Holy Spirit of God."

If, many years from now, men and women in the Churches will say, "We trace our first impressions of the truth and beauty of the Bible to 'Bible Brilliants,'" the author and publishers will have received their reward.

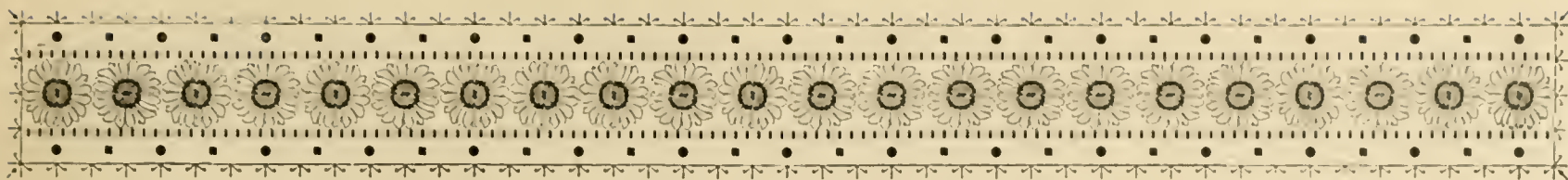
To Parents and Friends of Children.

THIRTY years ago there came to my boyhood home a colporteur, of whom my mother bought a little volume containing Bible stories and pictures. The book was small and plainly bound, and its illustrations, when compared with the admirable engravings which now appear in books and periodicals for youth, were of very modest merit; but its influence yet abides with me; and when I think of the motive that prompted the purchase of it, I thank God for a mother whose first wish for her boy was that he might learn to love the Sacred Scriptures.

With such recollections, and in view of the permanent effect of a book placed in the hands of childhood, I feel justified in saying that there is nothing that will so surely cement the relationship of child and parent as the gift of a volume abounding in illustration and saturated with the spirit of that Book which we call the Word of God. As the years come and go, it will become more and more precious, and holy memories will be awakened, that will stir the soul to its center, and rouse it to noble effort to do the will of the Heavenly Father.

G. M. H.

CINCINNATI, Spring-time, 1889.



BIBLE BRILLIANTS.

How to Read the Bible.



HERE is an old and famous story of two boys, one of whom was called "Eyes," and the other "No-Eyes." It might be supposed from his name that "No-Eyes" was blind; but the fact is, *he looked at men, women, children, birds, trees, pictures, without seeing them!* If, for instance, he took a walk with "Eyes," he had no report to make when he returned—he had n't seen anything; but "Eyes" had much to say of what he had seen, and gave pleasure to all who knew him by his accounts of birds, insects, and animals, and the changes that are always taking place in this wonderful world.

"No-Eyes" is n't dead yet. He reads a book, but can't tell what is in it. He looks at pictures, but sees no beauty in them. He ought to pray as a great king once did: "Open thou mine eyes." Especially ought he to offer such a prayer when he opens the Bible.

And even "Eyes," who sees so much, ought to say: "O Lord, open thou mine eyes that I may behold *wondrous things out of thy law.*" For only as the Bible is read and studied in the spirit of prayer will its holy teachings be clearly understood, even by those who are learned in its original tongues and familiar with the rules of explaining its words.

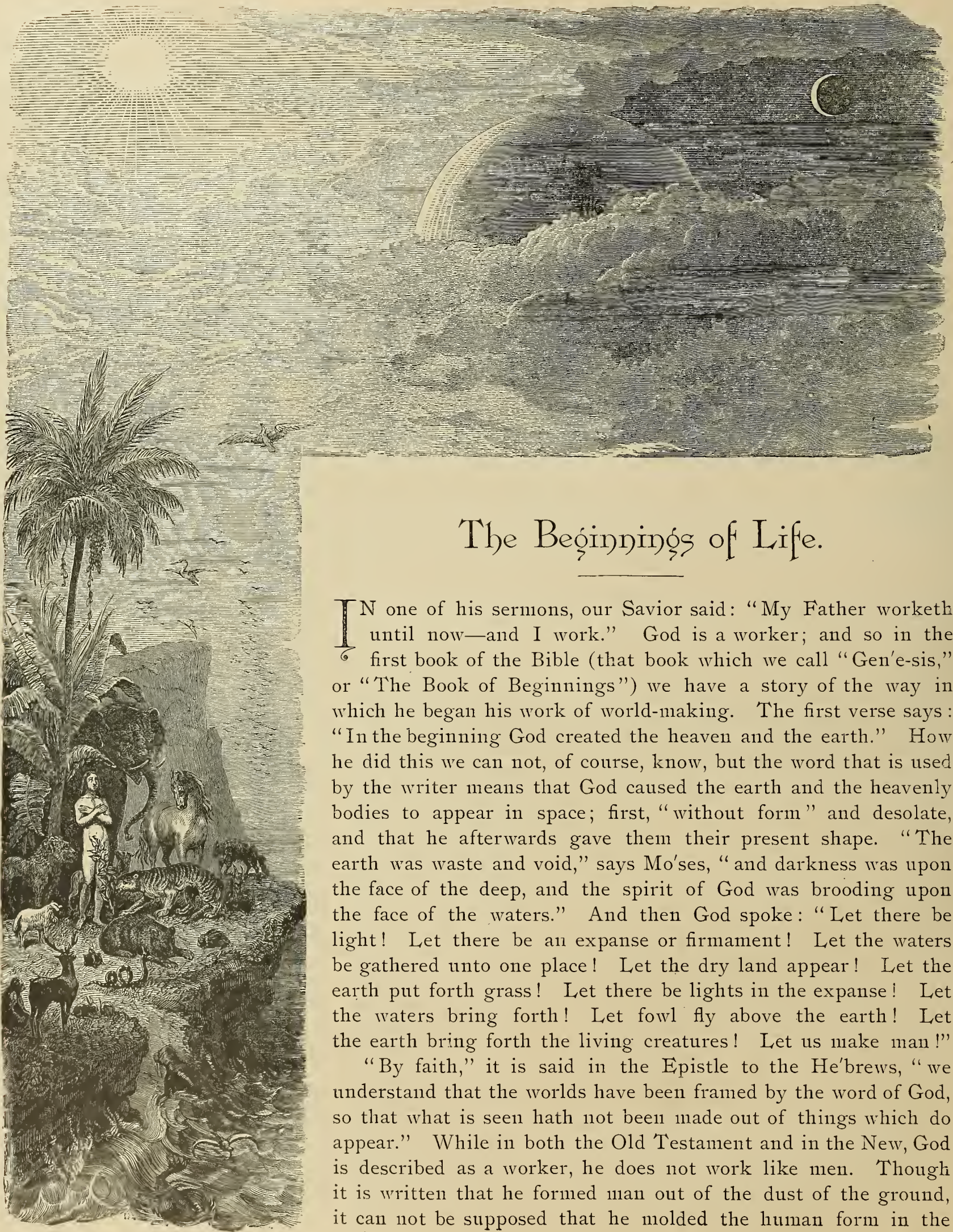
A Prayer Before Reading the Scriptures.

○ THOU from whom the Bible came,
Inspirer of those holy men
Who wrote as "moved by Holy Ghost,"
I ask that I may be in frame
To know the truth as they did then,
And now, above, the heavenly host.

May all my soul be in accord
With prophet's faith and seer's hope.
May holy love fill all my heart!
So, pleasing thee, my sovereign Lord,
I shall discern the Scripture's scope
And read thy thought in every part.

May I see through the outer word
To spirit hidden deep within,
Disclosed to those of quickened sight,
Whose vision never once has erred,
Because they kept themselves from sin,
And walked in light as thou art Light!

Ope thou my eyes and show the things
That make for everlasting peace,
The sure commands that point the way
To heav'n, of which the seer sings,
Whose blessedness will never cease,
Whose life is one eternal day!



The Beginnings of Life.

IN one of his sermons, our Savior said: "My Father worketh until now—and I work." God is a worker; and so in the first book of the Bible (that book which we call "Gen'e-sis," or "The Book of Beginnings") we have a story of the way in which he began his work of world-making. The first verse says: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." How he did this we can not, of course, know, but the word that is used by the writer means that God caused the earth and the heavenly bodies to appear in space; first, "without form" and desolate, and that he afterwards gave them their present shape. "The earth was waste and void," says Mo'ses, "and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God was brooding upon the face of the waters." And then God spoke: "Let there be light! Let there be an expanse or firmament! Let the waters be gathered unto one place! Let the dry land appear! Let the earth put forth grass! Let there be lights in the expanse! Let the waters bring forth! Let fowl fly above the earth! Let the earth bring forth the living creatures! Let us make man!"

"By faith," it is said in the Epistle to the He'brews, "we understand that the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear." While in both the Old Testament and in the New, God is described as a worker, he does not work like men. Though it is written that he formed man out of the dust of the ground, it can not be supposed that he molded the human form in the

same way that a sculptor shapes the clay:—"He spake and it was done." Everywhere and all the time God is working, working, working. He never hurries. He never rests. He is the great

worker, who, being before the beginnings, gave life from himself that all things might express his wise purposes, and that when the end came his goodness might be clearly seen by angels and men.

God and the First Man.

"God planted a garden eastward in Eden."—GENESIS II. 8.



O man now knows just where "Eden" was. Dr. W. F. Warren, of Boston, a leading Bible scholar, thinks that it was at the North Pole. Perhaps it was, though it may have been, as the earlier writers thought, in that beautiful Far East, of whose glorious landscapes travelers have



THE LAND OF EDEN.

such delightful tales to tell. But, wherever it was, Adam was placed in it by his creator to till and guard its garden—that "garden of de-

light," with its flowers more beautiful than any that have ever since bloomed, and its trees whose fruit was more luscious than any of which we now eat. He was given work to do, and from the beginning knew what it was and how to do it. Sunshine, dews, and rain were his helpers, and, like them, he did his work as God wished it to be done, and never worried about the "weather," or "fail-



ADAM AND EVE IN EDEN.

ure of crops," or "the market." When the storm came he said, "God is watering the Garden," and bowed in grateful prayer before him. When the sun shone after the rains had ceased, he said, "The face of my Father!" and was glad. He picked fruit and ate it as if it came from the outstretched hand of a loving parent. His days were filled with joy and his nights with peace. Thieves did not steal and thorns did not grow. Neither birds from above nor animals from below marred his work. He lived, indeed, in a "garden of delight." There has never been another like it; for God no longer *plants* gardens, though he gives or withholds the harvest as he thinks best for the gardener. It is still true that sunshine and dews and rains are the gardener's fellow-workers, and that God wishes man's work to be done in places of pleasure. It is not his wish that we should toil in weariness and pain; and if it is now his will that storms should sweep

over the garden and that weeds should grow in its paths, it is because he wishes to warn us and to show us the effects of sin.

God is always in the garden that he planted, and always near the man whom he sets to till it and keep it; but if, instead of working, Adam eats of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil," it will happen that God's coming will not be desired, and the sound of his voice will cause alarm. Adam and his helpmeet will hide behind trees, and at last God will cast them out.

Thorns will pierce their hands, and the seeds of thistles, borne on the winds, will fall in the plowed fields, and bring forth after their kind. And not until they welcome the presence of the Father in joy, content to work according to his command, will the desert blossom like a rose and the waste places become glad with harvests.

We need to cultivate the spirit of gratitude;

to say, "Thou, O God, preparest corn. Thou causest rain to descend into the furrows thereof. Thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness!" Then every day will be a day of thanksgiving. Father, mother, and their children will sing together as they come from the fields, the folds, the orchards, and vineyards, and over them shall bend the evening sky as they go to their quiet homes, heirs together of the joy of life.



EXPULSION FROM EDEN.



THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS.

The Seven Stars.

"Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these, that bringeth out their host by number. He calleth them all by name."—ISAIAH XL, 26.

"SEEK God!" said A'mos, the shepherd-prophet, to those who gathered around him to hear his sermon; "seek God—that God who made the seven stars, and O-ri'on—the Lord Je-ho'vah is his name!" That meant a great deal in the days of A'mos, because the sun, moon, and stars were worshiped as gods by thousands of men and women all around him. It is as if he had said: "My God is the true God, because he is the Lord and maker of those very stars that you worship!" Now, the old He'brew word that A'mos used is the same that is used in the book of Job and there printed "Ple'ia-des:" "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Ple'ia-des—the seven stars?" The group is near the Pole-star, and it is now known to be a fact that one of its seven stars is the center

around which the sun, moon, and stars are in motion. Indeed, it is said that the word Ple'ia-des really means "A HINGE." This star is the hinge on which the great solar system turns, as a door or gate turns on its hinges. However this may be, the "influence" of these seven stars is felt through a distance of many millions of miles.

When you speak the name of God, therefore, and when you go to his Church; when you stand beneath the broad arch of the heavens, remember that he whose name is "Je-ho'vah" is the creator of sun, moon, and stars, and all the host of them. He has called them all by name. He has set them in space as it has pleased him; and no devil, no man, no angel, can take them away. They shine to praise Him who made them, and their light is from him who is light—in whom is no shadow, and with whom is no change.

The First Musician.

CAN we learn who discovered music? Yes. The Bible says: "*Ju'bal* was the father of all such as handle the harp and pipe." He made the first musical instruments. The simple "harp," with its stretched cords, was the parent of our piano, and the "pipe," a reed with openings in its sides, was the ancestor of that splendid instrument, the organ. We have no correct picture of these earliest musical instruments, and Ju'bal has left no story of their invention. Something that he saw or heard suggested to him the possibility of reproducing natural sounds, or adding new ones to them, and, having a "genius for making things," as mothers sometimes say of their boys, he was soon picking sounds out of cords stretched across a frame, and imitating bird-notes with a hollow reed. You

can imagine how people came from far and near to hear him play, and how eagerly they listened to the music—the first music played on this globe, where such music-masters as Han'del and Bee'tho-ven and Wag'-ner have since lived.

The people of that far-back time gave their musician the name "Ju'bal," which means "player;" and, though there have been greater players since then, not one has ever had more influence over lovers of music than he.



FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

There are persons who think that Ju'bal might have been better employed than in making harps and pipes; but when we remember how much they have done to make our homes

happy, and how they have filled many hours with pleasure, we can not but think that his name ought to be cherished as one of the world's joy-bringers.

The Dove and the Deluge.



FOR forty days and nights the rain had fallen. O how it rained! Rivers broke over their banks. Lakes and seas spread out beyond their shores. The streets of cities became canals. Higher and higher the waters rose until the hills

were hidden, and at last the mountains were buried. Thousands of animals and human beings were drowned. Fathers, struggling against the pitiless waters, bore wives and children to the mountain-tops, and, in spite of their brave efforts, were washed away in the flood. The



THE DELUGE.

fierce tigress carried her kittens out of the valleys, and, with them, was swallowed up in the waste. Broad-winged birds, wearied by long flight, fell into the seas and died.



ENTERING THE ARK.

Do you shudder as you look at the picture—the half-drowned man clutching at the rock, the brave swimmer holding aloft the dead body, the father and his wife and children? Do you think God cruel, as you hear in fancy the roar of the destroying waters? Then,



THE DOVE'S RETURN.

instead of charging God with cruelty, think of what the *sin* of those times was—shameful be-

yond all words—so dark, so vicious that there was no hope that the people would repent.

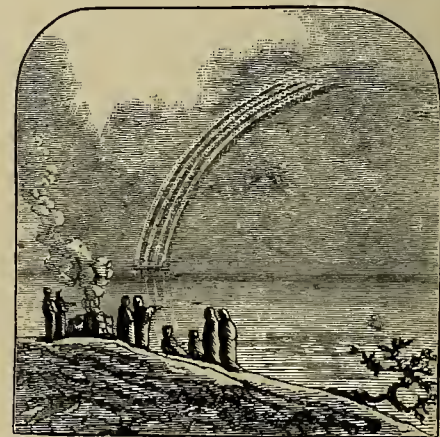
In the name of God, No'ah warned the people for a hundred and twenty years that unless they ceased to do evil and learned to do well they should all perish; but they only laughed at him, though he showed his faith by building a great boat in which he expected to be saved when the



GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH.

flood came. The people went on in their old sins, married and gave in marriage, until the day that he preached his last sermon and entered the ark.

And now, the flood having done its awful work, the waters have fallen, and the mountaintops are seen, like islands, here and there. The ark rests on the summit of Ar'a-rat. One of its windows is opened and a raven flies out. It goes to and fro, and finding food that satisfies it, does not come back. Days pass, and the ark window is opened again, and from it flies a dove. There is no food for her and no bough on which to build a nest; besides, her mate is yet in the ark, and she returns. A week passes; the window is again opened and the dove again flies out, returning in the evening with a fresh olive-leaf in her beak. Another week passes, and when she flies away she returns no more. She sends back no message to No'ah, but he is sure that his



NOAH'S SACRIFICE.

days in the big boat will soon be over, and he gets ready to leave it. God makes a covenant with him, and he offers a sacrifice on Mount Ar'a-rat, and if you travel in that distant land



THE DOVE SENT FORTH FROM THE ARK.

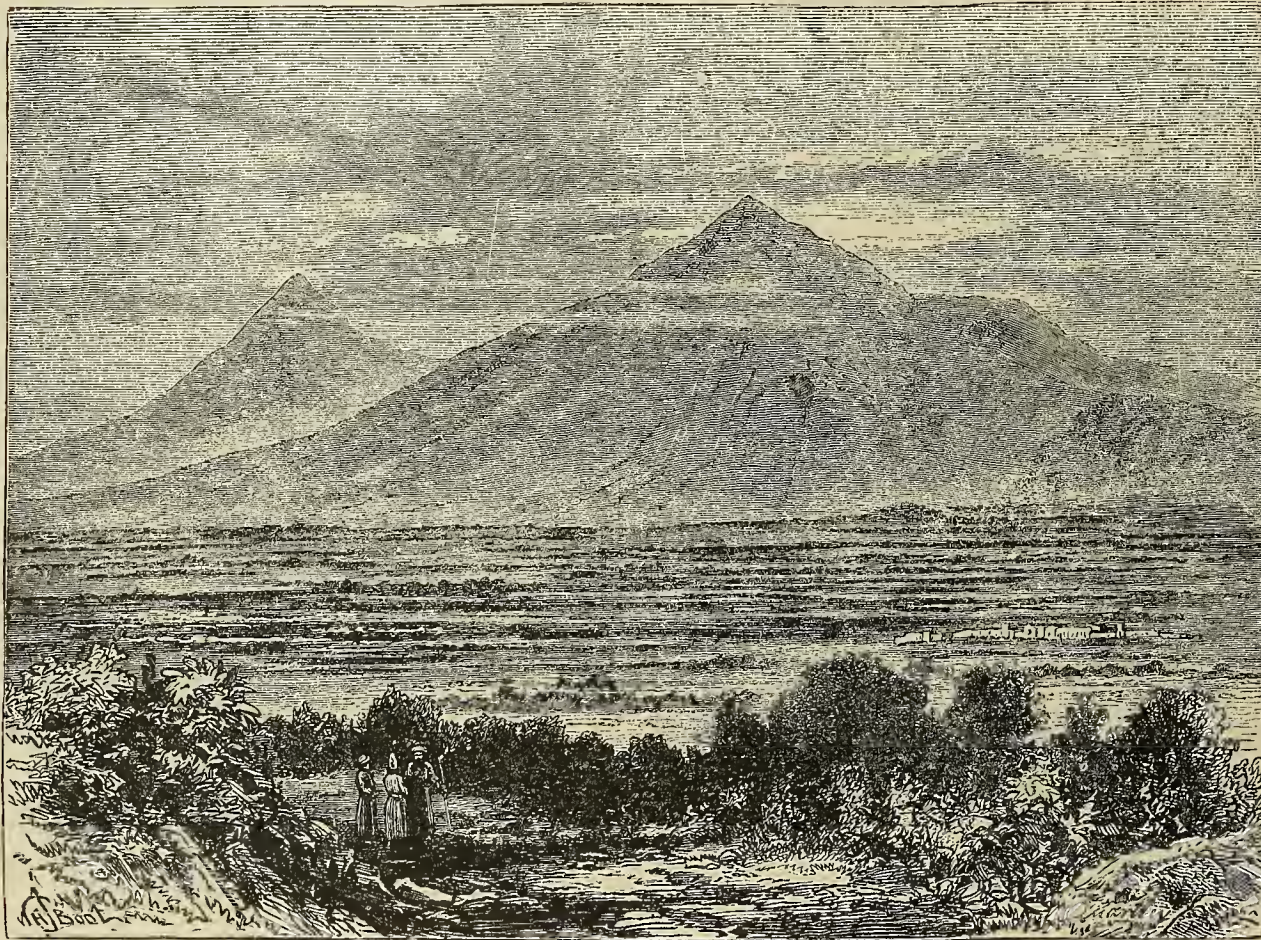
they will show you a tomb that is said to be his burial place.

Perhaps we do not now know all that God wishes to teach by this beautiful little story of

and gentle creatures ought to find a friend in man. The true, good man will be kind to birds, and if he can not call them "sisters," as the gentle Saint Francis did, he will not forget

that our Savior once said that he whom we call the Heavenly Father watches over the sparrows and the ravens and feeds them.

Then, too, you will see that the dove is connected in some way with man's best life. A dove bears an olive-leaf to No'ah when the flood is ended, telling him that the earth is again ready for him; and when Christ was baptized, the heavens were opened and a dove-like form appeared. This dove represented the Holy Spirit, and its coming meant that

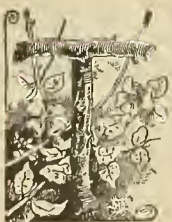


MOUNT ARARAT.

No'ah and the dove, placed among other stories that are so sad and full of terror, like a sunbeam shining out from a rift in a thunder-cloud; but one of its lessons is surely this: That all pure

Je'sus was to bring a new life to his brothers, and that God would give them a peace and a purity which are nowhere more beautifully seen in the kingdom of birds than in the dove.

Abraham's Faith and Isaac's Obedience.



WO thousand years before the birth of Christ there lived a man in Pal'es-tine who had come from his native land in the East, because he wished to separate himself from people who prayed to the sun, moon, stars, and idols. He had been told by the true and living God that he would become the first father of a new race of men, and that the country to which he was going would be given to him and his children.

He believed God, left his boyhood home, and after a long journey came into Pal'es-tine. He had lived there many years when God said to him one day: "Take your son I'saac, your only son, go to Mo-ri'ah and offer him in sacrifice on a mountain there." A'bra-ham did not falter, though his heart must have been very heavy, and I think his eyes must have been filled with tears as he started on the journey. Yet he believed that God would not take his son entirely



THE TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.



GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.

his father without a question, went gladly with him, and allowed himself to be bound and placed on the altar that he had helped his father to build. A'bra-ham perhaps said to him: "You shall be killed and your body burned, but God will bring you to life again." Very much has been said, and truly said, in praise of A'bra-ham's faith; but was not I'saac's trust as complete and as beautiful as his father's? Was it not even greater and more beautiful? Because,

away from him, but would restore him, even from the dead. He went to Mo-ri'ah, as God had commanded; and I'saac, who had been taught to obey

so far as we know, he had believed in God only because A'bra-ham had taught him, while his father had received many signs from him.



A PATRIARCHAL JOURNEY.

But now I'saac is also to receive a sign. Just as A'bra-ham lifts the keen-edged knife to plunge it into his son's body a voice is heard:

"A'bra-ham! A'bra-ham! Lay not thine hand upon the lad!"

A'bra-ham at once loosed his son, and together they offered the sacrifice of the ram, caught in the thicket, and were very glad and full of

his father and he journeyed to Mo-ri'ah and he was laid upon the altar, and then he described his feelings when he learned that he was not to be killed, and that God did not wish the sacrifice of human life. And so, from the beginning,



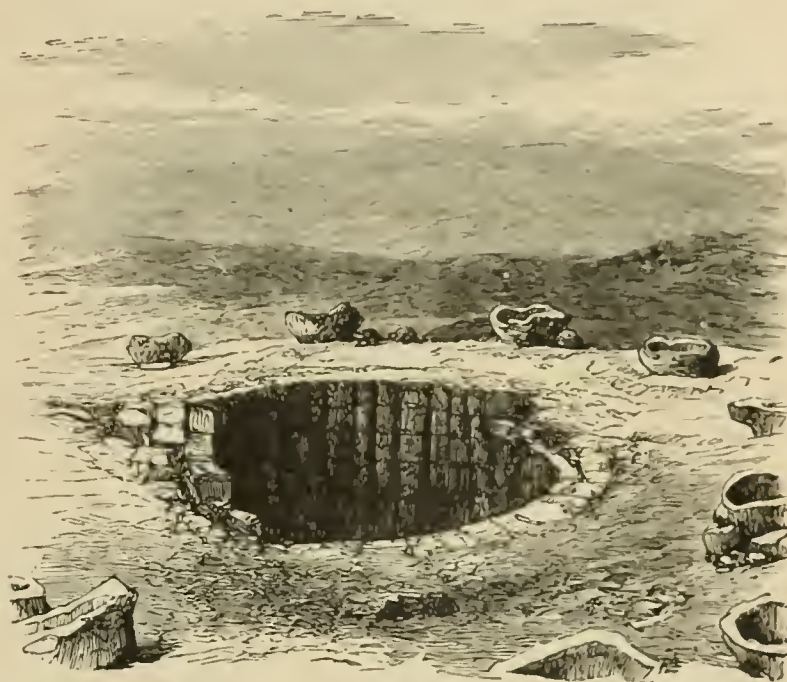
ABRAHAM OFFERING ISAAC.

gratitude as they returned to the home near the well of Be'er-she'ba.

A'bra-ham learned that his God does not ask men to kill their children in his name. He told his idol-worshiping neighbors that their gods were false and cruel, and that they committed sin when they killed their boys and girls to please them.

This was the lesson that God taught his servant, and this was the way that God choose for teaching it.

A'bra-ham never forgot it—never *could* forget it. I'saac told his children about that day when



WELL AT BEERSHEBA.

though the Jews often turned aside to worship idols, they never offered their children on the altar of burnt offering, because they believed that God is honored by life, not by death.

The Double Cave at Hebron.



HEBRON is the oldest city in the world of which we have an unbroken story. A'bra-ham walked its streets, and bought a field east of it for "four hundred shekels of silver." There was a cave in it called "Mach-pe'lah." Here he buried his wife Sa'rah, and here he himself was afterwards buried. I'saac and Re-bek'ah, his wife; and Ja'cob and Le'ah, his wife, were also buried in this cave. The Jews guarded it very carefully; and, though their temple has been destroyed, none of their enemies (and they have had many) have ever dared disturb the dust of the father of the faithful. The Christians of the early times built a church on the foundations of the old house

that had formerly stood over the cave, and when the followers of the false prophet, Mo-ham'med, got possession of the country they built a mosque—one of their places of worship—instead of the Christian church, and that mosque is still standing. The Mo-ham'med-ans are very jealous of the sacredness of this place, and allow no one to go into that part of the cave where the tombs of A'bra-ham, I'saac, and J'acob were built. Once, however, an I-tal'ian, who was in the service of the great sultan, determined to risk his life, if necessary, in order to look at the tombs of the three patriarchs. Having been admitted to the upper part of the cave (it is double or two-storied), his attendant raised a beautiful

curtain and opened a grated iron door. Looking in, he saw a flight of steps, cut in the solid rock,



MOSQUE OVER CAVE AT MACHPELAH.

leading down into the darkness. Now was his chance! He suddenly forced his way in, in spite

of blows and curses, and there in the lower cave saw the white stone coffins of the great dead!

There is no doubt that this cave east of Hebron is the Mach-pe'lah of the Bible. Thither came A'bra-ham four thousand years ago to buy a burial-place. Before the mouth of this cave I'saac and Ish'ma-el met at the burial of their father. Here the sons of I'saac and Ja'cob came to bury the first fathers of the people Is'ra-el.

How long it will be before the children of A'bra-ham shall be permitted again to enter this sacred place and bow at the tombs of their fathers, only God himself knows; but we may hope that the followers of Mo-ham'med shall not always shut them out, and that when they shall descend the steps in the rock, and see again the burial-place of him who was known as "the friend of God," those who believed in Je'sus Christ shall also enter with them and unite in honoring the memory of the "Father of the faithful."

Ishmael, the Boy Without a Home.



BOYS without homes are in danger of going to the bad. They are to be pitied, and when they do wrong ought to be mercifully judged. Ish'ma-el, the son of A'bra-ham and an E-gyp'tian servant called Ha'gar, was once a boy without a home. He did not hold the same rank in the family as I'saac, the son of Sa'rah, the true wife—who was the "heir of the promise." This made him envious, and when his father made a feast in honor of Is'aac he showed that he felt the injustice and wrong of which A'bra-ham had been guilty. Sa'rah saw him "mocking" while the feast was being celebrated, and having, of course, no liking either for him or his E-gyp'tian mother, asked A'bra-ham to send them both away. This was at once done, and mother and son left A'bra-ham's tent at Mam're, and started toward the south. They wandered about in the wilderness of Be'er-she'ba until they had eaten all the food and drunk all the

water in the skin that A'bra-ham had given them. Lost! Nothing to eat! Nothing to drink! Ha'gar laid her boy in the shadow of a shrub and went away, not wishing to see him die. Homeless! Friendless! Outcast! Her lot seemed very, very hard, and so it was. She might well have asked: "Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born? When did I deserve this scorn?" Ish'ma-el's heart, too, was full of hateful thoughts. And he, even more than his mother, might have cried over his sad fate. Why should A'bra-ham turn him so heartlessly away, and deprive him of all his rights? "Have I no home in this world? Have I no friends?" he might have asked as he lay apparently dying of hunger and thirst.

The silence of the wilderness was broken by a voice out of the skies: "God hath heard the voice of the lad! I will make him a great nation." A'bra-ham had driven him out of his tent, and even his mother had abandoned him; but God was his friend.



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL CAST FORTH.

He grew to manhood, married one of his mother's country-women, and became the head of great tribes that spread all over the country, from the Red Sea on the west to the great river Eu-phra'tes on the east.

Long after, when A'-bra-ham died, he went to Mach-pe'lah, and I'saac and he, side by side, attended the burial. Then he returned to his wild, free life in the deserts.

But he never forgot that time when he lay dying in the shadow of a bush—a boy without a home.

It is a long, long time since Ish'ma-el and his mother suffered in the wilderness; but there are yet boys without homes—newsboys and boot-

blacks in great cities, orphans and waifs, children who know nothing of true fathers and mothers and a quiet, well-ordered home-life.

Many of them have suffered great wrongs—abandoned, neglected, and driven to the streets; many of them unloved, unpitied, uncared for. But God lives. He is their friend, and though they seem cast away, he will yet help them. He is raising up men and women who will watch over them, teach them, and give them clothing, food, and homes in which they may find something of that love without which no life can be complete.

The ragged boy of the city streets, who sleeps in dry-goods boxes or dark cellar-ways, and eats his "five-cent" meal at cheap boarding houses,

deserves sympathy because his life has so little of the good and the glad in it; but there are ever and ever so many boys in the so-called "middle" and "upper" classes of society, who

are so taken up with business or politics, or professional duties of various kinds, that they have no time to give them the attention that they ought to have; and their mothers have such a gay time

going to dances and operas and theaters that they can not train them as they deserve. What is the result? The boys go to the street, where they see and hear everything that is bad; and it is not long before they find their way to the saloon, the theater, the house of sin, and, too many of them, into ways of crime. Nothing whatever is done to make a good home for them. Even the birds take better care of their young, and they know nothing of that affection which



"GOD OPENED HER EYES, AND SHE SAW A WELL OF WATER."

wear the best of clothes and live in elegant residences on beautiful avenues, who know almost as little of what really makes a true home-life as the poor fellows whom, for want of a better name, we often call "street Ar'abs." Their fathers

makes How'ard Payne's song so precious: "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!" Instead of honoring their parents they despise them, and say: "If you had done your duty we would not have fallen into sin!"

Dreams of Sheaves and Stars.

"In a dream, in a vision of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men
In slumberings upon the bed,
Then the Lord openeth the ears of men
And sealeth their instruction."

—JOB XXXIII, 15, 16.



IGHT has come. The stars shine softly on a little group of tents in Southern Pal'es-tine—the tents of the patriarch Ja'cob and his family. In one of these tents sleeps Jo'seph—a boy of seventeen—his

father's favorite son. The morning dawns, and when the family gathers at breakfast Jo'seph says: "I had a dream last night. We were in the fields, my brothers and I, binding sheaves. Suddenly my sheaf arose, as if it had life, and stood upright.



JOSEPH'S DREAM.

Then my brothers' sheaves gathered around it and bowed down before it." "Well, do you think that that *means* anything?" one of the brothers sneeringly asked. "Are you to be a king or head of the tribes? Will you become a ruler?"

Jo'seph does not answer, except, perhaps, to say: "Time will tell." He has another dream, and, as before, tells it. The sun, moon, and eleven stars bow down to him! Is n't it enough that the sheaves of the harvest-field bow before his sheaf? Must the heavenly bodies own him lord? His father rebuked him in the presence of his brothers for relating his dreams, but secretly hoped that in time they would all come true—he would become a great ruler. His brothers, on the other hand, were jealous of him, and when he came to Do'than (the "Two Wells"), where they were pasturing their flocks, formed a plot to kill him. At first they intended to murder him and throw his body into a pit, or empty cistern. To cover their crime they proposed to circulate the report that he had been attacked and killed by a wild

beast. Reu'ben, however, objected to this, and said: "Let us shed no blood. Put him in the pit if you must, but do n't kill him!" It was his plan to save his brother's life, rescue him from the pit, and return him safe and sound to his father. By doing this he would not only pre-



JOSEPH TELLING HIS DREAM TO HIS BRETHREN.

vent murder, but regain Ja'cob's favor, which he had lost by former misconduct. The brothers consented to this without knowing his reasons, and, in spite of his struggles, Jo'seph was cast into a pit. After a while Ju'dah asked: "What good

will it do us if we kill Jo'seph? He is our brother. True, we do n't like him. He is our father's pet, that is evident; and his dreams, if

It was not long before the traders appeared, and Jo'seph was sold for twenty pieces of silver. As he walked away, going south along the road

that led from the city of Da-mas'cus to the city of Mem'-phis in Egypt, he was very sad, as we may imagine, thinking that he should never again see his father Ja'cob, and very bitter, as he brooded over his brothers' unkind treatment. "This does n't look as if the sheaves and the stars would bow down to me!" he thought. "I am now a slave. I have been sold and bought as if I were only a sheep, and I will be sold and bought again. I am only a slave!" And I should n't wonder if he broke down and had a good cry, though he was a boy of seventeen years. And, while he was looking sadly back over his life, and thinking with fear of his future, his brothers clinked their silver pieces



JOSEPH CAST INTO THE PIT.

we can tell anything by them, augur no good—except for himself. Instead of killing him and making our lives miserable on account of a crime, let us sell him to the traders when they come. Then we shall have money and Jo'seph will be out of our way."

and laughingly said: "Where is the master of dreams *now*? Guess we'll not bow down before him, after all!" But there was no real joy in their loud laugh, and the clink of the money was full of warning, as if it said: "Ill-gotten gains bring ill luck! Ill-gotten gains bring ill luck!"



JOSEPH SOLD TO THE ISHMAELITES.

To make up some story that would account for Jo'seph's absence, the brothers killed a goat, dipped his coat in its blood, and carried it to Ja'cob, saying that they had found it among the hills. Ja'cob knew the coat and cried out: "It is Jo'seph's coat. He is dead! Torn to pieces by a wild beast! I sent him to Do'than to see if his brothers were safe, and he is dead!" He mourned many days, and, although his life went on as before, the gladness was gone out of it. Reu'ben, Ju'dah, and the other brothers saw the change, and talked about it when they were out

in the pastures far away from home. But, though they tried to comfort their father, and were more tender and respectful than before, they were never free from a sense of guilt. What if Jo'seph should come back again, and tell about their sin? What if God should punish them as they deserved? When storms arose and the lightnings flashed, they hid themselves, I fancy, in caves, and were glad enough when the tempest passed by, and they found themselves unharmed. They had carried out their plans against Jo'seph, and were richer in money than they had been; but

O, what wretched men they were! In the nature of things they never could be happy.

God has so ordered the affairs of this life and fixed the relations between conduct and feeling that, though a good man may not always have what is called a "good time," a bad man can never have real joy. He may seem to be "jolly," and some people who do not know his heart may envy him, but, even though he may not tell his secret, God knows it—he knows it, and every one who reads the Bible knows it. For the Bible gives us the key to the whole fact of life in this world, even if it does not unlock the

mysteries of life in the world to come. God tells us that if we break his law we shall suffer. When he was a little boy, The'o-dore Par'ker went to his mother one day and told her that a voice inside him told him that he had been doing wrong. "That is conscience, my son," she said. "Always obey your conscience, and God will bless you." And that is what the Bible teaches. If Jo'seph's brothers had only obeyed conscience, they might have saved themselves many long years of guilty dread of an offended God, and would have kept that self-respect which is so large a part of the pleasure of living.

Joseph Wears Pharaoh's Ring.



THIRTEEN years pass. The scene changes from the sunny pastures of Pal'es-tine to the crowded, noisy streets of a great city in E'gypt. Above the sound of voices is heard the

shout: "Bow the knee! Bow the knee!" Forerunners appear, clearing the way,

and soon a chariot comes in view. In it rides a man dressed in rich silks, wearing a gold chain



RING SEALS.

about his neck, and the Pha'raoh's ring on his hand. Who is he? His name is "Revealer of Secrets" — Zaph'nath-pa'a-ne'ah. He does not look like the E-gyp'tians, and if you could read his mind as he rides along you would find



JOSEPH IN PRISON.

him thinking of a tent in distant Pal'es-tine where he passed his boy-days, his father Ja'cob, and his

mother Ra'chel, and his brothers, his dreams, and the shameful bargain by which he was made a slave. But his envious brothers, instead of thwarting the fulfillment of his dreams, only helped to bring them to pass. He had been in prison; but in prison he interpreted his fellow-prisoners' dreams, and he had come out of prison to interpret the dreams of the king.

Now he is honored in the land of his slavery, and occupies the second place of power in the great kingdom.

It was the will of God

that he should rise to this high place, and the dreams of the sheaves and stars were sent to him that he might be encouraged to wait patiently and hopefully, even though he should be sold into slavery and thrown into prison under a charge that both he and his accusers knew to be false. God foresaw that the children of Is'ra-el would become slaves in E'gypt, and he sent Jo'seph



JOSEPH INTERPRETING THE PRISONERS' DREAMS.

before them, and gave him the promise that they would again become free. Jo'seph told his people that they would not always be in bondage, and as long as he wore Pha'raoh's ring did all that he could to make their lives happy. It was not until he was dead, and a new king came to the throne, that the children of Is'ra-el were made slaves.

In the life of Jo'seph, as in that of the patient Job, who "feared God and hated evil," good and happy days came after years of suffering—like a beautiful evening at the close of a day full of storm. Not only was he son-in-law of the E-gyp'tian king, prime minister of one of the greatest kingdoms of the past, and a member of the royal priest-hood, but he had, as it would seem, a happy home. The sacred writers furnish no description of it, much as we desire a picture of a He'brev's home in a Gen'tile land in those early days; but Jo'seph gave names to his two boys that give us a glimpse into his

of giving names with special and appropriate meanings—names that had whole histories in them, and could never be spoken or thought of



JOSEPH EXALTED.



JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

family life—Ma-nas'seh, "one who causes to forget;" and E'phra-im, "fruitful." This was in accordance with a custom that the Jews had

without bringing up memories of some important event, either in the life of the person so named, or in that of the whole people. For instance, A'bra-ham means "father of a multitude." If you will read the fifth verse in the seventeenth chapter of Gen'e-sis you may see why his name was changed from "A'bram" to "A'bra-ham." "I'saac" means laughter. It reminds us, as it reminded Sa'rah, that the angels' prediction of the birth of a son to A'bra-ham when he was a hundred years old, was laughed at as impossible of fulfillment. Ja'cob means "supplanter—deceiver;" Is'ra-el, a "soldier, or prince of God;" Sam'u-el, "heard of God," because he was given to Han'nah in answer to prayer. And so in many other cases.

Jo'seph called his sons "Ma-nas'seh" and "E'phra-im" because their presence caused him to forget his early days in E'gypt, when he was accused of a crime that he never even thought of committing, and put into jail. It seemed to him as if God were making up to him for the trouble that he had endured. Now, "Ma-nas'seh" does not seem to us a pretty name at all; and, indeed, would probably be rejected by every parent who wished to find a name for a baby boy; but its *meaning* is good and very pretty.

Would that every boy might bring his father joy and comfort! Would that all parents might say that their children had made their lives cheerful

lives of father and mother happy, especially if they have had a hard lot in their early years? God has said: "Honor thy father and thy

mother." Whatever else that "first commandment with promise" means, it makes it the duty of children to bring joy to their parents; to cause them to forget all their sorrow. The name "E'phraim" means doubly fruitful, to assure them that God does not and can not forget them, even though, like Joseph, they may have been sold into slavery and unjustly thrown into prison.

As Manasseh and E'phraim grew up and learned the history of their father's life, how glad they must have been that God sent them to comfort such a noble parent! They studied his wishes and devoted themselves to his in-



PHARAOH HONORS JOSEPH.

and bright! This is surely as it ought to be—is it not? Can there be anything better for a son or daughter to do than to try to make the

interests with an affection that made them doubly dear to him, and called out the admiration of all who knew them.



SIMEON DETAINED BY JOSEPH.

How the Dreams of Sheaves and Stars Came True.

S EVEN more years come and go. There have been poor crops in Pal'es-tine and E'gypt. Everywhere there is famine, except in E'gypt. There great granaries are full, ready for this time of distress. Men come from far to buy grain. Among them are ten shepherds from Pal'es-tine. They appear with others before the king's minister, the "Revealer of Secrets," and bow with their faces toward the earth. While

they bow, the king's minister recollects his dream of eleven sheaves bowing around a central sheaf. Here are ten of his brothers; where is the eleventh? The Revealer of Secrets insists that he also shall come to E'gypt. Sim'e-on, one of the ten, is held as a hostage.

After several months the eleven brothers are all before him, and all bow themselves with their faces toward the earth. *And the dream of the eleven sheaves has come to pass!*



JOSEPH REVEALING HIMSELF.

Then Jo'seph reveals himself; and we can form some idea of the feelings of himself and his brothers as they stood together after twenty years' separation.

Another year passes. The eleven brothers return to Pal'es-tine and report to their father

in a dream that it was true. He then left Be'er-she'ba where he had lived so long, and where A'bra-ham and I'saac had lived before him, and with Ju'dah as guide (that very son who had said, "Let us sell Jo'seph to the slave-dealers"), set out for E'gypt to meet his long-lost son.



JACOB SETTING OUT FOR EGYPT.

that the prime minister who commanded them to bring their youngest brother, and who seemed so cruel, was none other than his favorite son Jo'seph. Ja'cob had been so often deceived, and his life had been so full of grief, that he could not believe their story. But God assured him

And as Ja'cob and his sons bowed before Jo'seph, that other strange dream of the sun, moon, and stars came true.

Both the dreams had come to pass after so long a time, and in such unforeseen ways; because, as it is said in the book of Job, God had



JOSEPH PRESENTING JACOB TO PHARAOH.

“sealed instruction” in them. He had opened the eyes of the spirit when the eyes of the body were closed, and uncovered the ears of the soul when the ears of the body were deaf. To the eyes of the spirit he had shown visions of the future, and to the spirit he had spoken words of peace and comfort.

Among the many threads of true and beautiful meaning woven into the fabric of this story, there is one more beautiful than all the rest; it is this: **GOD IS THE LORD OF HUMAN HISTORY.** Nothing happens by chance, even though every-

thing that man does is free. Life is not a game of chance, even though it is impossible to tell what will happen on the morrow. And though God knows what every day will bring forth, he does not determine the conduct of human beings as a chess-player moves the pieces on the board. He rules over free men—men free to do wrong though commanded to do right. Jo’seph’s brothers did wrong when they sold him to the traders; and God did not prevent it; but he brought good out of it, or rather in spite of it. This fact, however, did not lessen their guilt.

Joseph's Tomb.



THOUGH Jo'seph was loyal to the E-gyp'tian king and much beloved by the E-gyp'tian people, and though he married the daughter of an E-gyp'tian priest, he did not forget that he was a son of A'bra-ham, and that in due time Pal'es-tine would become the country of his own people. He believed this so firmly that he said to his brothers and their children: "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence."

When he died his body was embalmed, according to E-gyp'tian custom, placed in a coffin, and interred; but the Jews remembered his request, and when, nearly one hundred and fifty years after, they went out of E'gypt, they took the bones of Jo'seph with them, carried them through the wilderness, and buried them in the field that Ja'cob had bought for a hundred lambs, and in which, so long before, he had built an altar to the Lord God of Is'ra-el.

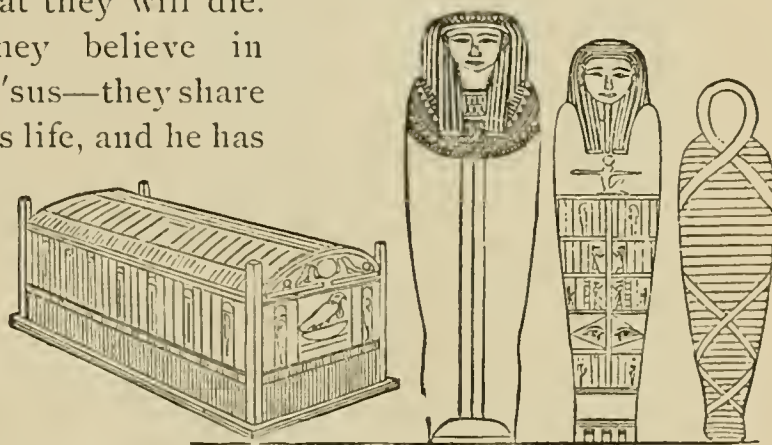
And there, only a quarter of a mile from Ja'cob's well, in the valley between the mountains of E'bal and Ger'i-zim, his tomb may be seen.

"If this is the real tomb," says the traveler Mills—"and there is every reason to believe it is—then underneath is the mummy of Jo'seph, just as it was deposited by the conquerors." But what a difference between the *mummy* and the *man*! No one can say that the brown and withered body wrapped in its silk and linen bands is *Jo'seph*! A mummy is not a man; neither is a living human body a man. A great London preacher finely says that "*man has a body, but he is a spirit.*" When, therefore, the life of the body ends, it can not be supposed that the spirit, which is not at all like the body, also comes to the end of its life. No; it is truer to believe that, when the body dies, the spirit lives on—a deeper, higher, and broader life than before. Suppose that when the heart in Jo'seph's body

ceased to beat, he himself passed forever out of existence! That great mind which had considered the affairs of a mighty empire; that noble soul that had communed with the soul of Almighty God—dead, forever dead!

No; it can not be! Such a man would almost make himself immortal by the use of his powers of thought and feeling. But, even in the case of those whose minds and souls are very narrow, and who do nothing great in this life, it can not be said that their eternal death would be just and right; even *they* ought to be immortal, that God may show them in other worlds how great and glorious *he* is!

Then, too, there are pure and beautiful spirits, of whom the last thing that one can think is that they will die. They believe in Je'sus—they share his life, and he has



EGYPTIAN MUMMY-CASES.

said that because he lives they shall live also. That is the promise of their immortality that shall be surely fulfilled.

While I write this I think of the pure and beautiful life of Fan'nie L—. She became a Chris'tian in her early girlhood, united with the Church, and remained faithful until death. When it became evident that, though so young, she must die, she said: "If it is God's will, I am ready." Then, weak as she was, she shouted: "Hallelujah! Glory! I expect to see that great joy!" If her life had only been the life of the body—if she had had no other senses than seeing,



EMBALMING JOSEPH.

hearing, tasting, feeling, smelling—those would have been her last words forever and forever. But she had another and a higher sense—the sense of spiritual things, a sense of God and heaven, that was more vitally a part of herself

than the five bodily senses. The body of Fan'nie L—— lies in a country graveyard in O-hi'o, but her spirit is with Je'sus, whom she knows in his glory.

So, when Jo'seph died, he gave "commandment concerning his bones," not only because he

believed that his people would have a great future, but because he also had faith in his own immortality. And though it has often been said that the old He'brews did not know very much about the life after death, we can not suppose that they regarded the patriarchs as less alive than they were when in the body they called on "Je-ho'vah."

Wherever Jo'seph's spirit is to-day, whatever may be the manner of his life, he still lives, moves, and has his being in Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. We shall not find him

and for all like him, life could not be measured by years that pass away; for Jo'seph worshiped God, and Je'sus said, at the well-side near She'chem, that God "*seeks* those who worship him in spirit and truth." If, then, God "*seeks*" true worshipers of himself, can we believe that when he finds them, death should destroy them? Certainly not. So, then, as you look at the picture of "She'chem and Mt. Ger'i-zim," remember that in the charming vale near the old city, called "Sy'char" in the fourth chapter of John's



SHECHEM AND MT. GERIZIM.

if we go to the valley of She'chem; *he* is not there; he is risen.

Did not Je'sus teach that, when, in the beautiful valley between E'bal and Ger'i-zim, not far from Jo'seph's tomb, he said: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life?" He knew that the body of the great "Revealer of Secrets" lay cold and still in its grave, but he also knew that for him,

Gospel, some of the most important events in the world's history have occurred.* Here "Jo'seph's bones" were buried by the faithful tribes of Is'ra-el, and here, as if to show that it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die, our Lord said: "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together"—an utterance full of joy and blessed outlook into the life beyond.

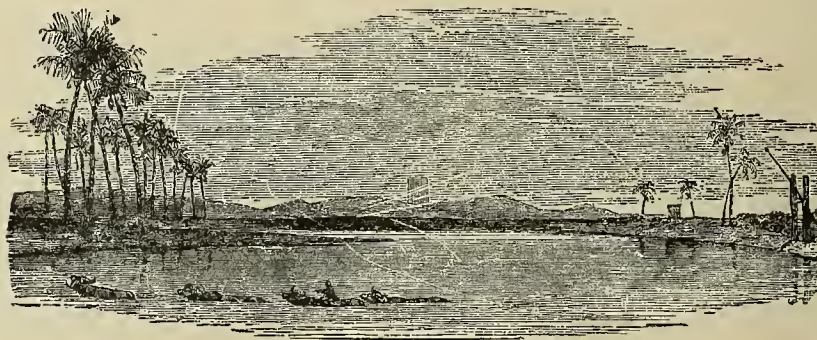
*Read Josh'u-a xxiv and John iv.

The Baby Boy in the Bulrush Boat.



HERE was once a king in E'gypt by the name of Men-ma'ra. He was also called Se'ti the First. His reign lasted a long time, and he was more than seventy years old when he died. In one of his journeys through his kingdom he came to the city of Ta'nis or Zo'an. It was east of the eastern arm or branch of the Nile, and about half-way towards the Great Wall that stretched from the Red Sea to the Med'i-ter-ra'ne-an Sea. There were other great and beautiful cities not far away; but this, it is supposed, was one of his capitals. He was a very harsh and cruel king; and so, when he was told that the number of He'brew slaves in and around Ta'nis was becoming so largethat the E-gyp'tians were afraid that they would overpower them and escape, or take possession of the country, he said: "Kill all the male children as soon as they are born!" The word spread fast enough, to the joy of the E-gyp'tians and the sorrow of the He'brews. But they re-

homes it was decided to make a little boat out of reeds that grew along the banks of the Nile, and put the new-born baby in it, and set it afloat, either on the great stream itself, or more probably on one of the canals that flowed quietly along, not far from the king's palace.



ZOAN, LOWER EGYPT.

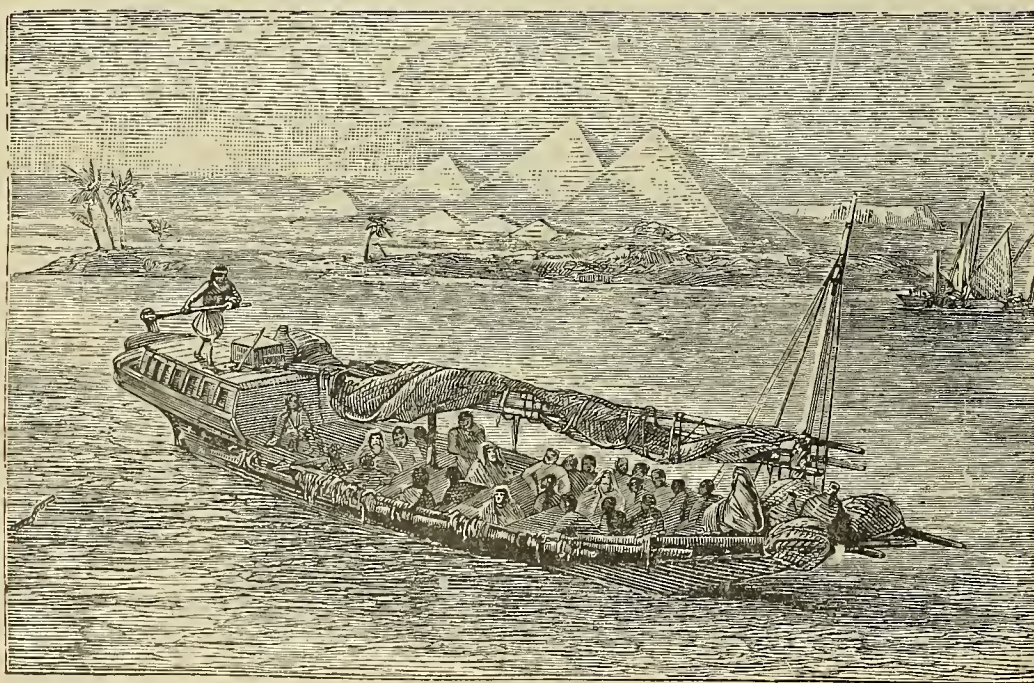
Under cover of night Am'ram, the father of this baby boy, took the little boat and its passenger to the water's edge, placed it among the tall reeds, set his daughter Mir'i-am to watch, and then went about his slave's work—winnow-

ing grain, or treading out grapes, or making brick in the brick-yards, but all the while thinking about his baby boy in the bulrush boat, and praying that he might escape harm.

Meanwhile God and the girl watched over the tiny craft. No one saw God, and those who saw the girl did not heed her. She was only a He'brew girl—daughter of a slave—playing in the sunshine!

At last she saw Se'ti's daughter and her maids on their way to bathe. She watched more carefully than before. Her heart beat faster and faster, as if it would leap from her throat, and her nerves were all aquiver. She saw a slave stoop down,

and draw the bulrush boat from the water, and show the baby to the princess. Mir'i-am had come near by this time, and heard the princess



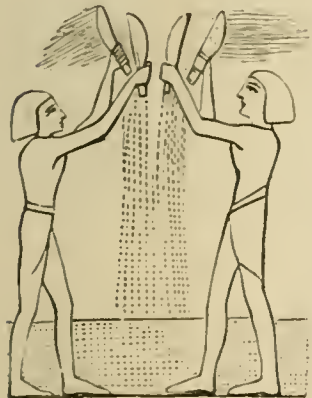
ON THE NILE.

solved that they would save their children if possible, and the king's terrible command was evaded in many ways. In one of the He'brew



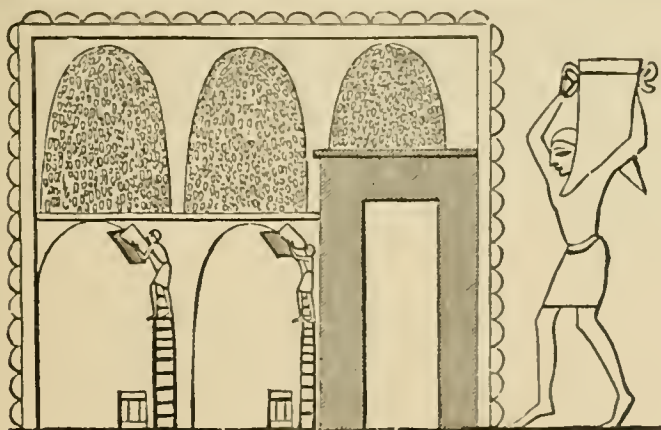
REEDS OF PAPYRUS.

say: "It is one of the He'brews' children. Let us not kill it. I will take care of it. We must get a nurse." Mir'i-am's silent watch was over. She must now speak; and, stepping forward, offers to secure a He'brew slave nurse. While Se'ti's daughter waits she runs home, tells her mother the good news, and the baby is safe at home again, under the protection of the cruel king's own daughter.



WINNOWING GRAIN.

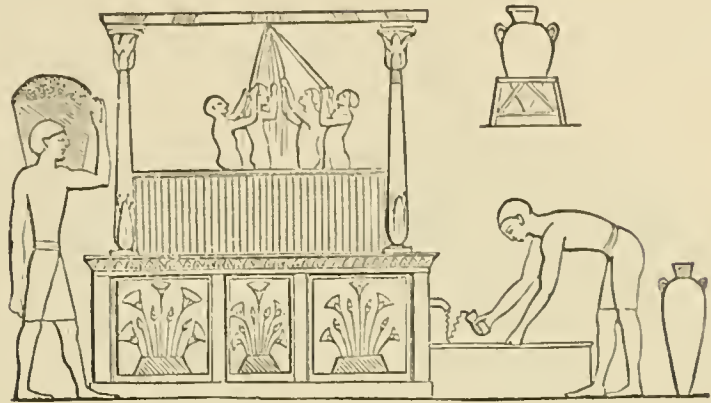
The baby grew and was taken to the palace, and was known as the son of Pha'raoh's daughter.



EGYPTIAN GRANARY.

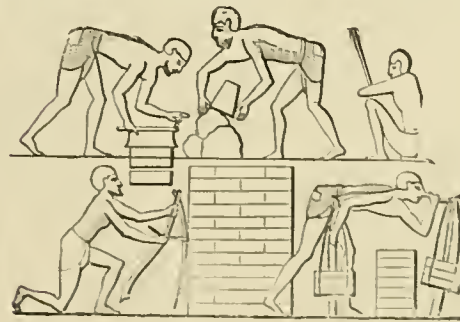
He was called "Mo'ses," which means "Drawn out of the water" and "O-sar'siph." Before he

left home his mother, Joch'e-bed, told him the truth about his birth and then gave him the



WINE-PRESS.

history of his own people, the He'brews. He heard how A'bra-ham had come from Ur of the Chal-dees' to Ca'naan; how I'saac and Ja'cob prayed to Je-ho'vah, and how Ja'cob's name was changed to Is'ra-el, because as a prince he had power with



MOLDING BRICK.

God and men; and how Jo'seph had been brought to E'gypt as a slave, and had at last become the prime minister. As he listened to this story he wished that *he* might become one of Is'ra-el's great men, and that he might free his people from their bitter bondage.

That was a great day when Mo'ses left his father's slave-home and entered the palace as Se'ti's son.

The king, cruel as he was, let his daughter have her own way, and even the prince, Ra-me'ses, afterwards king, could not drive him from the palace.

The palace! It was, in fact, a *city* of palaces—a group of the most beautiful houses built in the midst of the most beautiful gardens. The ceiling is very high, painted blue, and dotted with stars.



BRICK-MAKING.

It is supported by pillars, carved like the trunk of the graceful date-bearing palm-tree. Light-blue festoons of gauze hang from pillar to pillar. Yonder is the Pha'raoh's throne. Over it is a canopy, shaped like a shell. It flashes with

ing-room hang a thousand lamps, and there are places at the tables for three hundred guests!

In the midst of this splendor Mo'ses lived when not at school. He contrasted it with the meanness of that little house in which his parents and his brother and sister were living. He said nothing, but waited for the hour to come in which he might show himself the deliverer of the He'brews.

He patiently studied the laws of E'gypt, the laws of Church and State, and in the university at On, the City of the Sun, learned all that E'gypt had to teach about the planets that circle in the heavens, plants that grow in the earth, and animals that live their short life and die, giving no sign of future life.

So the baby boy, borne along the stream in a bulrush boat, had become one of E'gypt's wisest sons—a young man of splendid mind, and, it is said, a figure so beautiful that no one could see him without admiration.

Yet he was a He'brew, one of the despised race of slaves, and though he was regarded as the adopted son of the princess—the "Pha'raoh's daughter," he was at heart loyal to his father and his father's God. Nothing could shake his determination to cast in all his fortunes and join his life with the fortunes and the life of the people whose very wrongs made them the object of God's greater pitying love. He believed that he had been saved



MOSES TAKEN TO THE PALACE.

mother-of-pearl and glass and mica. On each side of it are figures of lions. A beautiful seat for Se'ti—but it rests on the bent bodies of four slaves! The floor is covered with carpets, so woven as to look like the sea-shore. In the din-

from the water for a wise purpose known to God; and though he knew no more about his future than we know about ours, he could not but believe that the little boat on the Nile, in which he had been placed in his helpless babyhood, had been



FINDING OF MOSES.

steered by the Pilot in heaven, and that he had a work to do that would one day be seen by all men to be for the glory of God and the good of the nations. He read his *past* in the light of faith in the goodness of the Lord, and that enabled him to do his duty day by day. It is this

which makes the difference between one person and another. Mo'ses did not believe in chance. Neither did he believe in a God who allows his creatures no freedom. But he did believe in a God who cared for him, and to whom he was responsible for his words and actions.



MIRIAM'S SONG.

Miriam, the Sister of Moses.



HERE is always work for those who are willing to work. If not with muscle, with mind. If not in service, then in waiting and watching. Mir'i-am could not work in the brick-yards, nor out in the hot fields; and so, when Am'ram and Joch'e-bed had made the boat of water-reeds and set it afloat on the stream at Ta'nis, she was appointed to watch. She was only twelve years old! Only a girl! And the slave-drivers passed her by. She was doing work, however, that was given her to do, and, loving her baby brother so dearly, filled her place and did her work so well that to-day, after these long centuries, she is remembered, because she was such a true and faithful little guardian. She did what her father and mother told her to do; and, when she had no special command to guide her, spoke the right word and performed the right act, because she wished to save her brother and give comfort to her parents. She might have said: "I would rather play with the other girls than watch the baby. It is so tiresome! Besides, God can take care of brother. If he wishes to save him, he will do it. If it is his will that baby should drown, I can't prevent it."

Instead, like the obedient, dutiful daughter that she was, she watched and waited until the time came for her to speak. A moment sooner might have excited the princess's suspicions. A moment later might have been too late.

Forty years passed. The E-gyp'tian slave-drivers became more and more cruel every year; and, though the poor He'brews cried to God day and night, there seemed to be no hope that they would ever be freed from their slavery. Mo'ses, in the school and the palace, heard of his people's distress. He had remembered his mother's teachings. He was a He'brew! His place was in the brick-yards. Neither the learning of the

schools nor the kindness of the princess could win him away from the children of Is'ra-el. Am'ram, Joch'e-bed, Aa'ron, and Mir'i-am waited for him to declare himself. The opportunity offered. He saw an E-gyp'tian strike a He'brew. Looking first in one direction and then in another, to see that no one was near but the He'brew, he killed the E-gyp'tian and buried his body in the sand. *For his people's sake he took this great risk!* He hoped that the He'brews would rally around him, accept him as their leader, and secure freedom. But he was not yet ready to act as their leader, and they were not yet prepared to follow him.

Mo'ses fled to Mid'i-an. Mir'i-am was disappointed, and felt that he would never come back. Another period of forty years passed away. And at last Mir'i-am had her reward. Her brothers stand before the Pha'raoh, Me-neph'tah, and ask, in the name of God, that the people of Is'ra-el shall be freed. "Thus saith the Lord God of Is'ra-el: Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness!" Me-neph'tah answered: "Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice to let Is'ra-el go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Is'ra-el go?" Mir'i-am hears of this answer of the proud king, who regarded himself the favorite of the god Ptah, and, though she can not tell how, believes that God will break the rod of his power. She can only wait and watch as in the days of her girlhood, when that Mo'ses who now confronted Me-neph'tah was only a baby in a bulrush boat. The ten plagues came; and while the E-gyp'tians were mourning the loss of their first-born (did they remember when the E-gyp'tians slaughtered the children of the He'brews and brought sorrow into their homes?) the He'brews left the house of bondage. The Red Sea was crossed, and Is'ra-el was free! A song of thanksgiving was sung. Mo'ses led the people in the great hymn; and the women,

following the lead of Mir'i-am, played on timbrels and danced for joy.

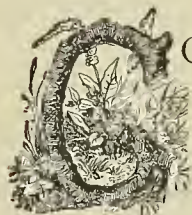
This song is given in the fifteenth chapter of the book of Ex'o-dus. It is one of the finest hymns of joy in any language. "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Mir'i-am was now called a "prophetess"—a woman through whom God speaks. She became envious of Mo'ses. "Has God spoken only to

Mo'ses? Has he not also spoken to us?" she said to Aa'ron, one day. She had no sooner uttered these words than leprosy appeared on her body. She was unclean, and not permitted to remain among the people in the camp. She was sorry, and asked Mo'ses to pray for her, and in seven days she was healed. That one lesson was enough. We never again read of her jealousy. She was content to do what she was commanded to do; nothing less and nothing more.

The Ten Plagues.

"The Lord is the true God. He is the living God, and an everlasting King. At his wrath the earth trembleth, and the nations are not able to abide his indignation."



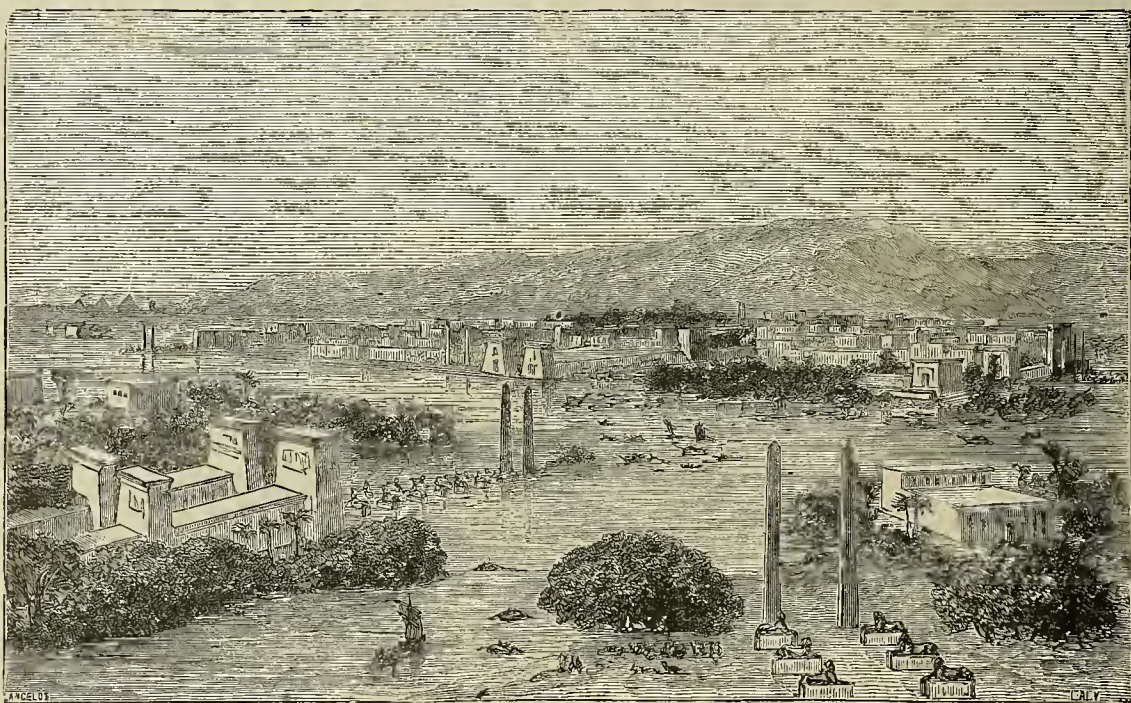
OD commanded Mo'ses to tell Me-neph'tah, the king of E'gypt, that the children of Is'ra-el must be freed from slavery; but Me-neph'tah asked with a sneer, when he received the message: "Who is this Je-ho'-vah, of whom you speak? I do not know him!" He thought that the so-called gods of E'gypt would protect him, and that this god of slaves could neither help them nor harm



AMON.

him. He defied God, and his heart was hardened.

Rightly to understand the story of the Ten Plagues, we must know something about the religion of E'gypt, and we shall find that from the day in which the waters of the Nile were turned into blood to that awful night when



INUNDATION OF THE NILE.

the first-born children died, the true and living God was showing the Pha'raoh on the throne, the priests in the temples, and the people, high and low, that their religion was false, and that he was the true and eternal King of kings and Father of the spirits of all men.

The E-gyp'tians worshiped the Nile; but, in the name of God, Mo'ses waved his rod over it, and its life-bringing currents became blood. The fish died in the streams, the canals, the pools, and ponds, and the stench of their decay poisoned the air. No water for drinking could be

had except by digging wells, and for seven days no E-gyp'tian could bathe in the waters of the sacred stream; no E-gyp'tian could worship it as before. God had smitten it. He showed him-



NILE TEMPLE AT IPSAMBOUL.

self its Lord. If the Nile was a god, as the priests said, Je-ho'vah, the God of Aa'ron, Mo'ses, and the children of Is'ra-el, was a stronger and greater God. Frogs were worshiped, the god Ptah being represented with a frog's head; but when these slimy reptiles came out of the rivers, the canals, the marshy pools, and filled the palaces, the sleeping-rooms, the kneading-troughs, and ovens, the Pha'raoh was glad to ask Mo'ses to send them back to the places whence they came. They might worship a frog-headed god—or, at least, his image—but Mo'ses, by his power over the reptiles of E'gypt, showed that the Lord God of Is'ra-el was greater than Ptah.

E-gyp'tians thought it wrong to enter a temple unless perfectly clean. Conceive their feelings then, when, at the command of Mo'ses lice appeared on the priests and on the worshipers.

Gnats and mosquitoes stinging men, women, and children, and no protection against them! There was no one clean enough to appear before the

gods! At the word of Mo'ses the worship of the gods and goddesses ceased.

The E-gyp'tians also worshiped insects, such as the gad-fly, the dog-fly, the cockroach, and beetle; but when the air was full of them and the ground was covered with them, making sad havoc among plants, biting animals and men, and destroying clothing and papyrus-rolls, even their worshipers were glad when Mo'ses waved his wand, and bade them depart.

Cattle were worshiped, too; but at the word of Mo'ses, they died through all the land, except among the He'brews. Dead gods lay decaying everywhere! But the Lord, said Mo'ses, is "the ever-living God," the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Priests scattered ashes over the worshipers in the temples in sign of blessing, but when Mo'ses took furnace-ashes and sprinkled them toward heaven, they produced boils as they fell on man and beast.

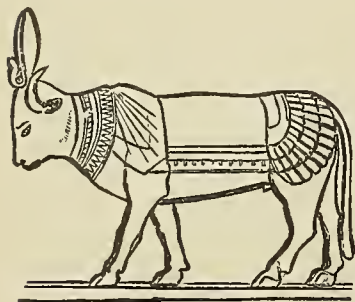
Pha'raoh and his subjects believed that the gods of E'gypt had power to protect the country against storms; but when Mo'ses pointed his rod towards heaven, and the clouds gathered, light-



EGYPTIAN PRIESTS.

ning flashed, thunder pealed, and hail fell, and the priests could get no help from I'sis and O-si'ris, they began to believe that, after all, the

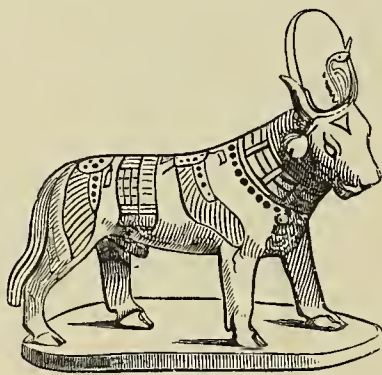
Lord must be a true God; especially when the storm ceased as soon as Mo'ses prayed to him to still the tempest. The E-gyp'tians had no fear of the east wind; but it was from the east that the locusts came, darkening the land as they flew, and eating herbs, grain, every green leaf, and all fruits.



APIS.

Sun, moon, and stars were adored; but, at the word of Mo'ses, their light disappeared, and men groped in darkness throughout all E'gypt except in Go'shen, where the He'brews lived. God is the Lord of the heavenly bodies. It is he who made them. They were not made by idol-gods. This ninth plague was an illustration of the truth so often repeated by the prophets: "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth shall perish."

The last plague was the most terrible of all. E'gypt's king would not utter the word that should make Is'ra-el free until God showed himself the Lord of human life. Not until there was a cry of grief through all the homes of the kingdom, was Me-neph'tah willing to say: "Let Is'ra-el go!"



EMBLEM OF OSIRIS.

The ten plagues showed that there are no gods besides the Lord, and that even that Na'ture, which many seem to think is sufficient to herself, is under the command of God. May I say that this history of



ISIS AND NEPHTHYS.

the plagues is the history of the overthrow of a false religion—the story of the battle of God



LOCUST.

against the gods; the story of the victory of the Lord? Long after those terrific days the children of Is'ra-el sang a hymn like this:

"He sent darkness and made it dark.
He turned waters into blood.
Their land brought forth frogs in abundance, in the chambers of their kings.
He spoke, and there came divers sorts of flies and lice in all their coasts.
He gave them hail for rain, and flaming fire.
He spoke, and locusts came.
He smote also all the first-born in their land, the chief of all their strength."

And, as they sang it, the words became pictures. They saw the land of E'gypt lying under black skies; the blood-like streams flowing where once sparkled pure, life-giving water; the slimy army of repulsive frogs invading the palace where a king defied God; the clouds of



EGYPTIAN MOURNERS.

stinging, torturing flies; the destroying hail-stones and flashes of electric fire; the sad homes in which lay the dead bodies of the dear "first-born," pride and hope of the family. Let us

enter one of those old E-gyp'tian homes. An artist has given us a picture that will make our act of fancy easy. The light of the early sun shines in a ruddy glow over the land. Through an open door broad steps are seen leading to a street. Already the cry of sorrow is heard.

can not arouse A-me'ni from sleep. The father fears the worst. He had heard the threat of Mo'ses. Perhaps it had been fulfilled! He enters his son's room, followed by his wife, the other children, and the slaves. The night-torch burns, but the light of his son's life has gone



DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Eyes are swollen with weeping, and hands are lifted towards heaven. It is time for A-me'ni, the oldest son, to arise; breakfast is ready. A servant knocks at his door. There is no answer. He knocks again. No reply. Alarmed, he hurries back to his master, and reports that he

ont. No sign of violence, and yet there seems to have been a struggle and a horror of death; for the body lies across the couch partially uncovered, and the clothes are tossed. Stunned by the sight, the father gazes with tearless eyes; the mother shrieks and falls. For many days after,



DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES.

mourners went wailing about the streets. All amusements were given up. The pleasures of the table were foregone, and the garb of grief was worn instead of the beautiful every-day dress. The melancholy days had come, the saddest of E'gypt's year.

Under such circumstances the children of Is'ra-el went out of E'gypt, the E-gyp'tians themselves anxious to have them go; for they said: "All of us will be killed if you stay!" And so, when they were asked for silver, gold, and clothing, they very willingly gave them—glad to get rid of their troublesome slaves at any

cost. No doubt the children of Is'ra-el themselves wished that the king had let them go without being forced by the plagues; but because he "hardened his heart" and became bitter and stubborn, it was necessary to humble him and show him the great sinfulness of holding human beings in bondage. Well did Mo'ses say: "Remember this day in which ye came out from E'gypt, out of the house of servants; for by strength of hand the Lord brought you out!" Remember it? As well may a citizen of the United States forget the Fourth of July—the glorious anniversary of Independence!

THE EGYPTIANS DROWNED IN THE RED SEA

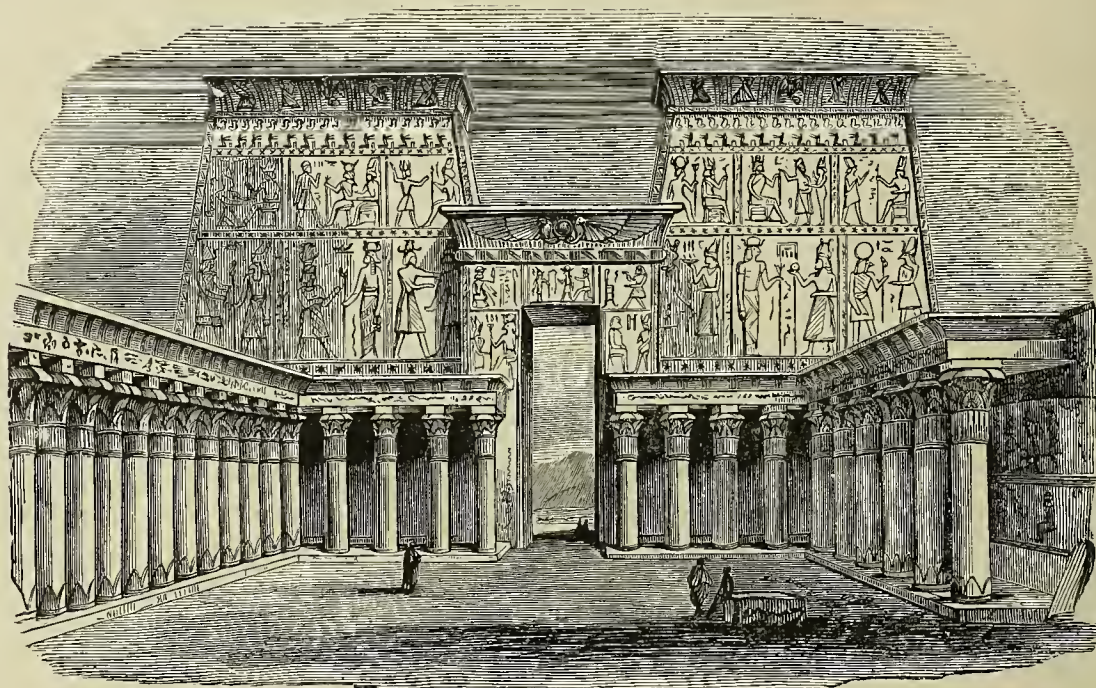


Moses and the Obelisk of On.

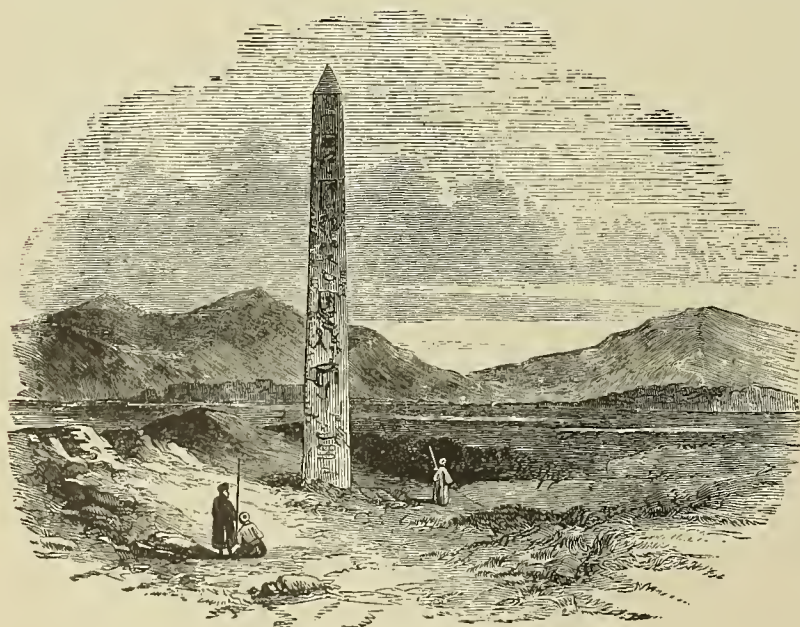


NEAR the Museum of Art in Central Park, New York City, there stands a superb shaft of dark red stone, four-sided, narrowing towards the top. At each corner of the base is a figure of a beetle, and on each face of the column are sculptures of birds, beetles, wasps, serpents, human eyes, bulls, and many other forms difficult to describe. Indeed, all of these forms on this monument have been so mysterious that it has been only a few years since their meaning was known, although, of course, the *E-gyp'tians* could read them (I mean the *E-gyp'tians* who lived three thousand years ago, and before that time). For this obelisk, as it is called, once stood in *E'gypt*, and was presented to the U-ni'ted States in 1877, and brought from

cut in honor of *E-gyp'tian* kings who ruled many centuries before the birth of Christ. On



THE GREAT TEMPLES.



PLAIN AND OBELISK OF HELIOPOLIS.

Al-ex-an'dri-a to New York in a ship commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Hen'ry H. Gor'ringe. The strange figures on its sides were

one face are the words: "The Son of the Sun, Thut'mes;" and on another is the title, "The King of Upper and Lower *E'gypt*." The name Ra-mes'su Me-ri-a-num appears on one of the other faces. Thut'mes lived at least sixteen hundred years before the days of our Savior, and Ra-mes'su was the Pha'raoh who ruled over *E'gypt* while Mo'ses was in Mid'i-an. In fact, Mo'ses and Ra-mes'su, or Ra-me'ses, grew up, side by side, in the palace of Se'ti, father of Ra-me'ses. The Pha'raoh's daughter, who rescued Mo'ses, was his sister.

This pillar in Central Park originally stood in or near On, that city of the Sun-temple in whose university Mo'ses studied, and, no doubt, was often seen by him. He read the words: "The Sun-god Ra ordained victories;" "The God Tum, Lord of the City of On;" "The Sun-god Ra, who created the beauty of the sun-disk." And as he read



CARTOUCH.

he said: "I believe in him who made the sun—the ever-living God, whose name is Je-ho'vah!"

More than three thousand years have passed since he walked in the shadow of this obelisk and looked at its sculptured faces. What changes have taken place! The City of the Sun is in ruins. The great temples have either been torn down or have fallen into decay. In all E'gypt

there is now no one who worships the gods of the old Pha'raoh. The Pha'raohs are dead, and their bodies are scattered abroad. In a museum, not far from the city of Cai'ro, may be seen a little group of mummies. Among them is the form of him who was once a mighty king—Ra-me'ses, whose name and titles are engraved on the obelisk in Central Park.

The Rod of Moses and the Rocks of Meribah.



"E opened the rock, and the waters gushed out." These words are found in the one hundred and fifth Psalm, and were perhaps sung in the temple. He'brew boys and girls, hearing them, asked their parents to tell their meaning, and this story was related:

"Our fathers, having come out of E'gypt, crossed the Red Sea and entered the great wilderness. They marched three days, and found no water. At Ma'rah the springs only mocked them, for they were bitter. The people murmured against Mo'ses, and asked: 'What shall we drink? Must we die of thirst?' They almost lost faith in God; but Mo'ses prayed very earnestly for them, and God showed him a tree,



GATEWAY OF SINAI.

from which he cut boughs and threw them into the wells, and the water became pure and sweet. They journeyed on until they came to a place called 'Palm Trees,' where they found twelve wells. The place was so beautiful that they camped there. By this time the food that they

had brought from E'gypt was all eaten, and again they complained against Mo'ses and against

God; but they were supplied with food from heaven, and for awhile were satisfied. However,



WADY FEIRAN.

when they reached the plains, where the sun shone with scorching heat, where the earth almost burned the skin of the feet, and the rocks seemed heated by inner fires, they again broke out into mutiny.

"'Why hast thou brought us up out of E'gypt to kill us with thirst?' they cried. 'Is God among us or not?' Some of them threatened to stone Mo'ses on the spot, and vowed that they would return to E'gypt, where they could at least have enough to eat and to drink.

"Mo'ses was frightened, but patient and full of faith in God. He prayed, as he always did in hours of trouble, and with that wonder-working rod of God, which had become so famous, he



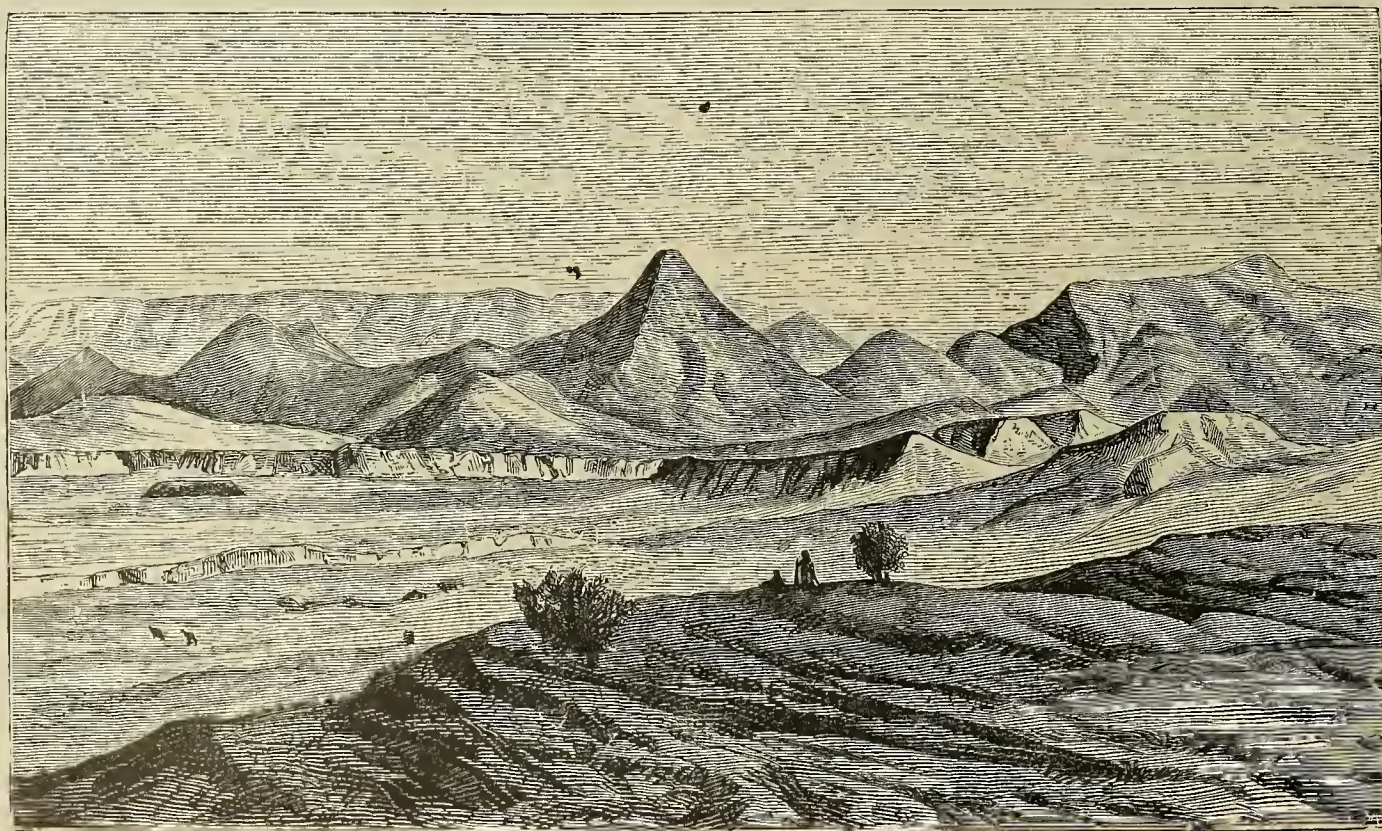
MOUNT SINAI.

struck a rock among the mountains and a stream of pure water at once flowed out of it. To re-

gregation into the land which I have given them.' And so it came to pass. Both Mo'ses

mind the people of their faults of unbelief and ingratitude, Mo'ses gave the rock two names; one, 'Mas'sah,' meaning *tempting*: the other 'Mer'i-bah,' meaning *chiding or strife*.

"Thirty-eight years afterward, while the people were at Ka'desh, the same spirit of unbelief and ingratitude was shown because there was no water for the congregation. There was the same fault-finding as before, and again Mo'ses prayed to God for help. Again he was commanded to strike a rock with his rod. The water flowed out as before, but Mo'ses was not so patient as in the early days of the wilderness-wanderings. 'Ye rebels,' he said, 'must we fetch you water out of this rock?' Because of this speech and the spirit that prompted it, God said to him and his brother Aa'ron: 'Ye shall not bring this con-



WILDERNESS OF KADESH.

and Aa'ron died outside of the Promised Land." 'He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out;' but though God did not forget his people, they were so rebellious, so discontented, that each rock was called 'Mer'i-bah'—chiding, strife."

the hard rocks of difficulty? Has he not cared for us as parents care for their children? Yet we have been unthankful and full of fear lest harm should come to us, and have served God only when everything went well with us. Can we not imagine how much ashamed the He-



MOSES SMITING THE ROCK.

The children of Is'ra-el could not remember God's goodness in giving them water in the wilderness without also being reminded of their own ingratitude and discontent. And what is true of them is true of us, is it not? Has not God again and again brought good to us out of

brews were when, in spite of their murmuring, God sent them the clear, cool, delicious water, fresh from the living rock? How they blamed themselves, and promised that, whatever might afterwards happen, they would never lose faith!



MOSES ON MOUNT PISGAH.

That is God's way of returning good for evil; of overcoming men's sin by his own holiness—the great object-lesson illustrating the truth in the Golden Rule. He shows men that, however bad they may be, he is holy; however much they may question his justice, he will not, can not, do wrong. And he is not partial, though the He'brews thought he was. He has no favorites,

no "pet" children. When Mo'ses sinned at Mer'i-bah, God punished him by forbidding his entrance into the Promised Land. The grand old hero saw its beautiful hills far away, but his feet never rested on their sunny slopes. He perhaps thought that God ought to forgive him for one little hasty word; but no;—the law of the Lord is for all alike.

The Serpent Idol.

THE people of Is'ra-el were nearing their long journey's end. They had been almost forty years on the way from the Nile to the Jordan. You have learned why they did not go at once from E'gypt to Ca'naan, and why, after they had received the Law at Mount Si'nai, they were turned back from the Promised Land. And now their years of wilderness-life are almost over, but they have not fully learned the lessons

complained. Their discontent was soon followed by distress. Poisonous serpents entered the camp. Gliding hither and thither among the tents, they fastened their fangs in the bodies of men, women, and children, and killed many. Panic spread among the people; and, frightened and humbled by the awful invasion, crowds gathered around Mo'ses, and pleaded with him to ask God to remove the serpents, or they would all die.

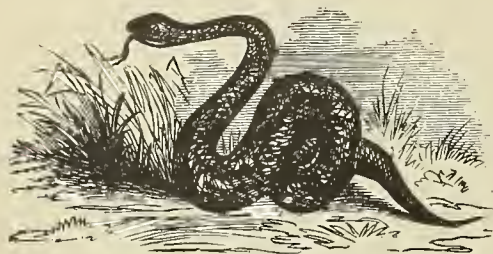


LIFTING UP THE SERPENT.

of faith and obedience. Although God had done so much for them, and although Mo'ses had shown himself to be a faithful leader, they once more broke out in rebellion because of lack of water and because they were tired of eating manna. "We hate this miserable bread," they

A serpent-figure of brass was made, and placed on a banner-pole, and all who were bitten were commanded to look at it, and as they looked they were cured. In memory of this event the brass serpent was carried into the Promised Land, together with the ark and the

sacred vessels of the tabernacle, and kept until the days of the good king, Hez-e-ki'ah—more



VIPER.

it was worshiped as if it were a god! Incense was burned before it, and the people bowed

than seven hundred years afterward. This was well enough; but it was not only kept in memory of God's answer to Mo'ses' prayer,

down when they saw it. Hez'e-ki-ah, who wished that the He'brews should only worship God, resolved to stop this idolatry; and, seizing the serpent idol, said: "This is only a piece of brass—only a piece of brass!" He then dashed it to pieces. The Jews, no doubt, were horrified, and supposed that he would suffer terrible consequences; but the Bible says that the Lord was with him, and that he prospered in everything that he undertook. This is as we might expect, for he obeyed the first command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

Be Sure Your Sin Will Find You Out.



UST before the walls of Jer'i-cho fell, Josh'u-a said to his soldiers: "All the gold and the silver, all the vessels of brass and iron which you shall find in the city, are to be placed in the treasury of God. You shall take nothing for yourselves."

When the troops entered the conquered city, however, one of the soldiers saw in a house a beautiful coat, a piece of gold, and two hundred pieces of money. To see was to covet. In defiance of God's commands, he hid them under his cloak, and ran to his tent. Digging a hole in the earth, he buried his treasure, and went out again to rejoin the ranks. He thought that he would enjoy his prize after the war was over and Ca'naan was in the hands of the people of Is'ra-el. Then he would wear his fine coat and live in ease. The wedge of gold and the two hundred pieces of money would make him rich to the end of his life. Dreaming such dreams, and building such castles in the air, he marched to the city of A'i. Perhaps he expected to find another coat, another piece of gold, and *more money*. But Josh'u-a's army was defeated, and Josh'u-a spent a whole night in bewailing his misfortune. God at last told him that the defeat was due to disobedience. One of his soldiers

had taken a part of the spoil at Jer'i-cho, instead of placing it in the treasury for the benefit of the whole people. It was his duty to punish this violation of the command issued in the name of the Lord God of hosts. He ordered the soldiers to form into line, and said: "We were defeated at A'i. I have inquired of the Lord, and have learned that one of you is guilty



THEFT OF ACHAN.

of theft. We will draw lots." The name of Ju'dah was drawn, and it was known that the disobedient soldier belonged to that tribe. The names of the families were written, and that of the Zar'hites was chosen. Family names were drawn, and the household of Zab'di was designated. At last, while the army stood in silent suspense, the name of A'chan was drawn. Poor A'chan!

He had been trembling like a leaf while the lots were being drawn, hoping that they might fail to point him out; but as the drawing went on, he felt less and less able to tell the people what he had done, terrified by fear of exposure and hopeful that he might yet escape. When detected, he made a confession, but it had no value then. It was too late. He had disobeyed God, and his

cowering bodies of guilty and innocent alike. Poor A'chan! As he looked with startled gaze at the people hurling stones at him and his; as he looked at the dumb brutes around him, and, saddest of all, at his family, he must have suffered agonies of remorse beyond all words, and wished (so passionately) that he had obeyed the command of the leader, Josh'u-a.



STONING OF ACHAN.

disobedience had caused a defeat of the army. Josh'u-a resolved to make an example of him. He and his family and his cattle were led into an open space, and command was given to stone them all to death. I seem to hear the thud and crash of the stones as they strike against the

Da'vid the king, like A'chan the soldier, was guilty of breaking the laws of God. He thought, as A'chan did, that he could hide his sin. He kept his secret, as he supposed, very well; but he was distressed in mind for fear that it would yet become known. He was a king, but he was a

very unhappy man. While he was sitting in the royal chair one day, thinking, in spite of himself, about U-ri'ah and his beautiful wife, Bath-she'ba, against whom he had committed such great crimes, a prophet called Na'than appeared before

in a loud, harsh voice, "Da'vid, you have committed grievous sins in the sight of the Lord; I have come to bring his judgment against you," he told a little story, like one of our Savior's parables—a story of a lamb. Da'vid had once

been a shepherd, and, of course, was interested: "There were two men in a certain city, one of whom was very rich, having large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; the other, very poor, having only one ewe lamb, the pet of the family. One day a traveler came on his journey to the house of the rich man, and preparations were made to give him a good dinner. But the rich man was stingy, and, not wishing to take a lamb out of his own flocks, sent his servants to the house of his poor neighbor (who may have been in debt to him or under obligation for some favor), with orders to get his one ewe lamb, kill it, dress it, and serve it at dinner in honor of his guest."

Da'vid listened to Na'than, and, supposing that he was



NATHAN REPROVES DAVID.

him, and began to preach or prophesy. He was a very bold man, to presume to tell a king, and such a king as Da'vid, about his sins; but he was also a very wise man, and so, instead of saying

presenting a real case in which he wished the king's judgment, at once said: "The rich man has done the poor man a great wrong. He ought to die! Let the poor man be given four



DEATH OF NADAB AND ABIHU.

sheep for the ewe lamb that was taken from him." Da'vid, no doubt, was secretly praising himself for his good feelings in behalf of the poor man, and hoped that Na'than, the man of God, would say: "You have done well." But, suddenly, pointing full at the king, Na'than said: "You are the rich man! You ought to die, because you have had no pity on *U-ri'ah*! You have brought sorrow and shame to his home! You have caused the enemies of God to lose faith and blaspheme his name!"

Then Da'vid, like A'chan, cried: "I have sinned! I have sinned!" The confession was better made then than not at all, but it came too late to have any value. Da'vid was not stoned

to death; but from that day to the end of his life he suffered severely on account of his double crime.

Na'dab and A-bi'hu, sons of Aa'ron, offered "strange" fire on the altar of incense. They *seemed* to be worshiping God, but they were really breaking one of the laws. There went out fire from the Lord, and they died.

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT!" You may hide it from the eyes of men. You may never make a confession. You may plead "not guilty," though you know that you have sinned. You may go far away from the scene of your sins; but God sees you, and in his own time, and in his own way, you will suffer the penalty.



Ruth.

THE MOABITRESS WHO BECAME THE WIFE OF AN ISRAELITE AND AN ANCESTRESS OF JESUS CHRIST.

and some of the people moved away. Among those who left the place was E-lim'e-lech, his wife Na-o'mi, and their two sons. They went to a country east of the Dead Sea, called Mo'ab. Food was plenty, and, although the Mo'ab-ites and the children of Is'ra-el had not been friends, and it was a law that Mo'ab-ites should not be admitted to the congregation of Is'ra-el, this He'brew family were soon on good terms with them, and the sons married Mo'ab-ite women—Or'pah and Ruth. Or'pah means "*youthful freshness*," and Ruth means "*friendship*."

THERE had been poor crops in the neighborhood of Beth'le-hem. There was not enough food for all,

The sun of joy shone on this He'brew home in a strange land, and Na-o'mi was happy as she saw the happiness of her sons and their Mo'ab-ite wives. But clouds of sorrow gathered. Her husband and two sons died. She mourned over their death, and, feeling sad and lonely, longed to go back among her own people at Beth'le-hem in Ju-de'a. It had not been so long since she left that her towns-people had time to forget her; but she had changed in appearance so much, and her face was so sad, that they asked among themselves: "Is this the Na-o'mi who went away from us?" "Yes," she replied, "I am Na-o'mi; but don't call me by my old name, 'the happy one.' I *was* happy then. Call me Ma'rah, the sad one, the bitter one; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me!"

Her friends heard her story; how her husband had died, and then her two sons; and how they had gone to Mo'ab, hoping for better times, but had met only misfortune. "I went away full-

handed. I have come back with nothing. But Ruth, the Mo'ab-it-ess, widow of my son Chil'i-on, is with me." She did not know it then, but it was by means of Ruth that she was to regain some of her losses. Her husband's relative, Bo'az, was rich. She sent Ruth to glean in his harvest-fields, secretly hoping that he would see her, and, learning that Na-o'mi had returned to Beth'le-hem in need, would befriend her. It all came to pass as she had planned, and Ruth became the wife of the "mighty man of wealth." That is not all. Though the Jews disliked the Mo'ab-ites, Ruth was the great-grandmother of their King Da'vid. The royal blood was not pure He'brew.

If Na-o'mi had not gone to Mo'ab, Chil'i-on had not met Ruth. If Ruth had preferred to remain in her native land, she had not become

"If,"—"if,"—"if."—A very little word, and yet it plays a big part in language. And so



RUTH GLEANING.



RUTH AND NAOMI.

the wife of Bo'az. If Bo'az had not taken her as wife, her name would not have been written in the royal line.

there are many little events occurring day by day that nobody notices, but it is found out after awhile that they were really playing a big part in life. Few people cared for Na-o'mi and Ruth, but their names are now read everywhere in the world; and the story of "Ruth," as told in the Holy Scriptures, is one of the most interesting in all literature, and perfectly told. It is not for us to say what are "great" events and what are "little" events. And it is not, perhaps, wise for us to guess what "might have happened" "if" something had happened otherwise than it did; but it is surely wise for boys and girls constantly to ask themselves: "If I do this or say that, what will be the result?" Because every act has its effect and its reaction. No one can do wrong without suffering and causing suffering. No one can do right without causing joy and having joy. Whether one does right or wrong is a matter of choice. And we have reason to say: "If we had always done right, and never done wrong, we would have had a better life."

We never get away from the "right" and "wrong" of things. Na-o'mi and Ruth and Bo'az were constantly asking: "What is the right thing to be done; the best thing to do under the circumstances?" When Na-o'mi went to Mo'ab,

the woof of life, run the threads of right and wrong choices. History is made up of choices—never of chances. Character is made up of choices,—good character, of right and wise choices; bad character, of wrong and foolish choices.



BOAZ BUYING THE INHERITANCE.

it seemed right; when she came back, it was because she felt that she ought to return. Ruth came with her because she felt that it would be wrong to stay in the land of her fathers, and Bo'az married Ruth because it seemed right. So it is that, through and through, in and out of

In that circle of He'brew "elders," sitting at the gate of Beth'le-hem, where Bo'az is trying to buy back the property that rightfully belongs to Na-o'mi, each man is showing his character—each man is choosing either to do right or to do wrong.

The Hebrew Hercules.

IN the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the He'brews there is a list of the heroes of early He'brew history; the men who "through faith subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, and turned to flight the armies of aliens." In this list appears the name of Sam'son—the He'brew Her'cu-les—one of the "judges" of Is'ra-el.

He was born during those dark days that came between the death of the hero-general, Josh'u-a, and the glorious reign of King Da'vid. The Jews had many such days. God often gave them over into the hands of their enemies because they disobeyed him and worshiped the Ba'al-im, the idols of the heathen; yet he did not at any time wholly forsake them, but appointed men and women to deliver them. These were called



EHUD AND EGLON.



GIDEON AND HIS FOLLOWERS SURPRISING THE MIDIANITES.

"judges." God called them to their office, and helped them. An entire book—the Book of Judges—is devoted to the history of their sayings and doings. It is in this book that the story of the strong man, Sam'son, is told.

Before he was born an angel told his father and mother that he should be set apart for the service of God, from the beginning to the end of

destroyer," because from first to last his chief purpose seems to have been to kill the Phi-lis'tine enemies of Is'ra-el, and to ruin their homes and property of all kinds. Of his boyhood nothing has been told us. It is only said that he grew, and that he received blessings from the Lord. His parents told him about A'bra-ham, I'saac, Ja'cob, Mo'ses, Jo'seph, and Josh'u-a—those



GIDEON DESTROYING THE ALTAR OF BAAL.

his life. He was called "Sam'son." To this name at least four different meanings have been given: "destroyer," "the strong one," "the sunny one," "the sun-hero." Any one of these names would have been suitable, and all, except perhaps "the sun-hero," describe him. He was "the sunny one," because he loved fun, though it was of rather a coarse kind. And he was, above all else, "a

mighty men of whom the Jews were justly proud. He would learn of E'hud, the left-handed, who killed Eg'lon, the king of the hated Mo'ab-ites; of Sham'gar, who slaughtered six hundred Phi-lis'tines with an ox-goad; of Deb'o-rah and Ba'rak; of Gid'e-on and his brave little band of three hundred; of Jeph'tah, and his vow. His mother told him, too, that he was devoted to



SAMSON AND THE LION.

God, and that God had a great work for him to do. His father excited his hatred of the Philistines, and trained him to become a soldier. When he was about twenty years old he disappointed both of them by marrying a Philistine

girl. They did not know that he was seeking an opportunity to pick a quarrel with the Philistines. But so it was. His wife was not given to him according to the promise of her father. This was as he expected, and he at once prepared

to revenge himself, and also to free Is'ra-el from the presence of the Phi-lis'tines. He knew his



BARBARY LION.

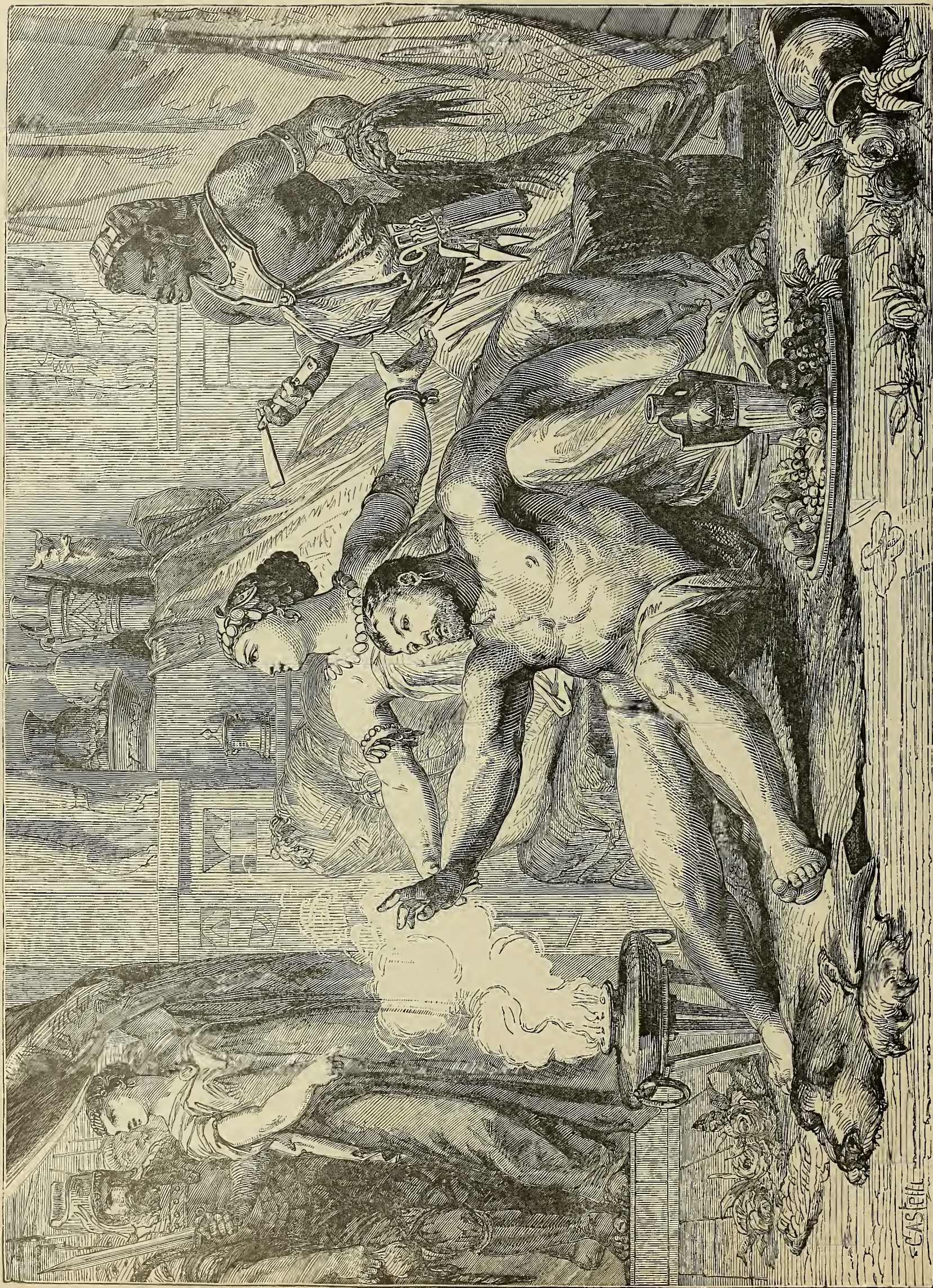
strength; for he had fought with a young lion, and had conquered it. Having no weapons of any kind, he resorted to a strange means of attack. He trapped a number of jackals, which, then as now, roam wild in Pal'es-tine, and tied burning torches to their tails. As soon as they were let out of the traps, they broke through the fields, dragging the torches through stubble and standing grain, and then ran up the hill-sides among the orchards and vineyards. "Fire! Fire!" shouted the Phi-lis'tines, and ran to and fro in a terrible fright, trying to put out the flames that were carrying destruction in every direction. When the fire was out, they began to ask, "Who did this?" and when they learned that Sam'son had done it in revenge for the loss of his wife, they went in a body and burned both her and her father. After this Sam'son again revenged himself for the death of his wife by killing many of the Phi-lis'tines, and then retired to a place in the western part of Ju'dah, known as "the wild beasts' lair." The Phi-lis'tines pursued him, and the men of Ju'dah, instead of rallying around him and making a bold stand against their foes, cowardly surrendered him, because,

as they said, they had no arms, and if they had, the Phi-lis'tines outnumbered them. When Sam'son reached the country of his captors, he suddenly raised a loud shout, and, seizing a jaw-bone of an ass, laid about him with such tremendous strength that before the one-sided fight was over, a thousand men lay dead! Strong and brave as he was, and true to his people, he walked in ways of sin that lead to the dark places of death. While he kept himself pure, his strength was "as the strength of ten," but when he told the false Del'i-lah the secret of his power of hand and arm, he was as weak as other men, and the Phi-lis'tines easily seized him in Del'i-lah's house by the brook So'rek, bored out his eyes, and set him to turning a mill, as if he were no more than an old blind horse, fit for nothing but to work in a tread-mill. Instead of killing Phi-lis'tines, as he wished,



JACKALS.

Sam'son was grinding flour for them, that they might eat bread and live.



SAMSON BETRAYED.

He had his revenge at last. His captors called him out to make sport for them on a holiday, and for awhile they had a good time, laughing at him as he danced in the open square before the temple of Da'gon; but when they were off their guard he asked the boy who led him to take him to the temple porch. The boy obeyed, and the strong man grasped the middle pillars with his powerful hands, prayed that God would once again restore his strength, and, bowing down, tore them from their place. There was an awful crash. Laughter was changed to

far as we are able to judge it, was a failure. He broke his early Naz'a-rite vows. He did not succeed in bringing the He'brews under his leadership, and he died a prisoner of the men whom he despised and hated with all his heart. It is sad to think of the waste of his gigantic strength, but sadder to think of the base cowardice of his own people, who, instead of saying, "As Sam'son has given himself wholly to God and the welfare of the nation, so will we!" only lived on in selfishness and indifference, content to applaud "the destroyer" when he won a great



SAMSON GRINDING FLOUR.

screams of terror and groans of pain. "The destroyer" had avenged himself. Phi-lis'tia was filled with grief on account of the death of many of her people. As for Sam'son, his strange, wild career was over. His father's family came to Ga'za, took up his body, and buried it between Zo'rah and Esh'ta-ol, where the spirit of the Lord began to move upon him more than twenty years before.

Twenty years of brave, bold struggle to free his people from their foes, ending so tragically and with such little good result! His life, so

victory, but unwilling to support him when he called for their help. Of course, he should have been faithful, even if every one else proved false, but in condemning him we must not forget to condemn his countrymen, who refused to imitate his glorious example of consecrated courage.

As it is, his name shines out alone, in spite of his faults and failures, as that of one of the great He'brew heroes, who fought the battles of faith when the people of God had lapsed into doubt and discouragement.

Samuel.

"THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE."



S far back in history as we know anything about kings we learn that there were men who claimed to tell them what they ought to do to please that King of kings by whose grace they wore crowns and lived in palaces. Not all of them were good. Indeed too many of them

who ever lived, was Sam'u-el. He was born in the year 1171 before Christ, and lived to be one hundred and eleven years old. His parents sent him, while still a boy, to the tent at Shi'loh, where E'li, the old priest, watched over the ark of the testimony and offered sacrifices to God. It was their wish that he should become a



ELDERS AT THE GATE.

were like that sour priest, Dun'stan, who made the six boy-kings of Eng'land so unhappy on account of his selfishness and cruelty. But many of them were noble-hearted and true men, who, being in the fear and favor of God, wished to help kings protect good men and punish the bad. Among these, one of the very best and purest

prophet or priest, a leader of the children of Is'ra-el, and a judge. They had their wish. When E'li died, and the ark of God was captured by the Phi-lis'tines, and the Tent of Meeting at Shi'loh burned, there was no one but Sam'u-el to take his place. In fact, before all this happened, Sam'u-el was known as a prophet.



SAMUEL ANOINTING SAUL.

God had spoken to him in his boyhood and told him that he intended to take away the priesthood from E'li's family because E'li knew that his two sons were disgracing themselves and the service of God by their shameful behavior, and

yet he did not rebuke them nor remove them from their positions. Besides, God had revealed many other things to Sam'u-el, and it was known to all Is'ra-el that he was a man of God. Persons went to consult him about their private

affairs, as some persons now consult fortune-tellers. "Come, let us consult the seer!" they said. For in those days they called a prophet a "seer." It happened that among those who came to consult him one day was a young man called Saul, whose father's asses had run away from the farm; and, though he and one of the servants had been in search of them for nearly three days, no trace of them had been found. When the district of Zuph was reached, the servant suggested that Saul refer the matter to Sam'u-el, "a man held in honor, and all that he says surely comes to pass." Saul assented, and he and his servant went to the city where Sam'u-el lived. On their way they met young maidens going to draw water from the well out-



EBENEZER.

side the city wall, and asked: "Is the seer here?" Yes; the seer had come that day to offer sacrifice to God; to hold a meeting of the Jews, to talk about their duties as citizens and members of the Church of God. Sam'u-el was sitting "in the gate" as Saul approached. Saul did not know him, and asked him the way to the seer's house. "I am the seer," said Sam'u-el. "Stay with me until to-morrow." Saul went with him, and to his surprise found out that he was appointed to be the first king of the Jews. The line of judges was to end with Sam'u-el, and for the same reason that the priesthood was taken from the family of E'li. He himself was true, but his sons were false. No man could say that he had not been a just and honest judge,

but his sons took bribes and were altogether unworthy of their father.

The people had become dissatisfied, and wishing to have a line of kings like other nations, God granted their wish and chose Saul. Sam'u-el told him all this, and solemnly anointed him in the name of God. No one saw the prophet as he poured the oil on the bowed head of Saul. No one heard him, except Saul, as he said: "God has anointed thee to be captain over his inheritance." The early birds were singing. The light of the sun, just risen, shone upon the two men; the one representing a period of He'brew history coming to its end; the other representing a period just beginning. In such a quiet, beautiful hour at the "spring of day," the He'brew monarchy began; but its history was one of disaster and division and final decay. It was the beginning of trouble for Sam'u-el and Saul and the whole people.

Three signs were given by which Saul would know that Sam'u-el had the right to declare him king. First, he would meet two men at a certain place who would tell him that the asses had been found. Then, near an oak-tree which stood at the foot of Tabor, he would meet three men who would give him two loaves of bread. Afterwards he would meet a band of prophets, and the Spirit of God would come upon him, and he would become a changed man and prophesy with the prophets. All this happened according to the words of Sam'u-el.

It was necessary that the people should accept Saul as their ruler. They were accordingly called together, and lots were drawn. The name of Saul was chosen. But Saul was not to be seen. "Where is he?" the people asked. Search was begun, and he was found hiding among the baggage and the wagons. There were cheers for Saul, the first king of the Jews, and when he stood at the side of the prophet, so tall and handsome, the cheers broke out again: "Long live King Saul! Long live King Saul!"

Thus far all seemed well; but it was not long before Saul disobeyed God, and when rebuked by Sam'u-el he took offense at him, and never again

spoke to him. Sam'u-el was told by the Lord that, because of this disobedience, the family of Saul should not hold the throne of Is'ra-el. Another king would be chosen, and he himself must anoint him at once. He went the next

"there is one more—the youngest, Da'vid. He is out with the sheep." "Send for him," said the prophet. Da'vid came in from the pastures, and was anointed the second king of the Jews. Saul, however, was to occupy the throne until



SAMUEL REPROACHING SAUL.

day, according to God's command, to the town of Beth'le-hem to anoint one of the sons of Jes'se. The young men were called in, and one by one were presented to him, but the future king was not among them. "Is there not *another* son?" Sam'u-el inquired. "Yes," answered Jes'se,

his death. Da'vid went back to the pastures an anointed king; but for all that, it was necessary for him to do day by day what was given him to do, and wait patiently until the will of God should determine the time of his crowning, content to wield the crook till he should wear the crown.

The Shepherd Boy Who Became a Soldier King.

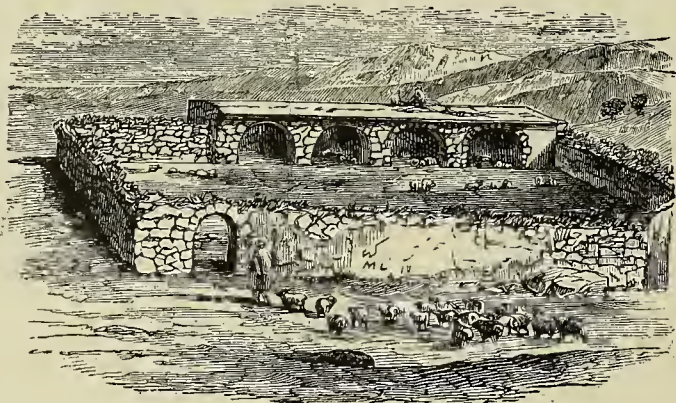
"From the bed of a brook one day,
A boy with the heart of a king
Fitted a stone to his shepherd sling,
And a giant fell, and a royal race was free."

—F. ROWLAND SILL.



HEN Da'vid asked King Saul to let him go alone and fight the Phi-lis'-tine giant, Go-li'ath, he said: "Thy servant has been keeping his father's sheep. If a lion or a bear carried off one from the flock, I went out after him, and beat him, and took the sheep from his jaws, and if he rose against me I seized him by the beard, and killed him."

He was not afraid to fight, not only because he was naturally bold, but because Sam'u-el had anointed him king. He believed that God would protect him. So he gathered seven smooth stones out of a brook and prepared for the combat with the fierce and famous Phi-lis'-tine. As he did so, he may have thought: "If



THE SHEEP-FOLD.

I had n't fought with bears and lions I would n't have courage to face this giant who defies Is'-ra-el." He had done his whole duty as a shepherd, and had fitted himself to take a higher place among his people.

A strange sight! A boy with a sling facing a giant in armor! The Phi-lis'-tine came on, his shield-bearer walking before him. He looked around in contempt. "Am I a dog?" he said, and cursed Da'vid in the name of his gods. But Da'vid called out: "You come with sword and spear; I come in the name of Je-ho'vah!"

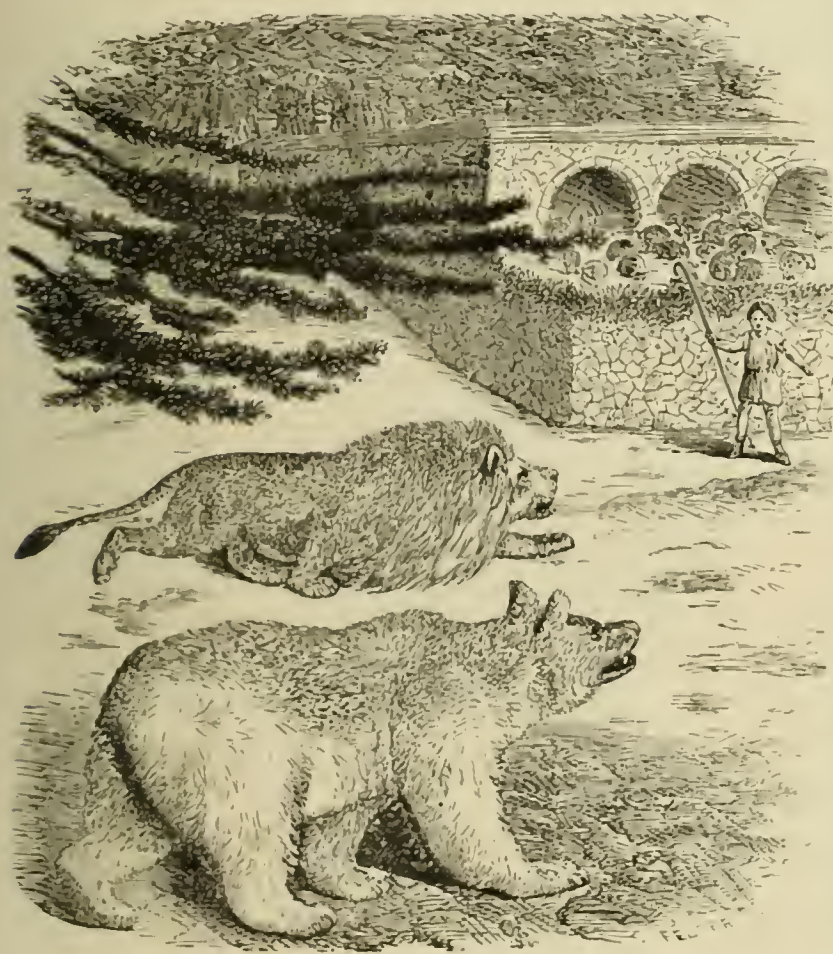
He put his hand in his shepherd's wallet, and selecting one of the seven stones placed it in his sling, gave it a whirl, and sent it whizzing through the air. It struck Go-li'ath on the



DAVID AMONG THE SHEEP.

forehead. His huge body tottered, and fell full length upon the ground. When the Phi-lis'-tines saw their champion fall they fled in terror, followed by the men of Is'-ra-el. Da'vid drew Go-li'ath's sword, cut off his head, and lifted it, all bleeding, in sight of the two armies.

It is a great thing to kill the giants who fight against the people of God; to cut off their big heads and silence their cursing tongues; and I have no doubt that there are many boys who, as they read the story of Da'vid's giant-killing, fancy themselves the brave little hero with his sling. Kill giants! Why not? What is easier? They would do the same that Da'vid did. But there are giants whom nobody sees,



DEFENDING HIS SHEEP-FOLD.

defying these same boys to fight with them, and they go to bed every night driven from the field. Strangely enough, they do not seem to know that there has been a great conflict on hand during the day. Well, there has not been much of a battle. The giant showed himself, and our boys, who think that they could easily have thrown Go-li'ath to the ground, find that they can not conquer the giants of Ill-Will, Envy, Impatience, Ill-Temper, Quick Speech, Laziness, Procrastination. Some of these giants have big names—and they ought to have—and they do a great deal of harm. It has been said, "that the little foxes spoil the vines." True enough; but



LEADING FORTH THE FLOCK.

the giants of whom I write spoil many a little boy, and ruin his life forever.

"O yes!" says some small boy, "Why does God let such giants fight such little fellows as



DAVID GOING FORTH TO SLAY GOLIATH.

we are?" It is easier to ask that question than to fight giants; but it is easy enough to strike Go-li'ath down, if one throws stones in the name



GOLIATH SLAIN BY DAVID.

of God; easy to kill Impatience, Envy, and all the other giants, if small boys will fight, like Da'vid, in the name of the Lord God of hosts. The trouble is, we want to fight in our way and in our name, and get the praise of winning the fight by our own powers; but, while we must use

evil ones without his presence and offer of help. No one who fights in his name loses a battle. Only see that you are on his side, and the victory is yours. Do not ask God to be on your side; be on God's side, as Da'vid was, and though Goli'ath be strong, God will show himself stronger.



GOLIATH SLAIN.

our own powers, as Da'vid picked stones out of a brook and fitted them in his own sling and used his own arm, we must use them always in faith and obedience to the will and good purpose of Him who, as no sparrow falls without his knowledge, so no boy goes to battle against the

That is the simple secret of all victory in the conflict of life—taking the side of the Lord always and everywhere in every fight that is going on in the world. Be right—do right—at all cost. Ask God to show you where “real right doth lie,” and then strike strong blows against the foe.



SAUL ATTEMPTING THE LIFE OF DAVID.

David's Flight From Gath.

THE HISTORY OF A PSALM.



If you examine the old Family Bible you will see that the Psalms have been read more frequently than any other part of the Old Testament. There are many good reasons for this fact, the chief among them being, I think, their beauty of form. They are the flower and fruit of Hebrew writings. It is pleasant to see blossoms and eat fruit, but it is well to know the character of the tree on which they grow.

Pleasant to read these hymns; but they will become more suggestive to us if we know their history. Who wrote them? When, and where, and how were they first given to the world? To find the answers to these questions it is necessary to read almost all of those books of the Old Testament that are called historical and prophetic. The Books of Kings, Chron'icles, Ne-he-mi'ah, Dan'iel, I-sa'iah, and Jer-e-mi'ah—all these throw light on the Psalms. Read the thirty-fourth Psalm for example. Then turn to the twenty-first chapter of the first Book of Sam'u-el, and, beginning at the tenth verse, read six verses.

Da'vid had just passed through one of the greatest trials of his life. He had run away from Saul, who had become jealous of him and tried to take his life, and put himself under the protection of A-bim'e-lech, one of the Phi-lis'tine kings. He had not been long at Gath, the royal city, when he learned that the Phi-lis'tines were preparing for another campaign against the Jews. Unwilling to fight against his own people, he pretended to be insane. He wrote strange words on the gates of Gath—words that had no meaning either to himself or to any one else. He glared wildly about him; talked gibberish; allowed his spittle to trickle down his beard. A most disgusting sight! It is not surprising that the Phi-lis'tine king said: "What do I want

with this crazy fellow in my house? Let him go!" And Da'vid, only too glad to get away from Gath, even on condition of being considered crazy, went to the cave A-dul'lam, where he gathered a number of men around him, and lived the life of an outlaw, roaming over the hills of Ju-de'a, and getting bread to eat by guarding the sheep-folds of Is'ra-el against the attacks of the Phi-lis'tines, or in other ways not so honorable.

If Da'vid had really believed in God, he would not have acted a lie. For this is what he did—*acted a lie*—when he feigned himself mad. God called him to be true and tell the truth, and it was not for him to say that he could carry out God's plans for him by even seeming to be false or by telling a falsehood. Of course he got away from Gath, and escaped having to fight his countrymen; but if he had not told other falsehoods before this, he would not have been at Gath.

One falsehood brings on another. One lie breeds another, until the whole life of the liar is a falsehood. Da'vid found this to his cost. He thought that he believed in God, but his faith was not strong enough to lead him always to tell the plain, simple truth. We ought to learn from him that there is nothing which so really and truly shows faith in God as a willingness to tell the whole truth. I remember that, once in my boyhood, I was sent by my father on an errand. Returning, I let a piece of money fall through a grating into a cellar-way. Of course I was careless, or the money would not have been lost. But, with fear and trembling, I reported the loss, and was forgiven. Had I told a falsehood, I might have obtained my father's pardon, but, in addition to the loss of the money, would have lost my self-respect.

Da'vid lost his self-respect, but he marked the rock on which the ship of his soul almost went

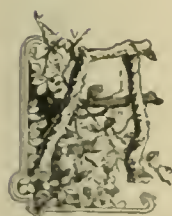


DAVID FEIGNING MADNESS.

to pieces. In this Psalm he says: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord. You want to live long and well, do you not? Very good. *Keep your tongue from evil, and your lips from telling lies!*" The children, of course, must admit that this is good advice, *even if Da'vid himself did not always follow it.* It is as if he had said: "I know what it is to get into trouble by speaking evil and telling lies, and I warn you not to go where I have gone. There are rocks of danger there, and you will be lost unless you steer clear of

them! Instead of doing as I have sometimes done, cry to the Lord, and he will deliver you out of your troubles. If you have sinned, stop sinning. If you have done wrong, do n't do wrong again. Remember that I feigned madness at Gath; but what did I gain by it? God would have saved me. Had I trusted in him I should not have been condemned. And King A'chish, the Gentile, would have seen that the Lord God of Is'ra-el is able, either to deliver his faithful ones out of the hands of their enemies, or give them victory in death."

David's Falsehood, and What Came of It.



AFTER Da'vid had killed Go-li'ath, Saul made him one of the commanders in his army. His brave act made him famous, and when the people saw him as he rode at the head of his soldiers they shouted: "Saul has killed his thousands, but Da'vid his ten thousands!" Saul became insanely jealous. He said: "If this goes on, the people will make Da'vid king. I must get rid of him." He sent him out to kill a hundred Phi-lis'tines, promising to give him Mi'chal, his daughter, in marriage, if he succeeded, but hoping that he would perish in the attempt. He instructed his servants and even his own son, Jon'a-than, to kill him at the first chance, and he himself tried to kill him in his own palace. Jon'a-than, however, was Da'vid's friend. He was a better man than Saul, and did all in his power to remove his father's dislike of Da'vid, even risking his own life in his behalf. Once at table he said to Saul: "Why should Da'vid be killed? What has he done?" For this speech Saul hurled a spear at him. Jon'a-than then told Da'vid that Saul was determined to kill him, and that it would be best for him to leave Je-ru'sa-lem. He did so. On his way he came to the town of Nob, about two miles north-east of the city, where eighty-five

priests lived. He asked one of them, A-him'e-lech, for something to eat. A-him'e-lech was suspicious, and asked Da'vid why he journeyed alone. Da'vid assured him that he was on a very important mission requiring haste and secrecy. A-him'e-lech then gave him bread and the sword of Go-li'ath, and Da'vid went away. Soon after, Saul, who hated Da'vid more and more, began to suspect that those who were nearest to him were his enemies. "Do you expect," he said one day, "that Da'vid will give you fields and vineyards, and make you all officers in his army?"

Immediately Do'eg, an E'dom-ite, the chief herdsman, said: "I will tell you something which will prove that I am not a friend of Da'vid. Not long since, I was at Nob, fulfilling a vow that I had made to God. While sitting in the house of God, I saw Da'vid enter. He spoke to A-him'e-lech, the priest. I did not hear what he said, because he spoke in an undertone, but A-him'e-lech gave him bread and a sword, and prayed to God for him. The king will form his own conclusions."

Which the king quickly did. He concluded that there was a plot to kill him and make Da'vid king, and that the priests were in it. He commanded A-him'e-lech to appear before him.

A-him'e-lech came without fear; but when he was told that he was guilty of conspiring with Da'vid against the life of the king, he could only say that Da'vid had come to him and asked for food and a weapon, but that he had not granted his request until assured that there was nothing wrong. He had no reason to question Da'vid's word. He knew that he was Saul's son-in-law, and supposed that his account of himself was true. But Saul had decided against him even before he summoned him. His speech was no sooner ended than Saul turned to his soldiers and said: "Kill these priests! They are traitors!" They refused. Then Saul turned to Do'eg, who was as cruel as he was cunning, and gave him the same command. He promptly obeyed, and murdered the whole body of priests in cold blood, even killing their wives and little children. One of A-him'e-lech's sons escaped and carried the news to Da'vid. When he heard the story, he said: "I knew it that day when

Do'eg, the E'dom-ite, was there, that he would surely tell Saul. I have caused the death of thy father's house."

If we admit that Do'eg was right in supposing that A-him'e-lech was Da'vid's friend because he gave bread and a sword, we must yet condemn him because he did not warn him of his danger in helping a man whom the king hated. And we can not pardon his cruel slaughter of the helpless priests without making any effort to find out whether they were guilty or innocent.

As for Da'vid, he told a falsehood, and, as a result of it, a man who had unsuspectingly aided him was murdered, and, with him, scores of innocent men, women, and children. He learned what we all need to learn, without such an experience—that our words once spoken pass from us, and work good or evil beyond our control. Let us remember that we are to be judged by our words, and that for every speech that causes harm we shall give account at the last day.

Good for Evil.

DAVID'S VICTORY OVER SAUL.



ONCE in Da'vid's life he "held commandment over the pulse" of a king, and that king his bitter enemy, Saul. With one thrust of a spear or one blow of a sword he could have ended the career of a man who hated him without cause, and was even then seeking to take his life. The circumstances were these: Da'vid had hid in a cave. Saul entered it, and, lying down, had fallen asleep, supposing that it was empty. Da'vid's men whispered: "Now is your chance. You have your enemy in your power." Creeping softly out of his hiding-place in the shadows of the cave, Da'vid cut off a piece of the king's robe, and crept back again. When Saul awoke and went out Da'vid followed him, holding up the piece of his garment. "See," he said, "I might easily have killed you, but I would not.

The Lord judge between us. I will not harm you. I will never kill the Lord's anointed!" The king was completely overcome, and his hatred of Da'vid was all gone. "You are a better man than I am. You have done good to me, while I have done nothing but evil to you. The Lord reward you; and now I know that you will yet become king. I ask only this favor: that you will not destroy my children, and that my name may not be forgotten." Da'vid made the promise; and for awhile it seemed as if Is'ra-el would no longer witness the painful spectacle of a bitter and constant struggle between the two kings.

But Saul's dislike and fear revived, and he set out on another expedition, resolved to kill Da'vid. Again Da'vid showed himself possessed of the spirit of love; for one night A-bish'a-i and he entered Saul's camp in the hill of Hach'i-lah, and,

though Saul lay asleep within the barricade of wagons, entirely at their mercy, Da'vid refused to permit A-bish'a-i to kill him. "The Lord may smite him, or he may die in battle, but I will not touch the Lord's anointed," he said.

of water!" Saul was awake by this time, and recognized Da'vid's voice. When he learned that his life had again been spared, he said: "I have sinned! I have played the fool! Return, my son Da'vid; I will do you no more harm!" But

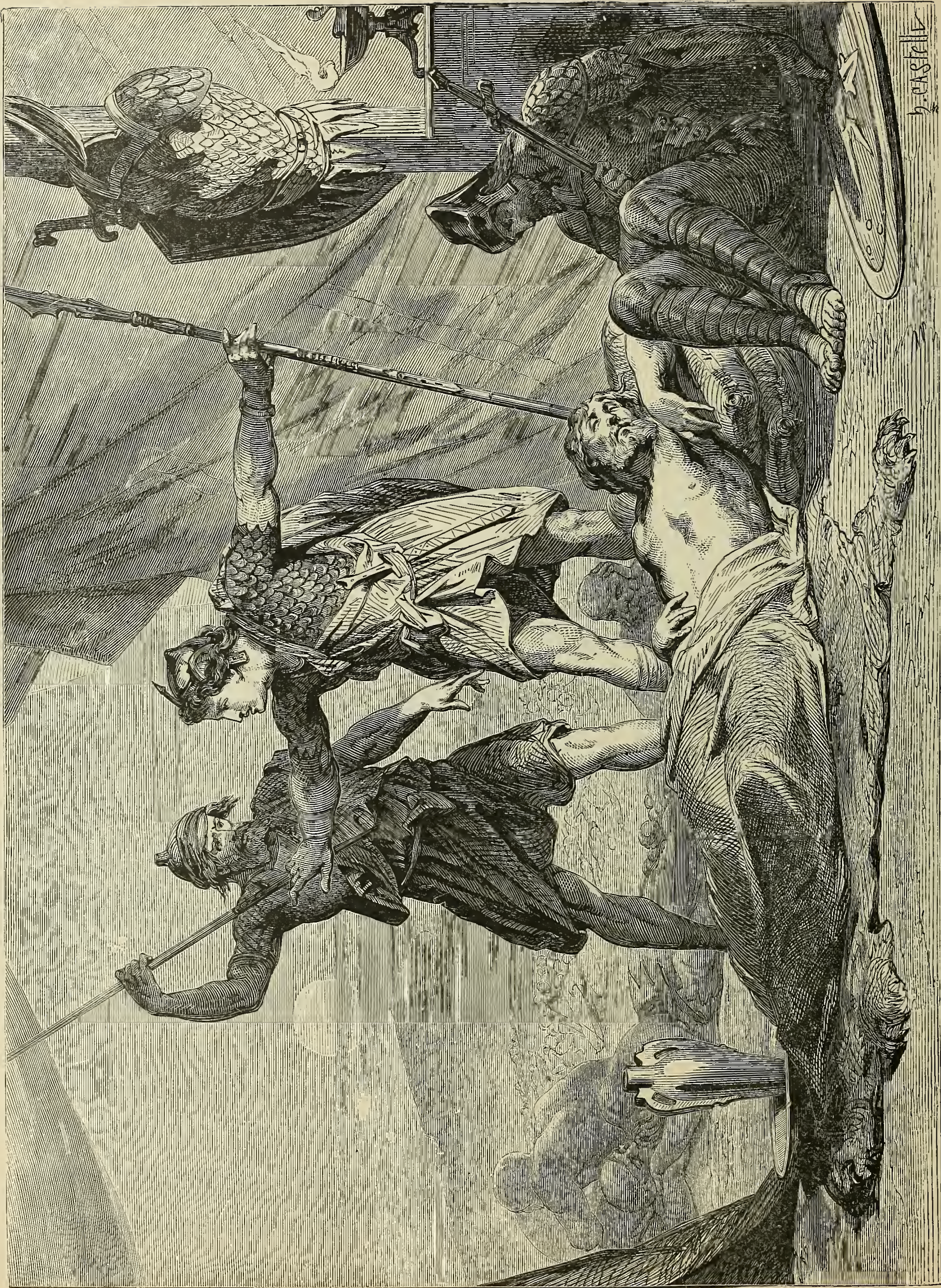


SAUL SEARCHING FOR DAVID.

Saul's spear was standing in the ground near his head. Da'vid took this and a clay vessel of water, and when he had reached a point on the mountain at a safe distance he called aloud: "Ab'ner! Ab'ner! Why do you not take better care of the king? There came in a man to take his life. See where his spear is and his cruse

"Da'vid went his way, and Saul returned to his place." Da'vid could not trust Saul, though he made many fair promises, on the honor of a king.

But he had the pleasure of knowing that Saul had acknowledged his own guilt, and that he had shown him and his friends that, even



DAVID SPARING SAUL.

for the sake of becoming a king, he would not commit murder.

Our Savior said: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you;" "Be ye merciful, as your Father in heaven is merciful."

Paul also wrote in one of his letters: "Recompense to no man evil for evil. Avenge not yourselves, but give place unto wrath;" "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." (Just as a goldsmith melts metals by laying burning coals upon them, so you shall subdue your enemies.) "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Da'vid had the true, noble, Christ-like spirit.

If he had been always actuated by such holy feelings, if he had been in all things and at all times so pure and gentle, his life would have been one of the most beautiful that has ever been lived. As it was, he showed on these two occasions that it is possible to win an enemy by kindness, and overcome evil by good. He fought in a battle where there was no bloodshed, and won a greater victory than Marl'borough won at Blenheim. The crowds did not cheer him as they did when he returned from the killing of Goliath, but there were songs of joy in his soul as he thought of those two scenes—the scene in the cave and the night-scene on Hachilah hill—and he felt that God blessed him. If Saul persisted in his insane attempts to prevent his coming to the throne, God's purpose would yet be fulfilled. He had only to wait his time.

Saul's Last Battle.

A KING'S SUICIDE.



King SAUL'S last day has come. Thirty-nine years before he had been made king, and had begun his reign in high hopes with the godly Sam'u-el as his friend and counselor. But in an evil hour he had broken with him, and after that he had had a restless, troubled life. Wars with the Philistines had followed one another with only a few years of peace. Sometimes his army was victorious. More often it was defeated. Four hundred years had passed since the Hebrews left Egypt for the Land of Promise, and it was not yet theirs. The Philistines had driven them back among the hills, and had taken away their arms, so that they had only slings and spears left. Saul and his sons were the only soldiers among the people of Israel who had swords. And now another battle with Israel's foe is to be fought. Saul has been told that it will go against him, but he gives orders to his army, and the fight begins. The Jews

hurl stones from their accurate slings and wield their spears with rare skill, but the odds are against them. Nearer and nearer press the Philistine lines. Panic spreads through the Israelitish ranks. They waver and break. In spite of command and appeal, the Hebrew soldiers fly for their lives. Saul himself, closely followed by the enemy, commands his shield-bearer to kill him lest he be taken prisoner. His servant refuses to obey. On come the triumphant Philistines, shouting as they come. An arrow strikes King Saul. He feels that his end is near. "Kill me!" he cries. "Don't let me die by the hand of a Philistine!" The servant still refuses to take the life of his master. Saul draws his sword, falls upon it, and dies by his own hand.

On the morrow a band of Philistines found his body. His turban and his bracelet—the signs of his kingship—were taken off, his armor was removed, his head was cut off, and his



dishonored body was hung on the walls of Beth-she'am. When the men of Ja'besh-gil'e-ad heard this they came during the night, removed the body, bore it away, and burned it. The ashes were buried under a tamarisk-tree, and for seven

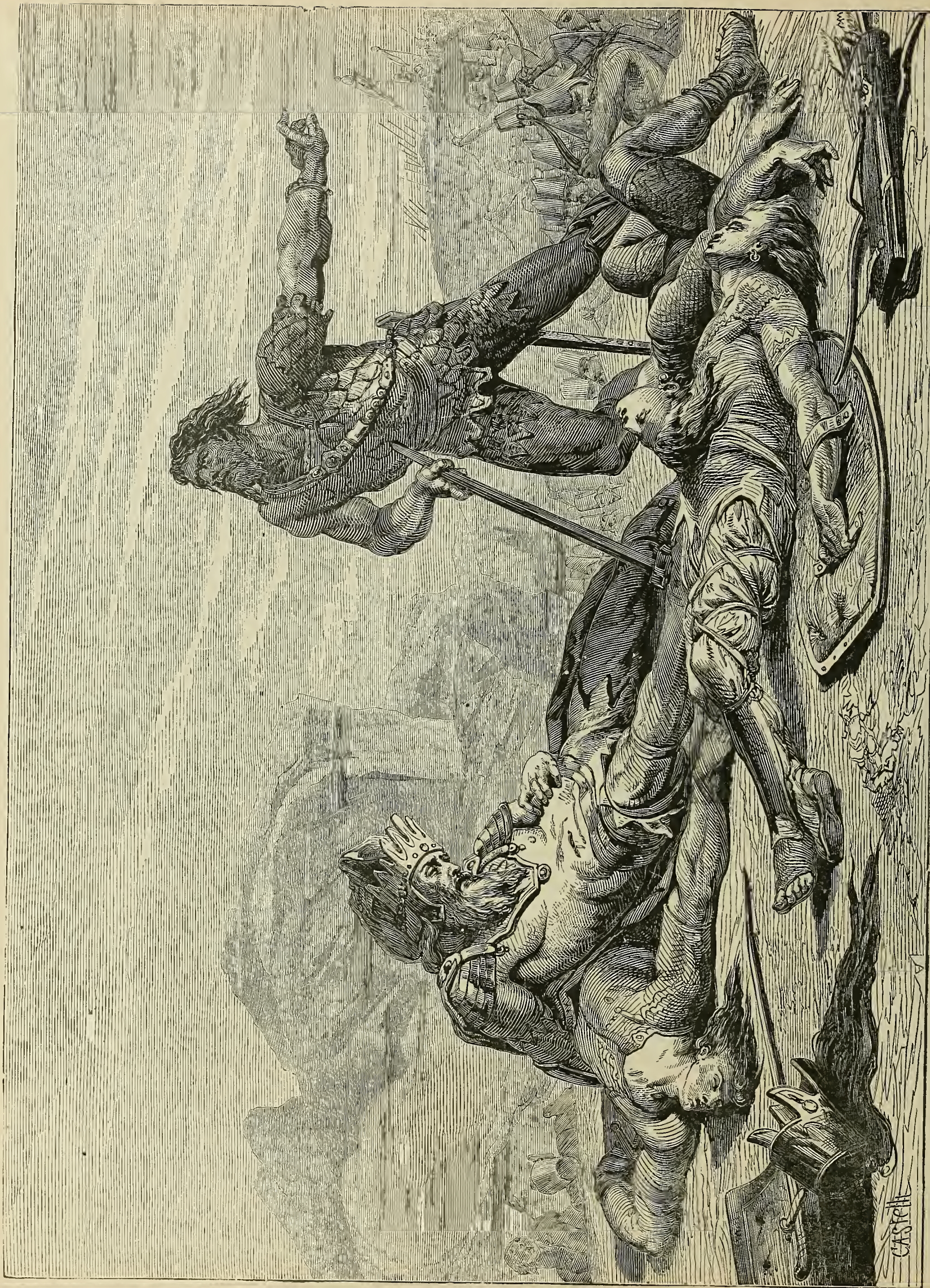
"Is-ra-el's beauty is slain!
How have the mighty fallen!
O tell it not in Gath,
Nor in the streets of As'ke-lon,
Lest Is-ra-el's foes rejoice
And Phi-lis'ti-a's daughters be glad.



RAISING OF SAMUEL.

days the people of Ja'besh fasted in memory of the dead king. Da'vid and his men also fasted and wept when they heard of his death at Gil-bo'a, and David wrote a hymn, recorded in the Book of Jash'er. It appears in the first chapter of the second Book of Sam'u-el.

On thy summits, O Gil-bo'a,
Let neither dew nor rain descend;
For there king Saul laid down his shield,
And died the death of common men.
The sword of Saul and Jon'a-than's bow,
What havoc they wrought in the name of the Lord!
Stronger than lions, swifter than eagles,



DEATH OF SAUL.

Father and son were lovely in life,
 Grim death could not divide them.
 O daughters of Is'ra-el, mourn for King Saul.
 'T was he who clothed you in scarlet,
 And gave you jewels of gold.
 O Jon'a-than, my brother, thou lovedst me well—
 Passing the love of woman!
 O, how are the mighty fallen!"

Hundreds of years have passed since Da'vid wailed out these words of sorrow, but we can almost hear the sound of his weeping still. He was no hired and hypocritic mourner; and,

though we may ask how he could grieve over the death of Saul, knowing that his pathway to the throne now lay open, we can understand that the thought of what Saul might have been if he had listened to the good advice of Sam'u-el, touched his heart. His last days, instead of being so sad and overclouded, would have been sunny and serene; and Jon'a-than, instead of being led downward to useless death, would have lived on in beautiful fellowship with Da'vid, successor of his father as king of Is'ra-el.

David's Prayer and Abithophel's Suicide.



B'SA-LOM, the son of Da'vid, wished to be king instead of his father. He had left Je-ru'sa-lem, where Da'vid lived, and had gone to He'bron.

Spies were sent out through the whole kingdom, saying: "As soon as ye shall hear the sound of the trumpet, then ye shall say: 'Ab'sa-lom is king in He'bron!'" "The conspiracy was strong," the Bible says, "for the people increased continually with Ab'sa-lom. Even A-hith'o-phel, Da'vid's friend, with whom he had so often talked about the affairs of the kingdom, who knew the secrets of the government and in whom Da'vid had placed the utmost confidence, even he went with Ab'sa-lom.

When Da'vid was told this, he offered a prayer: "O Lord, I pray thee, turn the counsel of A-hith'o-phel into foolishness!" It was very short, but long enough to express all that Da'vid wished. At once God planned to defeat all of A-hith'o-phel's plots. When, therefore, Ab'sa-lom called his friends and asked them what ought to be done, now that Da'vid had fled from Je-ru'sa-lem—for Da'vid had left the capital as soon as he learned of Ab'sa-lom's rebellion—Hu'shai proposed one thing and A-hith'o-phel proposed another. Ab'sa-lom followed Hu'shai's advice. This so disappointed A-hith'o-phel that he at once went to his home and hung himself.

So his counsel was turned into foolishness. Da'vid's prayer was answered, though he was not to blame because A-hith'o-phel killed himself.

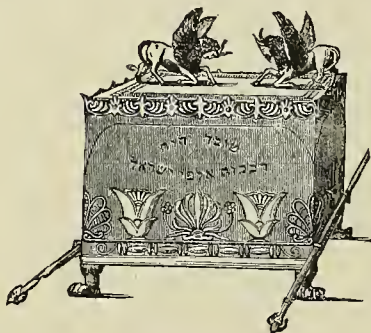
This story, which I have told only in part, shows that the strength of an army does not lie in the number of its soldiers. Na-po'-le-on used to say that "God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions;" that is, on the side of the largest and best equipped army. But that is not always true.

Da'vid had not a large army, but he had God on his side; or, rather, he was on God's side—the side of right. Ab'sa-lom was on the wrong side, and, though he was very popular and had many soldiers and a good general, his rebellion failed. He took no thought of God. If he had, he would not have turned against his father. Indeed, though he said that he wished to go to He'bron to worship God, there is nothing to show that he really believed in God. He seems to have been a bad man. His life was a failure in every respect, and though his monument is pointed out in the "King's Vale"—a monument built by himself—his name will always be spoken in contempt. He was praised for his beauty, and "from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him;" but his soul was marred by lust, disobedience, and treason.

The History of the Ark of God.

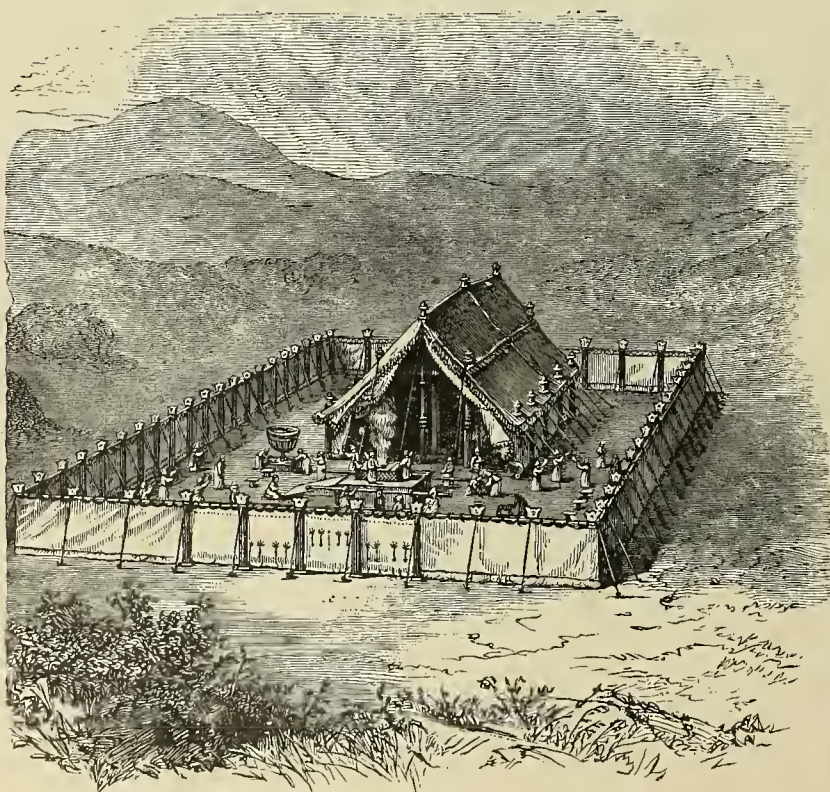


AFTER the He'brews had crossed the Red Sea and reached Mount Si'nai, they were commanded to make a tent, to be known as the Tent of Meeting, and to put in it a table, a candlestick, an altar for burning incense, an altar of burnt sacrifice, and an ark. The ark was put in a part of the tent called the Holy of Holies, or the Holiest, because it was thought to be the most sacred spot in the whole camp of Is'-ra-el, and indeed the most sacred place in the world.

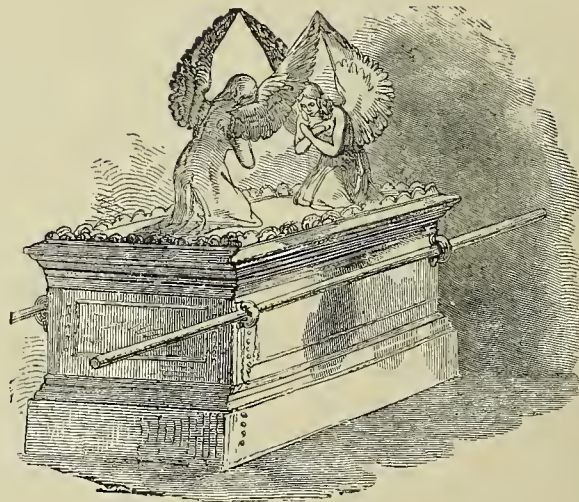


ARK AND THE MERCY-SEAT.

This "ark" was a small chest or box three feet and nine inches long, and two feet and three inches wide and high. It was made of acacia-wood, covered with gold, both inside and out. On the top of it were two figures with wings, called cherubim. They had "faces," and bowed towards the cover of the ark. The wings were raised above their heads, and their tips almost



TABERNACLE IN THE WILDERNESS.



ARK AND CHERUBIM.

touched above the center of the ark. At first it had in it only the two slabs of stone, on which were cut or written the Ten Commandments given at Mount Si'nai, and the testimony or book of the covenant between God and the children of Is'-ra-el. God had entered into an agreement, if we may call it such, that so long



ACACIA.

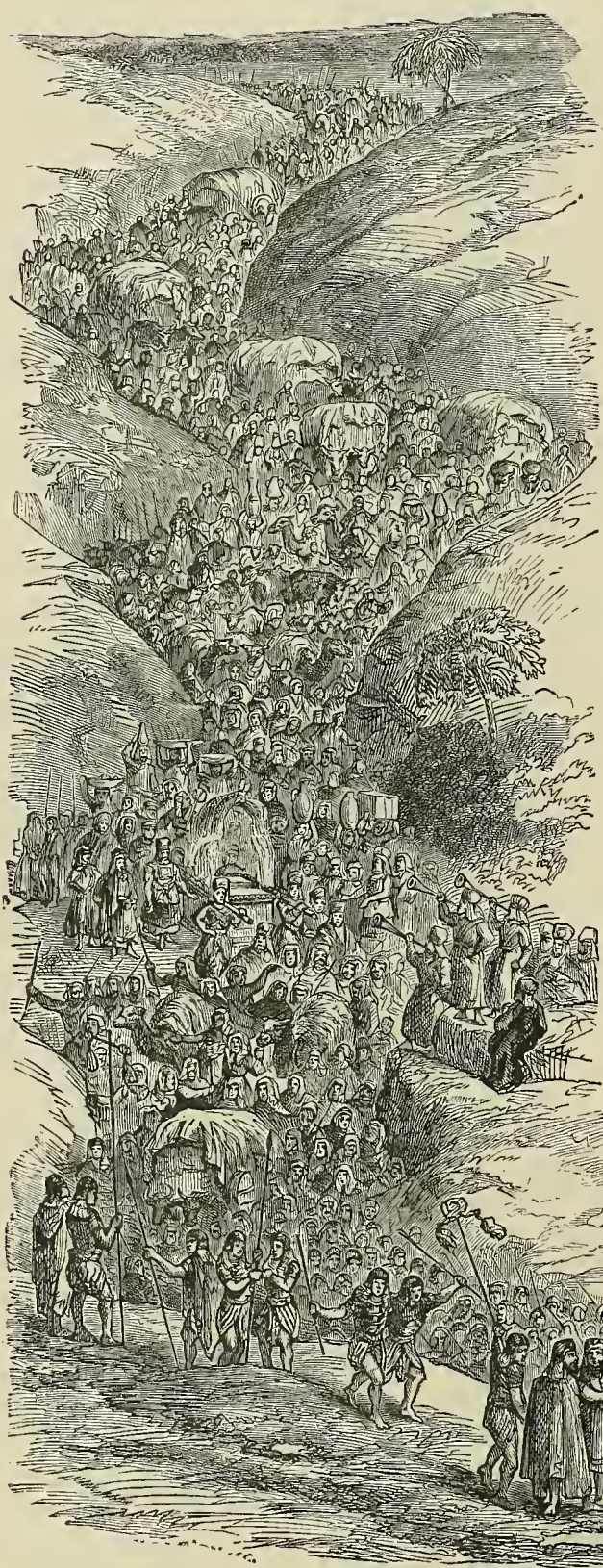
as the children of Is'-ra-el obeyed him he would be their God. He would guard them and guide them in all their ways. But if they broke his

commandments, which are holy, just, and good, he would throw them off as he had thrown off the E-gyp'tians in the Red Sea. He would not protect them. He would not lead them, if they would not obey him. This ark was to be the sign of his presence with his people. It was bound up with the history of the Jews; its history is the history of the children of Is'ra-el for many hundred years. It was to be carried from place to place by the men of the tribe of Le'vi, and by none others. They

were to take care of it, and it was so holy that even they were not allowed to carry it except by two rods that passed through rings in its sides.

The forty years in the wilderness came to an end. The children of Is'ra-el now reach the banks of that river, Jor'dan, which flowed along the eastern side of Ca'-naan—the Land of Prom-ise. How shall they cross the stream? They can not ford it. They can not build a bridge. They stand in suspense and doubt until Josh'u-a says: "When ye





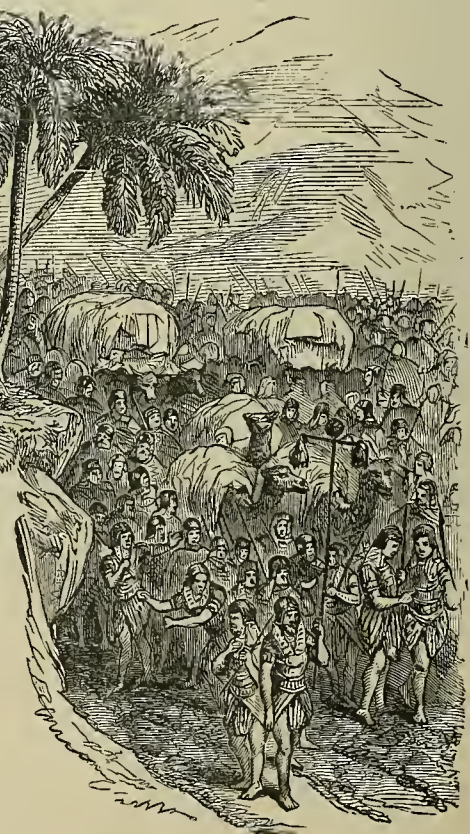
see the ark of the Lord and the priests, the Le'vites, bearing it, ye shall remove from your place and go after it. And it shall come to pass that as soon as the feet of the priests shall rest in the water that the waters shall be cut off from the waters that come down from above." This came to pass. The priests, bearing the ark, stepped into the river. A passage was opened from bank to bank. The priests stood firm on dry ground until all the people were passed over.

The children of Is'ra-el were to receive the Promised Land not only by faith, but by fighting. They were to gain the country by conquering it.

The first city that they attacked was Jer'i-cho. Their mode of siege was different from that of any army before or since. The priests, bearing the ark, walked around the city for seven days, once a day until the seventh, when they made the circuit seven times. At the seventh time, trumpets were blown and a great shout was raised, and the walls of the city fell, so that the Jews easily entered it.

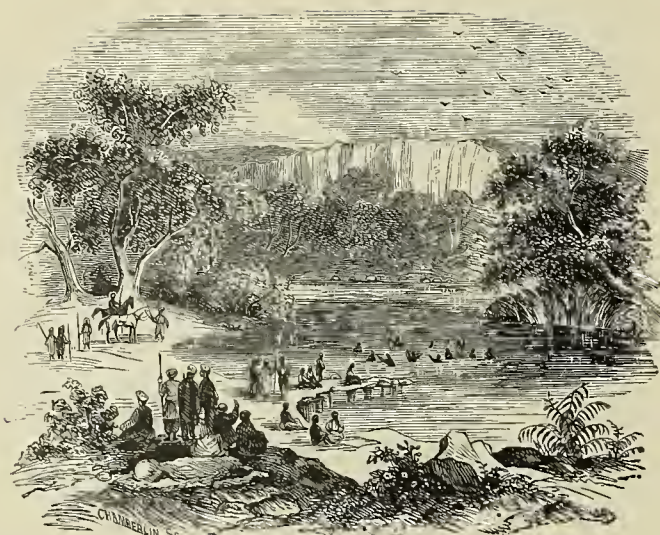
When next, at the city of A'i, the people of Is'ra-el were driven back, it was from the ark that God spoke to Josh'u-a, and told him that his army had been defeated because one of the soldiers had been disobedient. And it was in the presence of the ark that the children of Is'ra-el, gathered in that valley where Ja'cob had once built an altar to the name of God, solemnly promised to obey the whole law of God. For a long time nothing is said about it, until we

read that it was set up at Shi'loh in a tent. Here E'li, the priest, took care of it. But the children of Is'ra-el, who had not yet done fighting for Ca'naan, thought that if they could only take it to the field of battle they would win a victory over the Phi-lis'tines. E'li gave his consent, and the little box was carried into the camp of Is'ra-el. When it was seen by the soldiers, they gave a cheer—such a cheer as soldiers give when they see other soldiers coming to help them—and the Phi-lis'tines were frightened. But they fought all the more





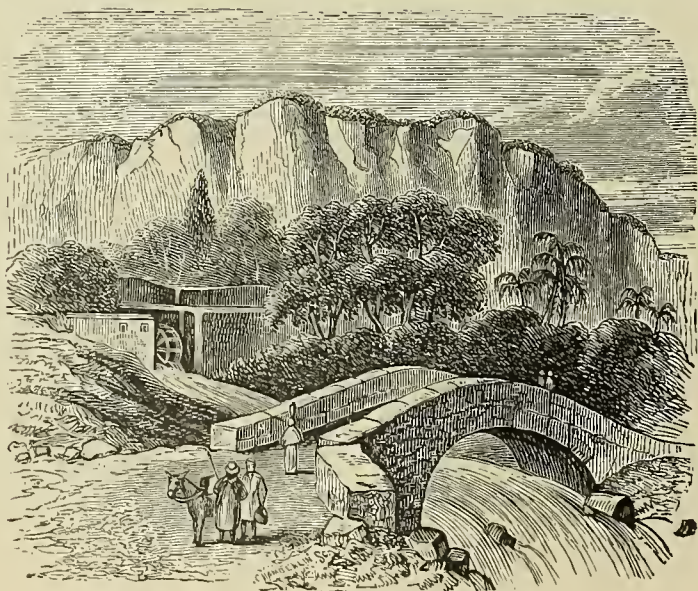
MARCHING THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.



FORD OF THE JORDAN.

fiercely. The army of Is'ra-el was whipped. The ark of God was taken. E'li was so overcome by grief and fear when he heard this that he died, and all Is'ra-el was troubled.

The Phi-lis'tines were glad that they had captured the ark of Is'ra-el, and thought that they had taken away Is'ra-el's god, and that they would have no difficulty in driving these Jews out of the country. The ark was put in the temple of the god Da'gon—the fish-god—at a place called Ash'dod, the castle, one of their five royal cities. But when the temple was opened one morning it was found that the image of Da'gon had fallen before the ark, and only the fish part of it was left whole. A plague broke out, too, and the Phi-lis'tines, supposing that the presence of the ark was the cause of their trouble, became as eager to send it back



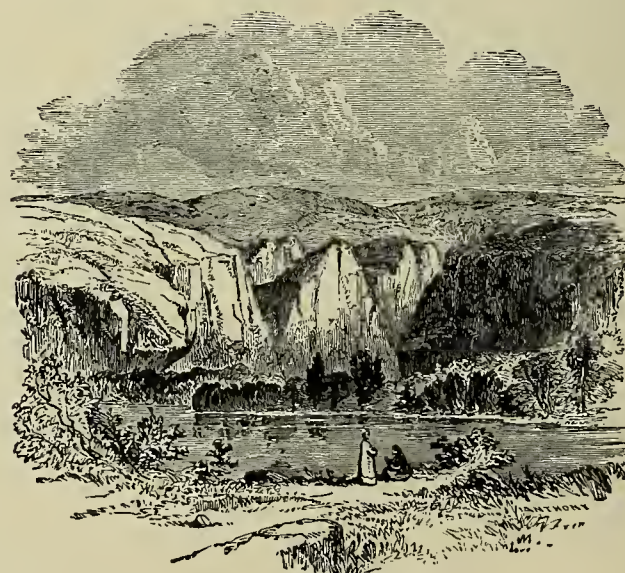
JORDAN AT HASBAYEATI.

to Is'ra-el as they had been to take it in the first place. They were afraid to destroy it, and, therefore, put it on a new cart, to which two cows were yoked. The Le'vites, who had been appointed to keep it, were living at a village called Beth-she'mesh. The cows took the direct road to this town, "lowing as they went." The Le'vites were very glad when they saw the ark again.



DAGON.

The cart was cut in pieces, a fire was built, and the cows were burned as a sacrifice of gratitude to God. Even at Beth-she'mesh, death followed the coming of the ark. The family of Jec-o-ni'ah did not rejoice with the Le'vites, and seventy of them perished. "Who is able to stand before the holy God?" the people asked. Word was sent to a town called Kir'jath-je'a-rim, the City of the Woods, that the Phi-lis'tines had brought the ark back. Would the friends there be so good as to come after it, and take it away?

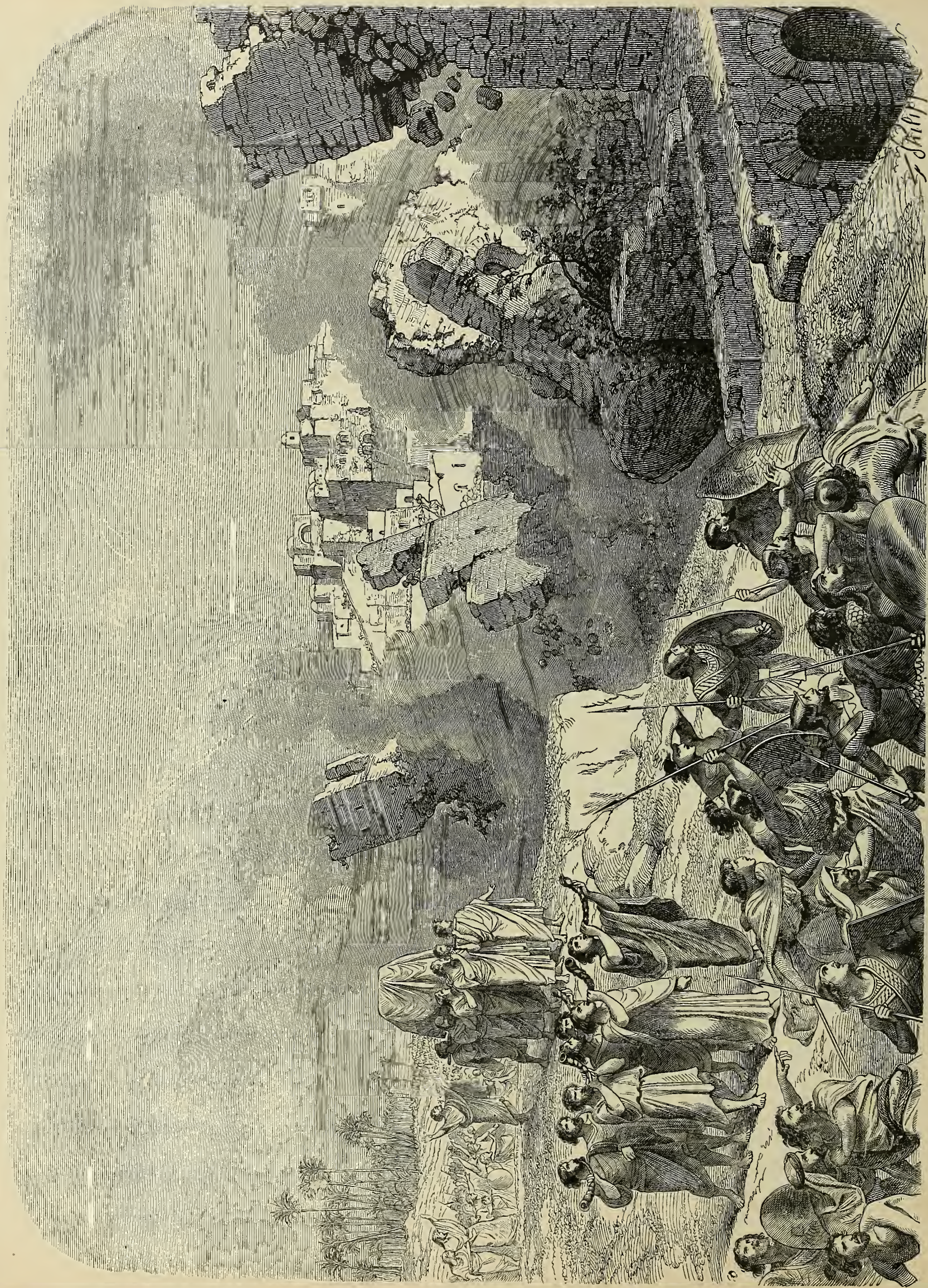


THE LAND OF BASHAN.

The friends came, and carried it off to the house of a man at Gib'e-ah, by name A-bin'a-dab, and his son, E-le-a'zar, was placed in charge of it. And in this house it stayed for twenty years. Da'vid, who by that time had become king, wished to have it in Je-ru'sa-lem, the capital of the kingdom. He ordered thirty thousand picked men to march to Gib'e-ah and escort it on the way. It was placed on a cart, drawn by



Philippeaux



JERICHO TAKEN.

oxen, and followed by Le'vites, one of whom put out his hand to steady the ark when the oxen stumbled. He fell dead. The music ceased, and Da'vid, who was displeased by the death of the priest, had the ark carried to the house of O'bed-e'dom, and went back to Je-ru'sa-lem without it. O'bed-e'dom, however, was blessed by God, and after three months, Da'vid, who wished also to enjoy the favor of God, made one more effort to bring it to Zi'on, and succeeded.

The people shouted through the streets; trumpets pealed; priests offered sacrifices; Da'vid danced, and gave bread, meat, and wine to all who wished. It was a high day in Je-ru'sa-lem, long to be remembered. This was in the year



PLAIN OF JERICHO.

back again, but in the year 588 before Christ, when Sol'o-mon's Temple was destroyed, it was lost. For nine hundred years it had been the sign of the Divine presence among the children of Is'ra-el. Its history is their history for that long period of time.



PLAIN OF JORDAN ABOVE JERICHO.

1042 before Christ. Nineteen years after, when Da'vid's son, Ab'sa-lom, rebelled against him, the ark was taken from Je-ru'sa-lem as far as the brook Ke'dron; but Da'vid sent it back. "If I find favor with God I shall see it again," he said to his friends. "If not, let God do to me as seems good to him." And the ark was returned. Nineteen years later it was put in Sol'o-mon's Temple. It was opened, but nothing was found in it except the two granite slabs containing the Ten Commandments. It was kept in the Holy of Holies until the reign of the bad king, Ma-nas'seh, when it was put in a side-room of the temple. King Jo-si'ah brought it

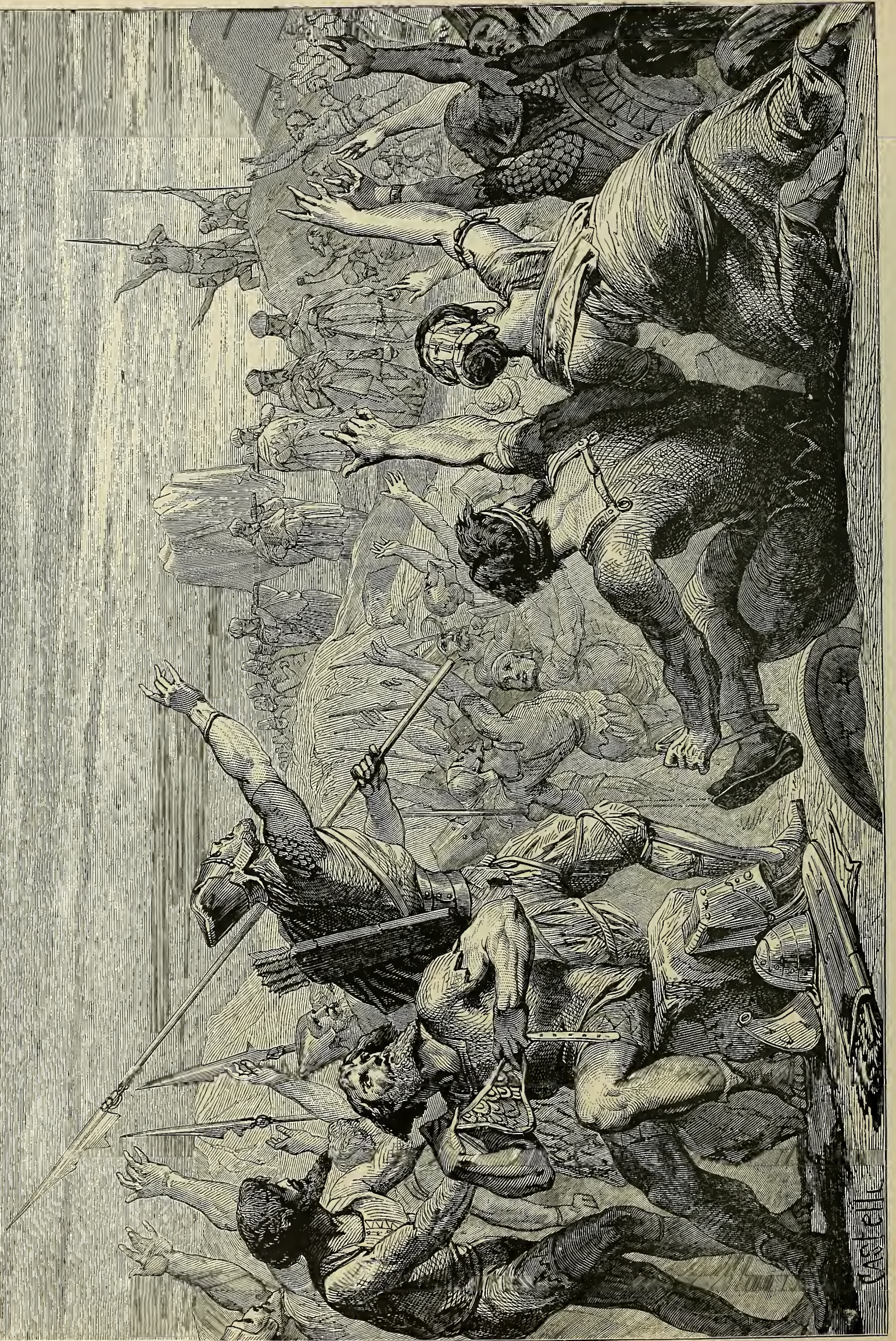
And now, if you will go into a Jewish synagogue, or temple, in town or city, you will see, instead of the ark, a recess curtained off containing a copy of the Old Testament Scriptures, especially the books of Mo'ses and the Psalms. Every Saturday morning (Saturday, you know, is the Sabbath of the Jews) this recess, or tabernacle, is opened, and the

Scriptures are taken out by the rabbi, held up



UZZAH AND THE ARK.

in the presence of the congregation, all the people standing, while the rabbi says: "This is



ARRIVAL OF THE ARK.



ARRIVAL OF THE ARK.

the law, the sacred banner of Is'ra-el. Hear, O Is'ra-el, the Lord our God is one Lord!" The outside cover is then removed, and a cantor,

or chanter, reads in He'brew a part of the holy writings. The ark has disappeared, together with the golden pot of manna, and Aa'ron's rod that budded, and the stone tablets which Mo'ses hewed for the Ten Commandments; but the children of Is'ra-el still live, and the law of Mo'ses is read and explained week by week in their places of worship.

It gives one deep and thrilling emotions to meet with this strange people who believe in God, but reject Je'sus; who cherish the Old Testament, but hate the New; a people without a country; a nation without a capital; a race among the races without a home, and yet everywhere at home. Many times have I sat in the Cincinnati temple during divine service, and once I held a long conversation with the distinguished rabbi, and as I looked at the Jews, rich and poor, and listened to the words of their prayers and sermons, it seemed to me that, in losing the ark and rejecting Je'sus, they lose their whole faith, for the law of Mo'ses is not the true ark of God. Je'sus himself is the true ark. In him is the food that comes down out of heaven, of which if a man eat he shall not die; he is the rod of Aa'ron, dead, yet living again



DAVID BRINGING THE ARK FROM KIRJATH-JEARIM.

and bearing the precious fruit of heavenly teaching; he is the law of life, whom to obey is to please God and find eternal peace.

God never takes away but that he gives some-

thing better. It was his will that the gold-covered chest should be removed, that the Church might have the presence of his Son, who is always in the hearts of those who believe.



ELIJAH DENOUNCING AHAB.

Elijah.



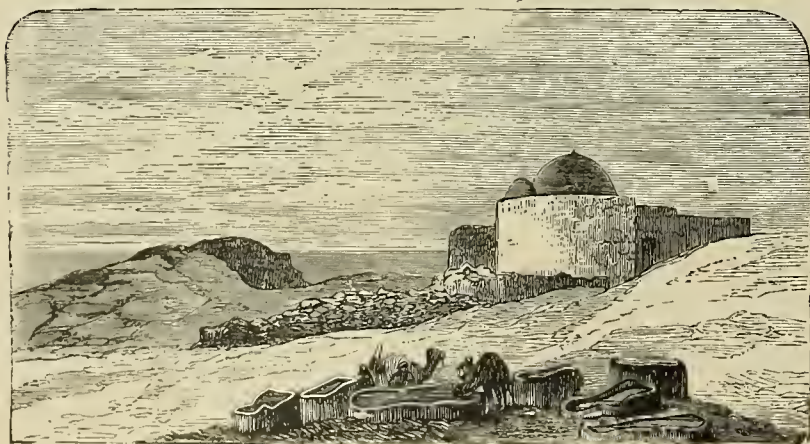
F the many wonderful stories of brave men and bold deeds that may be found in the Bible, one of the most striking is the story of E-li-jah, the man who did not die. He suddenly stands before King A'hab (one of the

worst kings that the Jews ever had), and says: "As the Lord God of Is'ra-el lives, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." He goes away as quickly as he came, and hides among the mountains east of the Jor'dan River. After a few months he goes



ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

to a town called Zar'e-phath, near the cities of Tyre and Si'don, and brings a widow's son to life again. Then he goes back into Pal'es-tine, meets A'hab again, and plans a great gathering of the people at Mount Car'mel. He wishes to lead them to the worship of the true God, because they had become, for the most part, worshipers of idols; and, as a result, there was very great wickedness throughout the land. E-li'jah

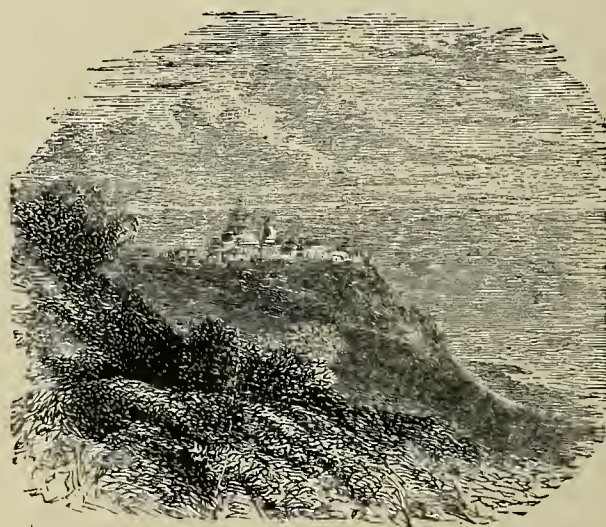


ZAREPHATH.

thought that if he could show that A'hab and Jez'e-bel, his wife, were leading the children of Is'ra-el into forbidden paths; if he could give

the people a sign from heaven, they would no longer serve the false gods.

If now you will look at a map of Pal'es-tine, you will see that there is a cape jutting into the Med'i-ter-ra'ne-an Sea on a line west of the lake of Gal'i-lee. It is part of a range of mountains known as "Car'mel"—the fruitful place. This range is twelve miles long. On the top of one of the cliffs there had once been an altar to the name of the true God. It had long been in ruins. E-li'jah asks A'hab to call the people together near these cliffs and this altar, to see which is the true religion—the worship of the Unseen Spirit God, whose name means the Self-living God; or the worship of Ba'al, the Sun-god. He proposes that the priests of Ba'al shall pray to their god for a sign. He will pray to



MOUNT CARMEL.

the God of Is'ra-el. The god that answers by fire is to be worshiped as the true God.

The priests of Ba'al prayed and cut themselves with knives, and leaped upon the altar that they had built. But no answer of fire came. Then, as evening came on, E-li'jah prayed. And, in full view of the great crowd that stood in the plains and valleys and on the mountain sides, fire flashed out of the heavens. The wood on E-li'jah's altar began to burn, although it had been drenched with water, and the bullock was consumed in the flames. There is a great shout: "The Lord, he is God! The Lord, he is God!" The false priests are killed. E-li'jah thinks that the day is won. The people have come

back. But no; Jez'e-bel, the wicked queen, who did not intend to let the children of Is'ra-el so quickly give up the worship of her idols, threatens to kill E-li'jah. Alarmed at this threat, and discouraged by his failure to hold the people, he goes away to "Ho'reb, the Mount of

taken up by a whirlwind into heaven. "There appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and E-li'jah went up by a whirlwind into heaven," the Bible says.

More than nine hundred years passed. The name of E-li'jah was remembered by the Jews,



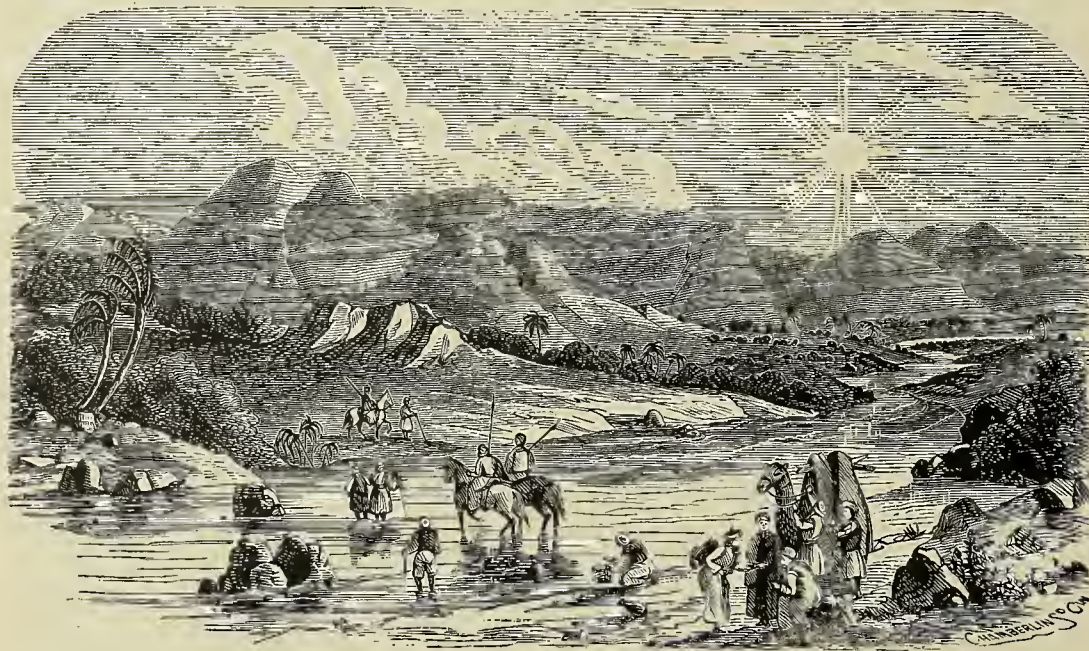
ELIJAH SUMMONING ELISHA.

God," where God meets him and commands him to return and anoint two kings, and choose E-li'sha to be prophet after his death.

At last the time comes for him to leave this world. A'bra-ham, I'saac, Ja'cob, Jo'seph, Mo'ses, and Josh'u-a had died. But he was to be

and it was believed that he would come back from heaven just before the Mes-si'ah would appear. He did return. Though not as the Jews expected. Only three men saw him when he came again. Pe'ter, James, and John, being with Je'sus at his transfiguration on Mount

Her'mon, saw him, as he came with Mo'ses, and talked about the death of Je'sus about to occur at Je-ru'sa-lem.



FORD OF KISHON.

E-li'jah, the man who had not died—the man who had been taken up to heaven in a fire-chariot—was still living!

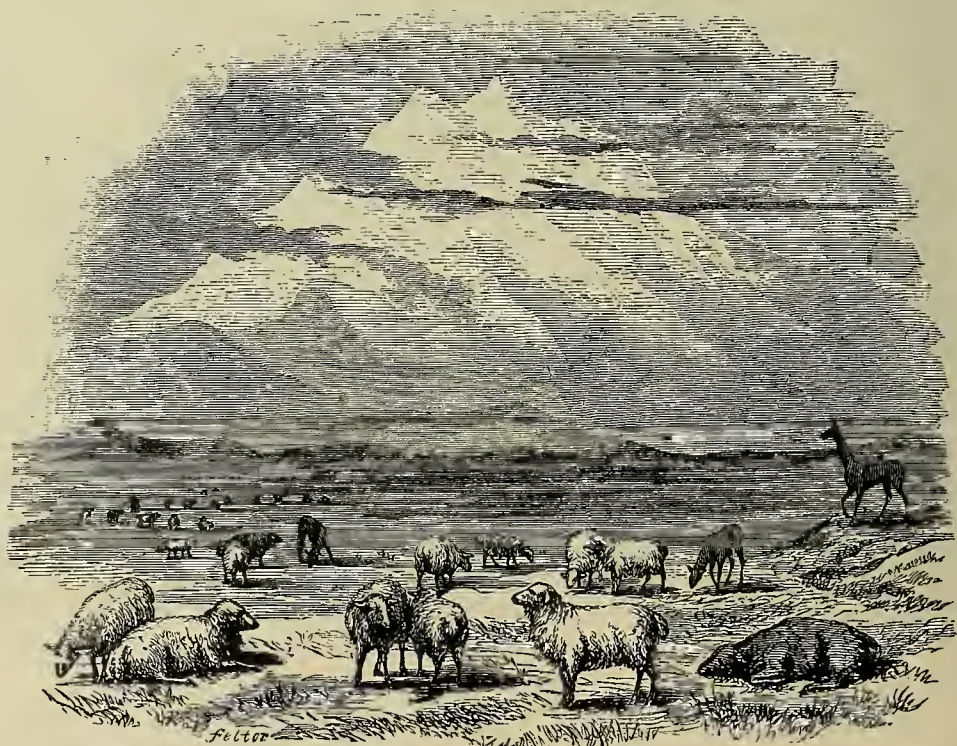
And he is still living. We can not see him, but as John the Baptist came in his "spirit and power," so each one of us may be like him in his devotion to God, though we can not be like him in his ascension to heaven. His name, E-li'jah, meant "My God is Je-ho'vah." It was a kind of profession of faith, as if he had said: "Others worship the sun-god, Ba'al. I worship Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever—the Maker of heaven and earth!" Great courage was demanded to have such a name, and worship such a God in those dark, shameful days of A'hah's reign, and, though boys and girls who read this are not in danger of being killed because they worship and serve God, they *do* need courage—the very highest and purest type of it; because there is no doubt that the old hymn is true:

"This world is not a friend of grace,
To help us on to God."

The world hates every one who really obeys God, and will kill him. Yes, kill him, even now!

That great man who signed the Emancipation Proclamation in the name of God and freedom, was killed by a man who had nothing of the spirit which Christ had, but but was filled with hate, pride, and revenge. Brave men who have tried to close the saloon—that sum of all shame and villainy—have been shot in cold blood, because they dared say: "My God is the true God, who hates sin. I serve him. I dare not be silent when the enemies of the home, the Church, the school, are everywhere seeking to debauch and destroy." Even yet men are in danger who are wholly devoted to God. Any man who, in the court, the market, the

office, the school, the street, will say, "My God is the living God," will suffer persecution; he will be a true hero, an E-li'jah in Christian times, a servant of the Holy One, who, though he shall not kill the priests of false gods at the



HERMON.

fords of Ki'shon, nor see the transfigured Je'sus on the slopes of Her'mon, shall conquer the enemies of God and see visions of his glory.



Daniel, the Good,

IN THE CITY OF BABYLON, THE BAD.



AMONG the ruins of the once great and beautiful city of Shu'shan, in Per'si-a, there is a monument to the memory of Dan'i-el. Dan'i-el was one of the greatest Jews who lived during that time, known as "The Captivity," when many Jews were taken away from the Holy Land, and kept in Bab'y-lon and other cities of the far East. He was a prince, but a prince without a throne. The Jews were not strong enough to put him on the throne at Je-ru'sa-lem, and, indeed, were not able to hold their capital at all. Neb'u-chad-nez'zar, king of Bab'y-lon, had conquered it, and carried off many Jews as slaves. Among them was Dan'i-el. He became a page, or servant at the king's court, and his name was changed to Bel'te-shaz'zar, which means "The Favorite of the god Bel." As a Jew, he disliked this name, and always thought of himself as Dan'i-el—"God is my Judge"—the name given him by his father and mother. He refused to eat from the king's table, and asked to be given water and "pulse," a food of seeds or vegetables. He was taught in all the learning of Per'si-a, as Mo'ses had been taught in all the learning of E'gypt. Besides, God gave him power to explain dreams, the same power that had



been given to Jo'seph. And not only so, he had the gift of telling dreams that had been almost forgotten. When, therefore, Neb'u-chad-nez'zar awoke one morning and said, "I have had a dream, but I can not recall it," Dan'iel was able to tell him what he had dreamed, and what it meant. The king was grateful; but, though Dan'i-el told him that the power which he had was a gift of God, Neb'u-chad-nez'zar continued to worship Ne'bo and Nis'roch and all the other gods and goddesses. By his command a great image or idol was placed in one of the provinces of the kingdom, and all his subjects were told that they must bow down before it and worship it as a god, or they would be thrown into a furnace and burned to death.

Many of them were willing to save their lives on such easy terms, and bent the knee to



BABYLON.

the idol; but three Jews, friends of Dan'iel, who had been given places of honor and trust through his favor, refused to kneel. The king soon heard of their disobedience, and gave orders to prepare the furnace and destroy them, as he had threatened. They were bound hand and foot, and thrown into the furnace, heated "seven times more than it was wont to be heated."

But the king was startled to see "four men loose" walking in the flames, untouched. One of them, he said, looked like "a son of the gods." Going near the door of the furnace he called to the three faithful Jews, and commanded them to come out. They did so, and the king's counselors, together with many others, saw them as they came out without even the smell of the fire on their clothes.

Much has been said about the fourth man in the furnace, the "one who looked like a son of the gods," but as the Bible does not say more about him, we can only suppose



TOWER AT BABYLON.



PROCESSION OF BEL.

that God took this form to show his faithful servants that he was near them, and to excite the wonder and fear of the king. The courage of these three men and their protection by the Lord

Dan'i-el explained other dreams that the king had, and when, one night, there was a great feast during the reign of Bel-shaz'zar, son of Neb'u-chad-

nez'zar, and a man's hand suddenly appeared and wrote on the palace walls, it was Dan'iel who read the words: "Thou art weighed in

the balances and found wanting!" That night Bab'y-lon the bad was taken by Da-ri'us. Dan'iel was made an officer under the new king, but because he was a Jew efforts were made to bring disgrace upon him. It was known that he did not worship the gods of Bab'y-lon, although he was called "The Favorite of Bel." The king was asked to sign an order that for thirty days no one should offer a prayer to any god, and that no request be made of any man except himself. Not knowing the object of this, the king issued a decree that for thirty days no one in Bab'y-lon

should worship or pray to any god at all. Only thirty days! If Dan'iel had been a coward, he would have said: "I can be silent for thirty days, to save my life; and when the thirty days are over I can



THE HEBREW BOYS.

God caused Neb'u-chad-nez'zar to say: "There is no other God that is able to deliver after this sort." And because Shad'rach, Me'shach, and A-bed'ne-go had been true to their consciences, and had not bowed down to the idol, the king promoted them.



NISROCH.



NEBO.



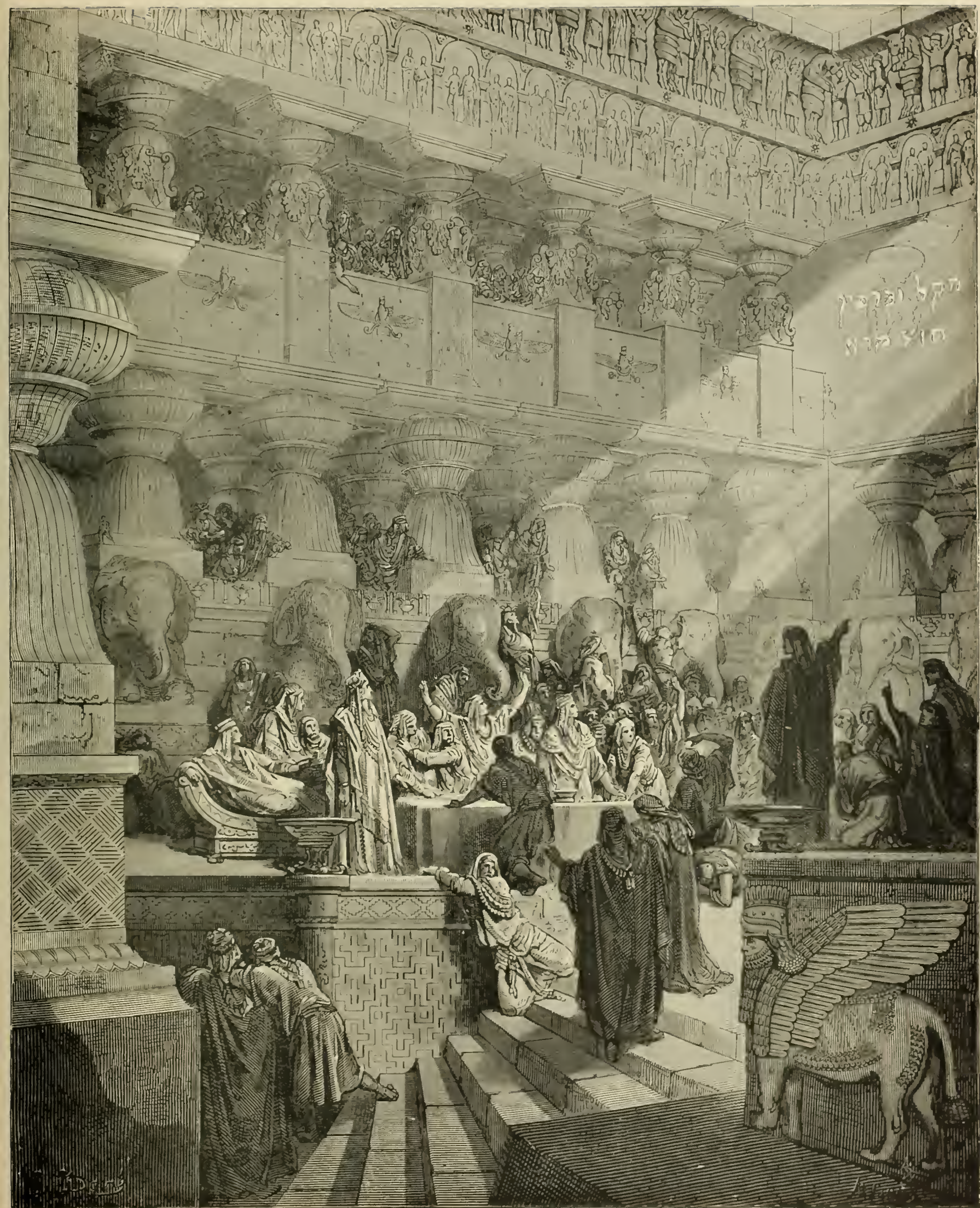
begin my prayers to God again." But he was a hero, and, though his name is not given in the As before, Dan'iel prayed morning, noon, and night, not in a whisper in some corner, but aloud,



DANIEL, BEFORE NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

list of heroes of the faith in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the He'brews, he is one of the men who "stopped the mouths of lions."

with the windows open and his face turned towards Je-ru'sa-lem. This is what his enemies wished. They reported the case at once, and



DANIEL INTERPRETING THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Dan'iel was taken to the den of lions. It was supposed, of course, that he would be eaten, and a Bab-y-lo'ni-an would have the place in the kingdom that he, a Jew, had held so long. But the night passed, and the morning came. Da-ri'us went to the mouth of the den and called: "Dan'iel! O Dan'iel! Is your God able to save you from the lions?" Back from the dark depths of the cave came the reply: "My God has shut the lions' mouths!"

The lions had not harmed him. He was taken out of their den, and from that time we hear of no more plans to kill him on account of his belief in God. He had won the victory. Heathen men respected this He'brew man who had stood by his convictions of truth through the day and the dark, through shine and shadow, through good report and evil report, and were glad to show favor both to him and his countrymen. And as there was nothing that the He'brews more desired than to return to Je-ru'-sa-lem, the rulers of Bab'y-lon said: "For Dan'iel's sake, let the He'brews go back to their holy city and temple!" This is one of the many events in history which illustrate the truth of that saying of Saint Paul: "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." If Dan'iel had been false to the faith of his fathers, if he had bowed the knee to the idols, all the people of Is'ra-el would have suffered on his account. With him they rose, with him they fell. It is not, of course, given to every one so to stand for a whole nation; but, more than we think, other lives are joined to ours and affected by what we say or do. If we are heroes, others will become brave. If we are cowards, others will lose heart. Dan'iel, no doubt, thought very deeply of this. He could not forget that the Bab-y-lo'ni-ans would judge his people by himself. This nerved him to fidelity. He stood like a rock, unmoved. Among the world's men of renown, he is one of the most renowned. Among the world's heroes, he is one of the most heroic. Yet, although he was a "man of affairs," busy with questions of civil government, it was not as a statesman that he

showed his courage. *He was a hero because he was true to his religion—those principles of faith which he had received from his parents.*

He might easily have asked, How do I know that these old doctrines are true? How do I know that God lives, or that it makes any difference in this world or the next if I do wrong? Instead, he boldly refused to eat of the king's table, even when he was nothing more than a He'brew slave-boy, and remained faithful to the very end. And with all his devotion, he was not bigoted. He felt that *there are some things that, beyond all doubt, are true, and he would not abandon them.*

When our young people go out from Chris'-tian homes, they find themselves sneered at, because, as some people say, they are so narrow. But does not Je'sus say that the way to life is narrow? Isn't the way to all greatness and success narrow? Are there not few who find these ways and walk in them? Dan'iel found the way of self-respect, of peace, and walked steadily on to the goal. The story of his life is helpful because of this, and every one who lives as he lived will, with him, share the favor of God. I think that our A'bra-ham Lin'coln had much of his spirit. He was not ashamed to confess his faith in God. Again and again, in public and in private, he showed that he had that fear of the Almighty that works righteousness. He refused to defend men at court when he found them guilty. He vowed that he would liberate the slaves, if God granted victory to the Northern arms. He had the spirit of the brave Dan'iel, and, more and more, even among those who fought against him, there is a growing feeling of reverence for him as a man who sought to do right because it is right. A famous judge said of him: "In order to bring into activity his great powers, it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the case he advocated. When so convinced, whether the case was great or small, he was usually successful." One of his biographers says: "He was so straightforward, so direct, so candid, that every one was impressed with



the idea that he was seeking only truth and justice."

Was not this like Dan'iel—"God is my judge?" To feel responsibility to God; to live under the influence of the prophecy that every man shall be judged according to the deeds done

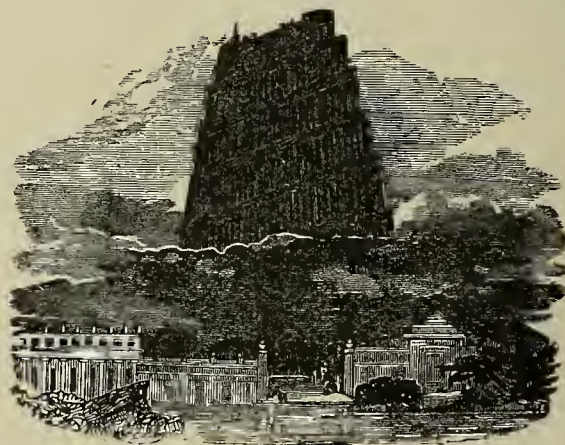
in the body; that even now we are naked and laid open before whom we have to do; to say, day by day and deed by deed, "God is my judge,"—that will make us holy, that will guide us right, and when the last judgment shall come we shall be pronounced guiltless.

The Last Days of Babylon.



MORE than sixteen hundred years before the time of Dan'iel, Nim'rod founded the city of Bab'y-lon. He called it "The Gate of God." At first only a little group of houses of the simplest kind, it became one of the most splendid cities that the world has ever seen. It covered nearly two hundred square miles. Its walls were three hundred feet high and eighty-five feet thick. Two hundred and fifty towers were built on these walls. In these were soldiers or watchmen. The gates were made of brass. Inside the walls were strong forts. One of them had three walls, one within the other. The outer wall was seven and a half miles around. Temples of great size were set apart for the worship of gods whose names are now scarcely known except by students of the Bible and early history, and beautiful houses lined the long streets. A branch of the river Eu-phra'tes ran through the heart of the city, and broad spaces were left open for raising grain.

God, predicted that she would be destroyed. Jer-e-mi'ah said that Bab'y-lon would become "heaps of ruins, a dwelling-place for dragons, without an inhabitant." Such a thing seemed



THE GATE OF GOD.

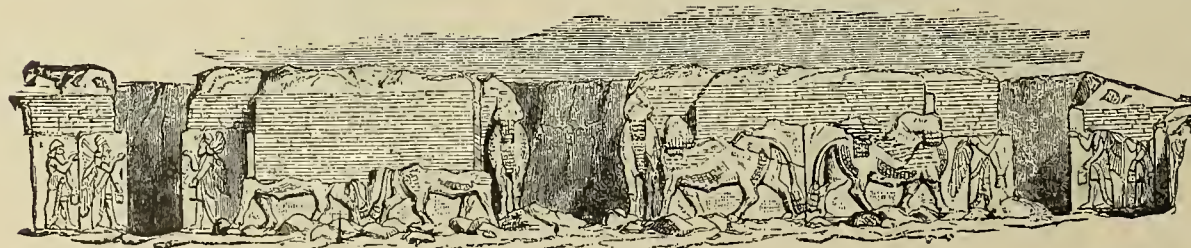
then as impossible as it now would seem if a man were to publish that in sixty years the city of New York would be a mass of ruins without an inhabitant. But Jer-e-mi'ah's words came true, as did all the prophets' words. In sixty years Ko'resh, or Cy'rus, conquered Bab'y-lon, and for

many years before the time of Christ what had once been a great city, was, indeed, a heap of ruins.

To-day, if you go to the banks of Eu-phra'tes River and ask a guide to show Bab'y-lon, he will point to

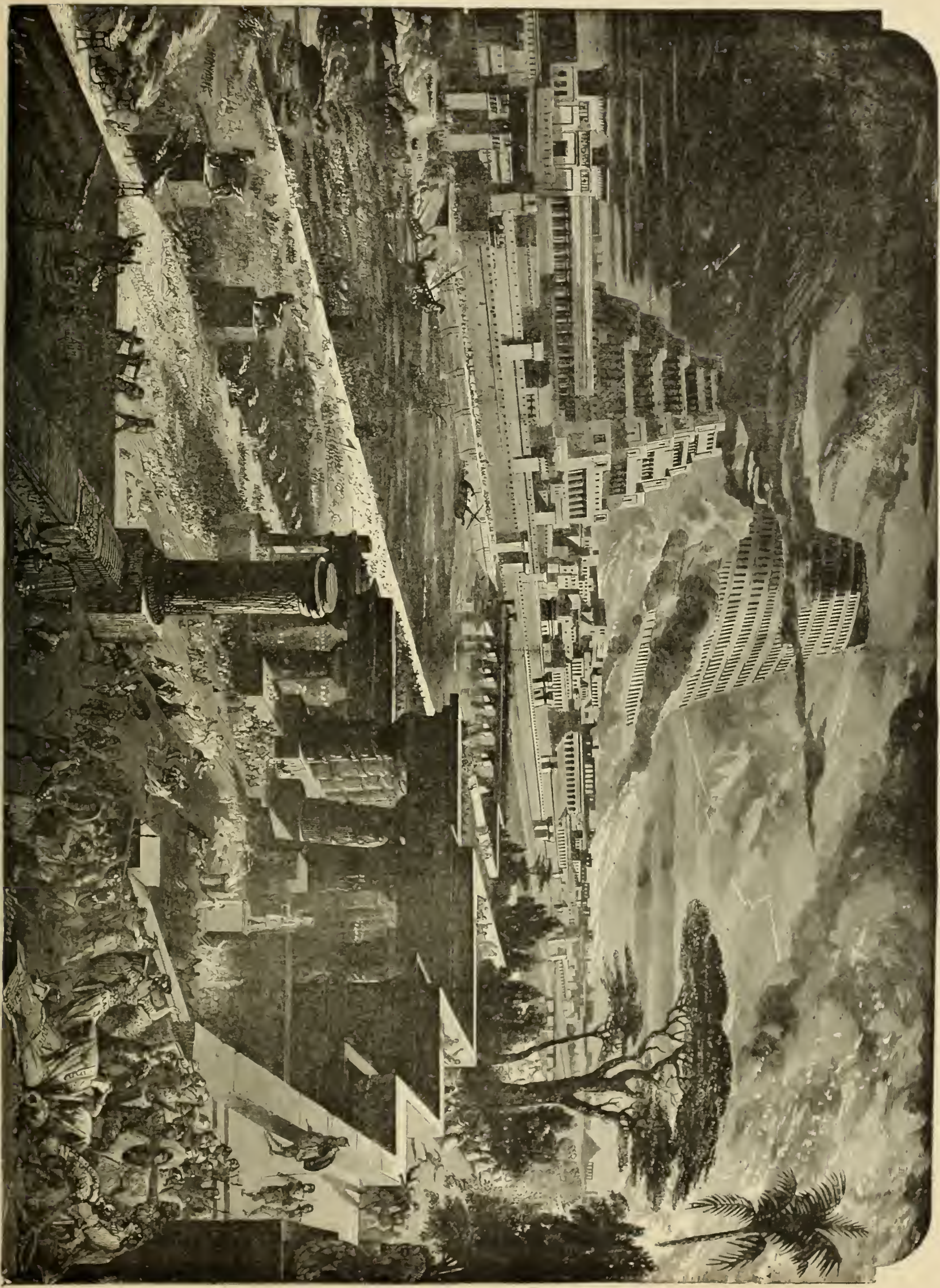
immense mounds, the remains of the walls, palaces, and temples of the ancient city.

"The site of Bab'y-lon," says Mr. Layard, who has done so much to let us know what



NORTH-EAST COURT OF THE TEMPLE.

But great and beautiful as Bab'y-lon was, the story of her sin can not be all told; and because she was bad, the Jew'ish prophets, those holy men who spoke as they were led by the Spirit of



BABYLON TAKEN BY CYRUS.

Nin'e-veh and Bab'y-lon were in their glory, "is a naked and hideous waste. Owls start from the scanty thickets, and the foul jackal skulks through the furrows."

There are now no prophets to tell when bad cities will be destroyed; but one need not be a prophet to say that sin against God will bring its ruin with it, surely if slowly, and that many a city is now in ruins, with dragons and owls

and jackals skulking through the streets, though all the buildings are standing in their beauty. There are ruined lives that are more terrible than ruined cities. There are prowling jackals in human form—men and women who destroy happiness and purity. In Bab'y-lon, owls and jackals and dragons came after the city had fallen, but in the soul the beasts of sinful thoughts and feelings bring ruin as they come. Keep them out!

The Hanging of Haman.



A'MAN ranked next to the king of Per'si-a. He had great power, but he was not happy. His unhappiness was caused by the fact that others did not think as much of him as he did of himself. As he rode along the streets of Su'sa,

even with the Jew. So one day he said to the king: "There are people in the kingdom whose laws differ from the king's laws. They do not worship the king's gods. It is not to the king's profit to allow them to live in his kingdom. If it please the king, as I hope it may, let them be



PUBLISHING THE DECREE.

men and women bowed as he passed. But Mor'-de-cai, a Jew, would not bend his head. Ha'man was angry. He intended to have revenge—to get

destroyed, and I will agree to pay ten million dollars into the king's treasury." What a glittering bribe! Will Xerx'es accept?

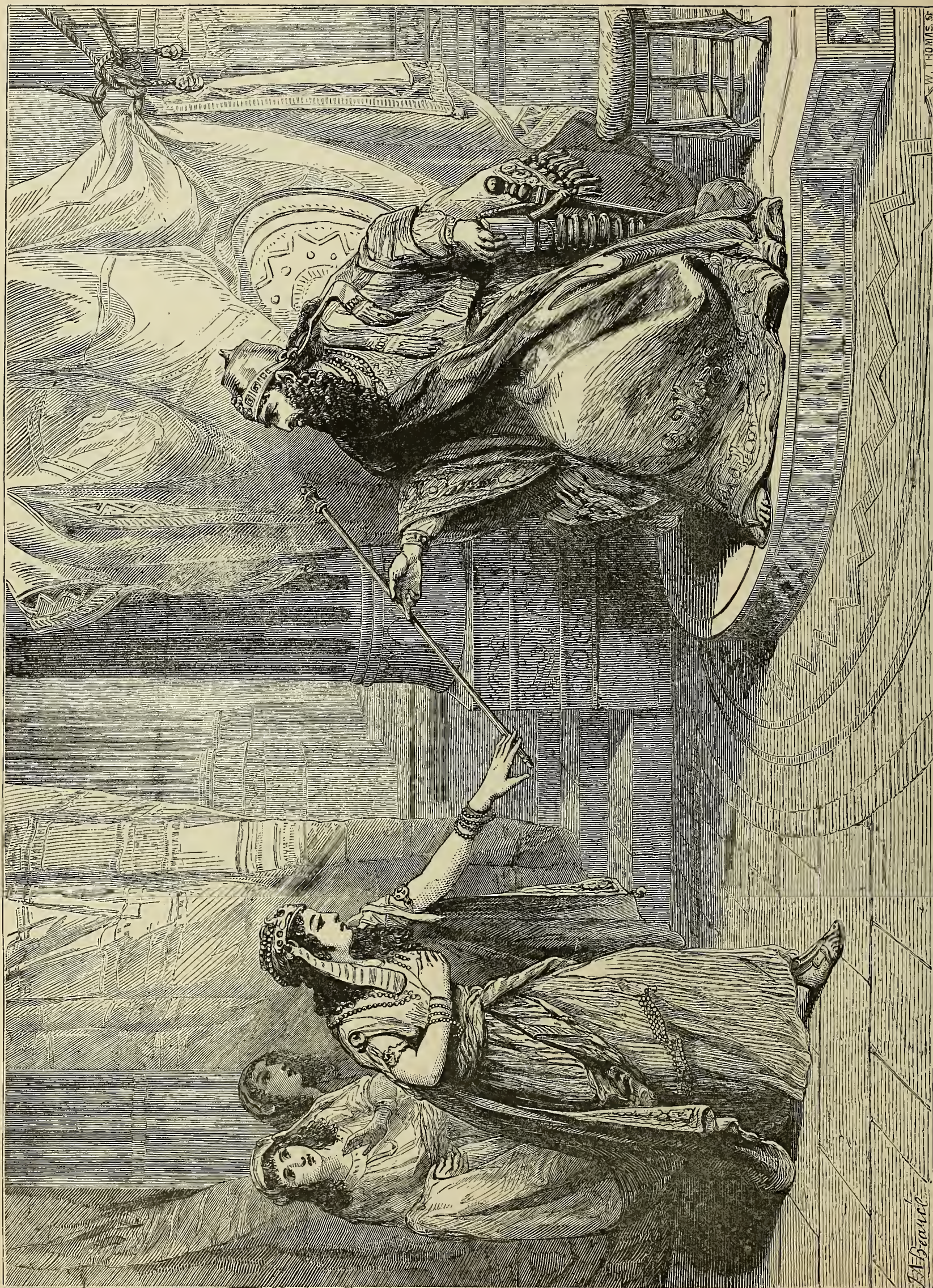
The king listened to Ha'man's account, and, making no effort to find out if it was true or false, gave his seal to Ha'man, and orders were sent through all the kingdom that the Jews should be killed without mercy on the thirteenth day of the last



XERXES AND HIS QUEEN.

month of the year. This done, the king and Ha'man sat down to drink wine together. But through all the king's city and far away the poor Jews fasted and wept, wore sackcloth and scattered ashes over their heads. They prayed to God, and





waited in fear and trembling for the day of death. In the meantime the man on whose account Ha'man had brought about this state of affairs

king, she was frightened, because if it should be known that she was a Jewess she would be one of the first to die on the thirteenth of A'dar.



MORDECAI AT THE KING'S GATE.

was working to save his people. His cousin, Ha-das'sah, or Es'ther, was one of the king's wives. When she heard of the terrible decree of the

Mor'de-cai, who had been like a father to Ha-das'sah, now saw how she could show her gratitude to him and her love of her people by appearing





READING THE RECORDS.

before Xerxes, and asking him not to destroy her and the Jews. It was against the law that she should go into the king's presence without his command. But, taking the risk for her people's sake, she went to the inner court of the palace, and stood where she could be seen from the throne. Xerxes reached out his scepter and Esther touched the top of it, and asked him and Haman to drink wine with her. The invitation was accepted. And when the wine went round the king promised to give the beautiful Esther anything she might ask. Her heart failed her. She only asked that the king and Haman might dine with her again the next day.

Haman went home, called in his friends, and told them that he had been twice invited to dine with Esther and the king. "But all this is nothing," he said to his wife, "as long as Mordecai sits at the king's gate and refuses to bow when I pass!" "Why not hang him?" asked his wife. This suited Haman's wish. Orders were given. A gallows was built. Night came. Xerxes could not sleep. To while away the long hours, he asked that the history of his reign might be read to him. This was done, and the reader came to that part of the records which told about a plot against the king's life, discovered by Mordecai, the Jew. "Has anything

been done for him?" asked the king. "No; nothing!" "Who is in the court?" inquired the king. "Ha'man," replied a servant. "Let honor me," thought Ha'man, and quickly said: "Put on him the royal robes, and let one of the princes go before him as he rides the king's



SENTENCE OF HAMAN.

him come in." Ha'man entered. "What ought to be done for the man whom the king wishes to honor?" "Of course the king wishes to horse, and cry through the streets: 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delights to honor!'"

"Do this to Mor'de-cai, the Jew!" Did Ha'man hear aright? *Mor'de-cai*, the hated Jew, who would not bow to him; the man whom he intended to hang before he went to the queen's table the next day? Yes, and more: he must lead the horse on which Mor'de-cai will

teenth A'dar!" Xerx'es asked: "Who is he who has done this?" Pointing with trembling hand across the table, Es'ther cried: "Our enemy is he—this wicked Ha'man!" Angry and alarmed at what had been done, Xerx'es rushed out of the room. Ha'man fell at the foot of the couch on



FEAST OF PURIM.

ride, and shout: "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delights to honor!"

After such a scene he went to dine with Xerx'es and the queen. The wine was served. The time had come for Es'ther to plead for her people. "Let my life be given me, and the life of my people! We are doomed to die on the thir-

teenth A'dar!" Xerx'es asked: "Who is he who has done this?" Pointing with trembling hand across the table, Es'ther cried: "Our enemy is he—this wicked Ha'man!" Angry and alarmed at what had been done, Xerx'es rushed out of the room. Ha'man fell at the foot of the couch on

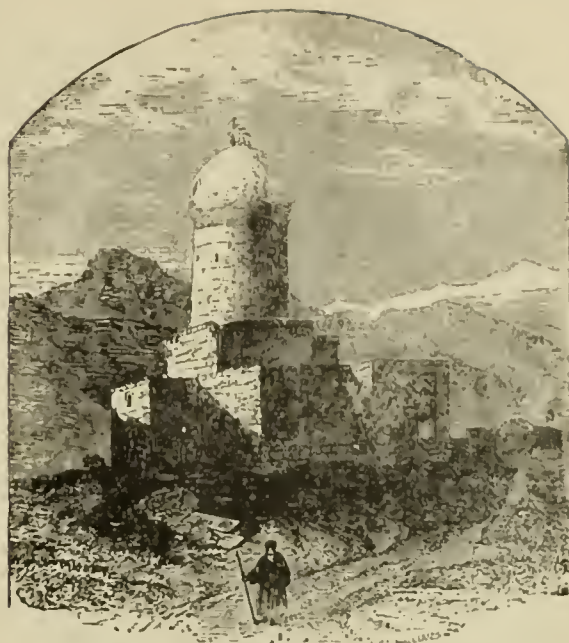


Mor'de-cai, instead of being hung, received the king's ring, and the Jews, instead of being destroyed, defended themselves against their enemies, and many Per'si-ans became Jews, "for the fear of the Jews was fallen upon them," and "because Mor'de-cai was great in the king's house."

"Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein, and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him."

Ha'man dug a pit for Mor'de-cai and fell headlong into it. He attempted to roll a stone upon a man whom he hated without cause, and it returned upon him. Plotting to kill another, he killed himself, and made his name infamous forever.

The feast of Pu'rim is still celebrated in memory of this deliverance of the Jews, and the



TOMB OF MORDECAI AND ESTHER.

monuments of Mor'de-cai and Es'ther are shown to travelers near the ancient capital of Per'si-a.

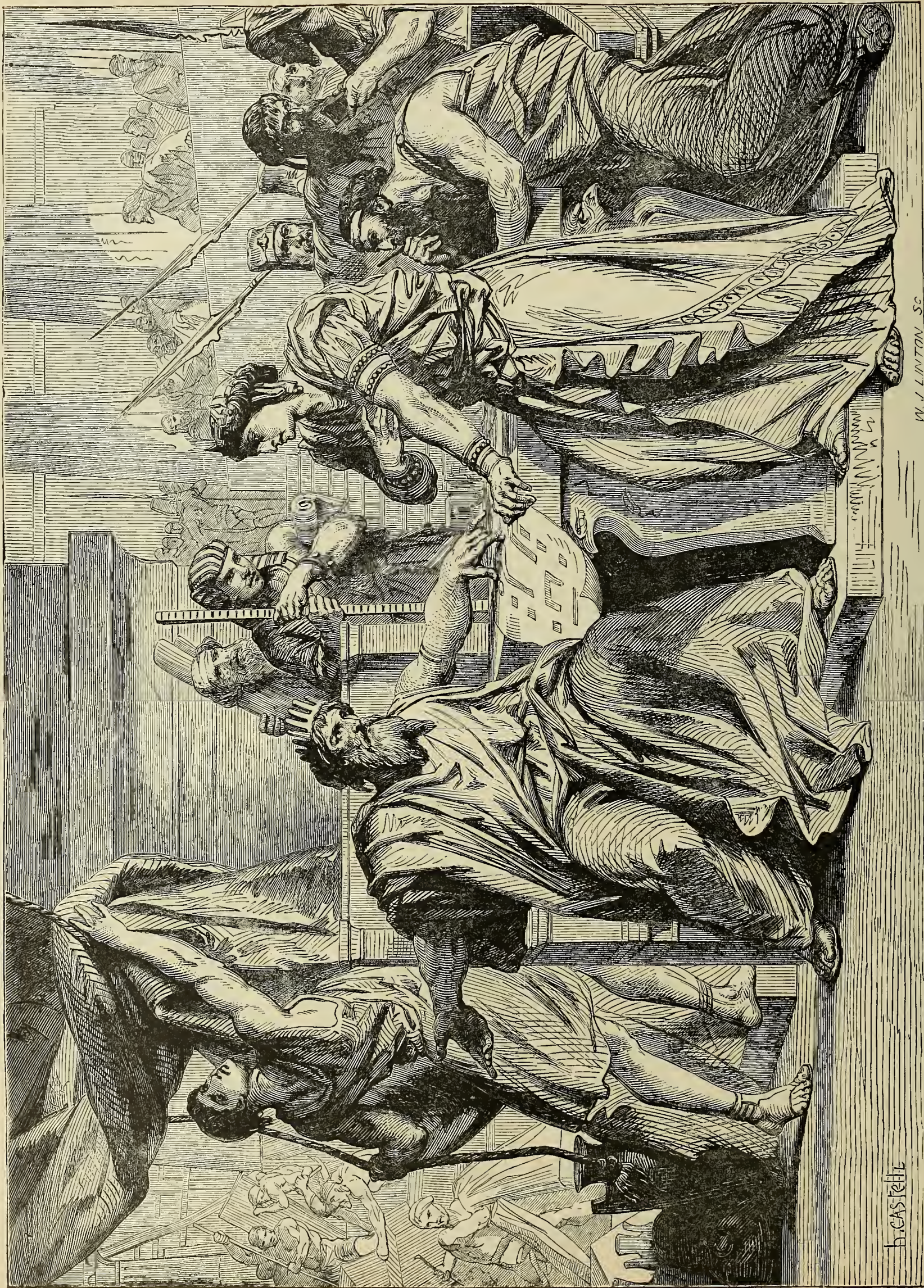
The Story of the Temple.

GOD is a Spirit, but he has seen fit to command his people to build houses in which to meet and worship him. When he brought the Jews out of E'gypt he commanded Mo'ses to make a tent of meeting—a house of God that might be moved from place to place—and he said: "See that thou makest it according to the pattern that I showed thee in the Holy Mount." This tent was the only sacred house that the Jews had for four or five hundred years. Da'vid wished to build a temple in Je-ru'sa-lem, and gathered material for it. But he had been a soldier, and because he had shed human blood God did not let him carry out his plans.

The house, however, was built on Mount Mo-ri'ah, where God had appeared to him, and on the spot that he chose. It had been a threshing-floor owned by Or'nan. The day on which the work of building was begun is carefully noted: "The second day of the second month in the fourth year of Sol'o-mon's reign." There is, also, an account of the house and of its dedica-

tion. It must have been very beautiful, with its fir-tree ceilings, its cedar beams, walls and doors covered with gold; its altars and lavers, candlesticks, and chernubim (those strange winged figures with their faces turned inward); its precious stones, and golden pomegranates, and palm-trees. "It glittered in the morning sun," it has been said, "as if it were the sanctuary or temple of a land of gold."

The day of dedication was one of the great days in the history of the He'brew people. The old tabernacle that had been standing in the wilderness of Gib'e-on, was taken down, and its furniture and materials of which it was made were brought to the temple and put in store-rooms. The tent that Da'vid had put up to cover the ark when it was brought from the house of O'bed-e'dom, was also brought to the temple. The ark was put in the Holy of Holies, on a rock. Great crowds of people gathered from all parts of the kingdom to see the "House of God" and offer sacrifices, according to the law of Mo'ses. Large choirs



W. J. LINTON SC

DAVID INSTRUCTING SOLOMON.



HIRAM'S MESSENGER.

chanted psalms, and the congregation responded :
 "For he is good, for his mercy endureth forever."

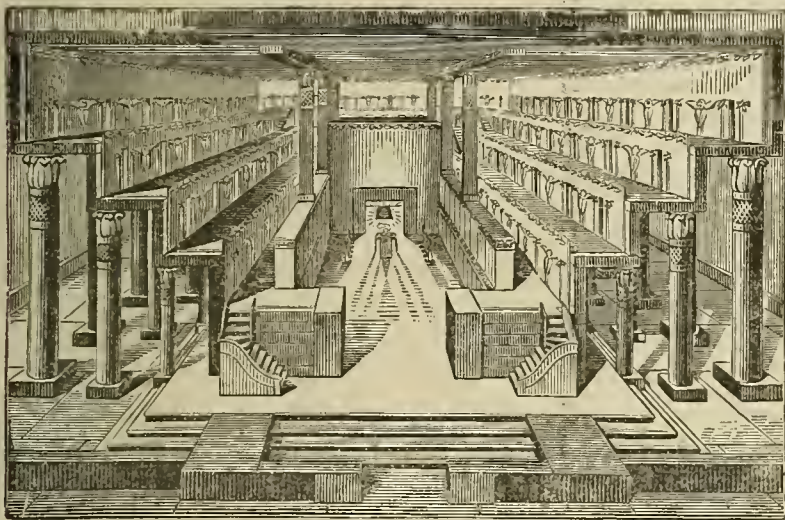
Suddenly the temple became as dark as night. The priests could not see to perform their duties. Then Sol'o-mon spoke, breaking

the silence : "God has said that he would dwell in darkness. I have built a house for him." He blessed the people, and kneeling before the altar, offered prayer. A whole week was given up to these services. The Jews now had a



CUTTING DOWN CEDARS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

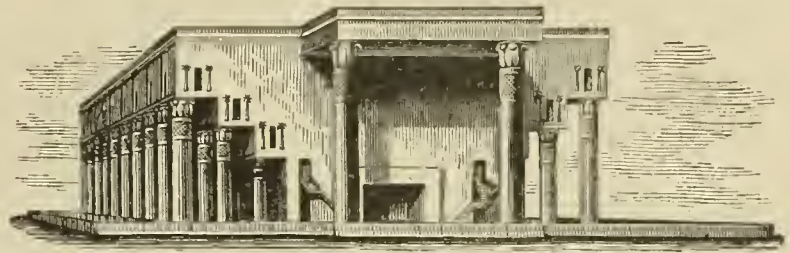
temple worthy of themselves as the chosen people of God, and worthy of that religion which had the only true and living God as its object of faith and worship. It was built during days of peace and plenty. The kingdom of Is'ra-el was larger than it had ever been before, and the king of Is'ra-el was known among the Gen'tiles as one of the wisest and greatest of rulers. The people were rich, and seemed to be happy. But even during those golden days, the days of Is'ra-el's sorrow and suffering were beginning. Sol'o-mon, who seemed to be a believer in God, was also a worshiper of idols, and built temples to them as well as to God. He had married heathen women, and to please them went with them to these places of a false religion. He was



SOLOMON'S TEMPLE—INTERIOR.

not a pure, good man, such as a He'brew king should have been, and the prophets saw and said very plainly that the time was not far off when the days of Is'ra-el's glory would be seen to be the beginning of her fall. This was true. In less than thirty years the kingdom divided. The Jews instead of being one people under one king, were separated into the kingdom of Is'ra-el and the kingdom of Ju'dah. Is'ra-el had a place of worship at Sa-ma'ri-a, and Ju'dah had a place of worship at Je-ru'sa-lem. Sol'o-mon was dead. His son, Re-ho-bo'am, expected to be king, but when the people asked him to take off the heavy yoke of taxes that his father had put on them (taxes to pay for palaces and temples and armies), he said that he would make the yoke heavier than ever. The people then rebelled. And

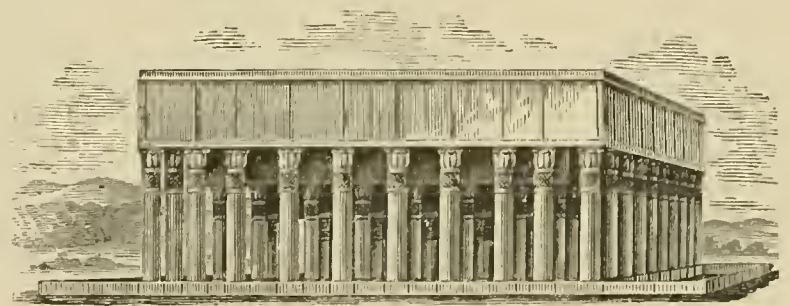
Jer-o-bo'am, who had been in E'gypt, came back and became king of the Jews at Sa-ma'ri-a. This was in the year 975 before Christ. Four years after, an E-gyp'tian king, called Shi'shak, led a



SOLOMON'S TEMPLE—FRONT VIEW.

great army against Je-ru'sa-lem. He took the city, and broke into the beautiful temple, and carried away its treasures. God let him do this because the Jews had sinned. Re-ho-bo'am did not seek God as a He'brew king should have done, and many of the people were worshiping idols.

Five kings followed Re-ho-bo'am. When the fifth one died, his mother, Ath-a-li'ah, determined to take the throne. She had no right to it, but she had friends who were willing to help her carry out her plans. By her command the children of her son, A-ha-zi'ah, were killed—all but one; a baby, called Je-ho'ash, was saved. His nurse carried him into the temple, and the priest Je-hoi'a-da took care of him. When Je-ho'ash was seven years old, Je-hoi'a-da had him crowned. Ath-a-li'ah heard the shouts of the people when Je-hoi'a-da put the crown on the boy's head, and went to the temple to see what was being done. There stood little Je-ho'ash by



SOLOMON'S TEMPLE—WEST END.

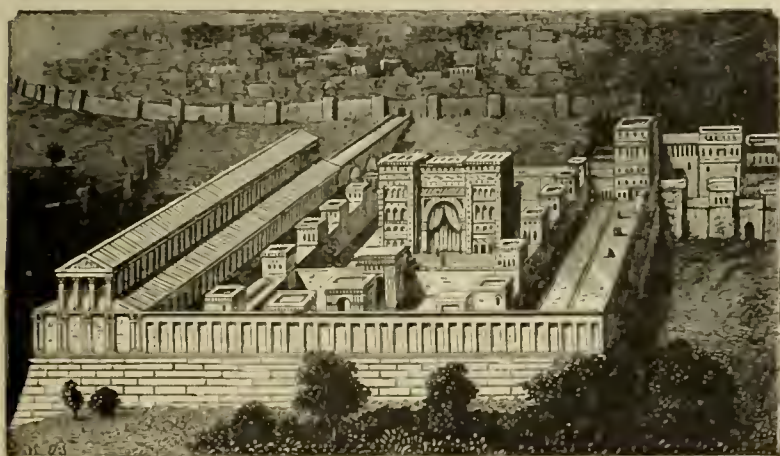
a pillar, wearing the crown! He was guarded by soldiers with spears and shields, and all the temple was filled with people, blowing trumpets, clapping their hands for joy, and shouting: "God save the king!" Poor Queen Ath-a-li'ah!



JEWISH PEOPLE REJOICING.

She screamed, "Treason! Treason!" But it was she who had been guilty of crime against the kingdom in that she had caused the death of the last king's children. Je-hoi'a-da had no pity on her, and at once commanded the soldiers to drive her out of the house of God and kill her. Then the Jews promised that they would obey Je-ho'ash, and that they would worship God. The Temple of Ba'al was torn down, the altars and images broken to pieces, and the priest of Ba'al killed. Je-hoi'a-da gave Je-ho'ash good advice, and it is written in the Book of Kings that Je-ho'ash did that which was right in the sight of God. The temple was repaired, and guarded by men appointed by the priest. But when Je-hoi'a-da died, Je-ho'ash no longer stood faithful to God. Idol-worship came back again, and when the high-priest, Zech-ari'ah, his own cousin, told him that he was doing wrong, and that God was displeased, he ordered him to be killed in the temple. In the same year Haz'a-el, king of Sy'ri-a, led an army against Je-ru'sa-lem, and Je-ho'ash, not wishing that the city should be destroyed, gave him all the treasures of the temple on condition that he would leave the country.

Je-ho'ash was killed by his own servants, and his own son, Am-a-zi'ah, became king. During

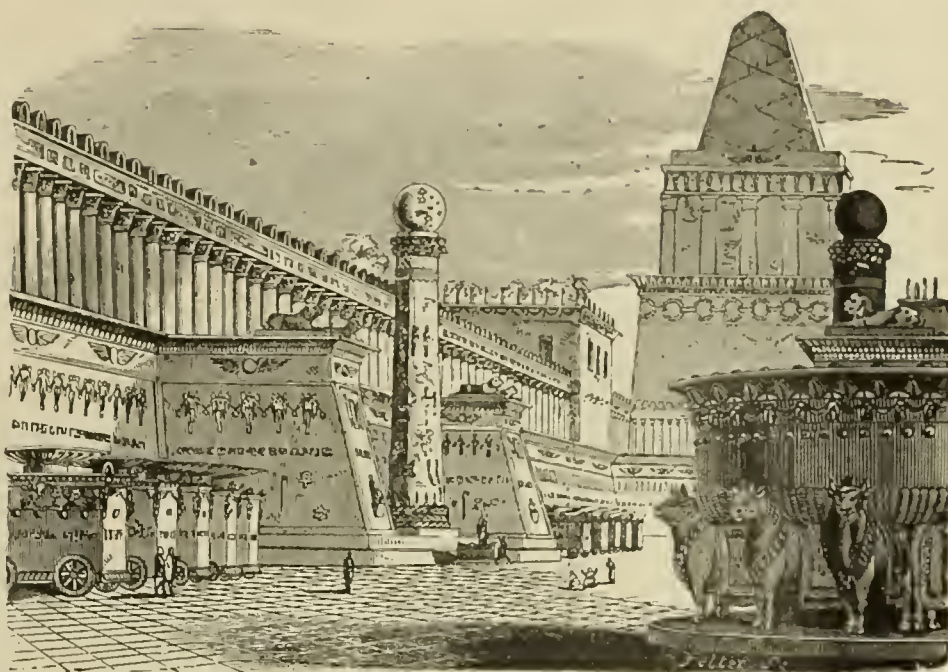


TEMPLE REBUILT.

his reign the temple was again plundered by the enemies of the kingdom of Ju'dah. The people were very much discouraged, but Uz-zi'ah, who came to the throne when he was only sixteen

years old, soon showed himself to be a good king.

The city walls were built up again, and worship was conducted in the temple as before; but



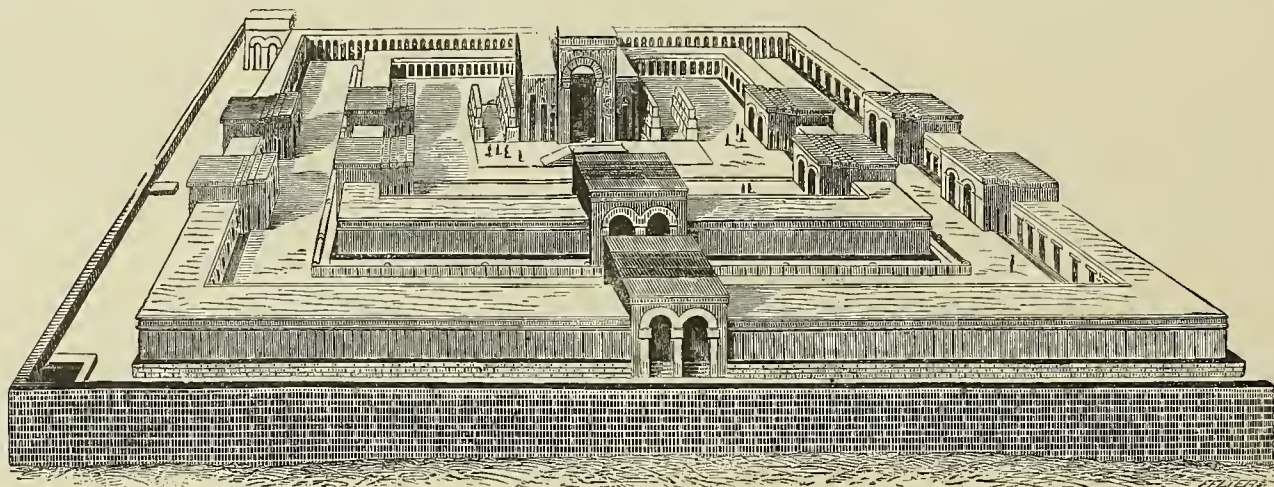
TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

Uz-zi'ah was not content to be a king, he wished also to be a priest and offer sacrifice to God. He dressed himself in the robes of a priest on one of the great feast-days, and went into the Holy Place to burn incense on the golden altar. The priests objected to this, but the king threatened to kill them all if they did not let him do as he pleased. Just then, while the priests and the king were profaning the temple by this quarrel, the ground began to rise and fall like waves of the sea. The walls of the house of God shook, and the roof was rent. Filled with fear, the king stood, not knowing where to go for safety, and while he stood there before the Holy Place, a beam of sunlight fell on his face, and the priests saw a spot of that awful disease, leprosy, on his forehead! His son, Jo'tham, became king; but, though he built a gate to the house of God and tried to make a change for the better in the lives of the people, he did not enter the temple.

A'haz, the next king, entirely gave up the worship of God, and the temple was closed. Altars to idols were built in all the streets of Je-ru'sa-lem, and incense was burned in honor of the so-called gods of the heathens. When A'haz

died, the good Hez-e-ki'ah became king. In the first month of his reign the doors of the temple were again opened, the lamps in the Holy Place were lighted again, incense was burned before the veil, and sacrifices were offered. The sound of sacred song was again heard in the courts of the Lord's house, and the "service was set in order." Hez-e-ki'ah and the people were glad—those of them who did not worship the heathen idols—and there were good days again in Je-ru'sa-lem. But Ma-nas'sseh, who reigned next, built altars to idols in the very courts of the temple, and set up an image there. A'mon, his son, also worshiped idols, but Jo-si'ah, who was a boy of eight years when he came to the throne, was taught to worship only the Lord

drove the traders. Its veil before the Holy of Holies was torn from top to bottom when he was crucified. He predicted its destruction, and in a few years after his death the Roman army, under Ti'tus, destroyed it, as he said. It has never been built again. An emperor of Rome, who at one time professed to be a Chris'tian, but afterwards left the Church, and declared himself to be still a believer in the religion of Greece and Rome, urged the Jews to rebuild it. They tried to do so, but could not. There is a story that they were prevented by balls of fire that rose from the earth. This is doubted by some. But the fact remains that more than eighteen hundred years have passed, and the Jews now have no temple in that city in which, for more than



HEROD'S TEMPLE.

God. The presence of idols and idol-altars in Je-ru'sa-lem displeased him, and they were torn down and destroyed. He also repaired the temple once more. But again, during the days of King Je-hoi'a-kim, idols were put in the temple, and even the so-called "sacred animals" of E'gypt were worshiped.

At last, in 588 before Christ, this house of God that had been built in such splendor, and so solemnly set apart for the worship of God, was destroyed.

A second temple was built upon its ruins, and, when this was destroyed, a third, called Her'od's Temple, was built. It was to this third temple that Je'sus was carried by Jo'seph and Mary and presented before the Lord. Here he talked with the doctors. From its courts he

a thousand years, they had a house of God. Scattered all over the world, however, there are synagogues, sometimes so beautiful and costly that they are called "temples," in which, week by week, and on the great festivals, they meet to read the Law of Mo'ses, offer prayer to the God of their fathers, and listen to the preaching of their rabbis. No longer do they offer sacrifice, as in the olden days, and no longer do priests make atonement for the sins of the people. A great change has come over them. They still call themselves Is'ra-el-ites, He'brews, Jews, the descendants of A'bra-ham, but the forms of their religion are very different from what they once were. Of course, they still believe in God, and hope for the time to come when the temple shall be restored to its former glory.

Six Bible Names.



AY these names over many times, until you can remember them and the order in which they are given: Ad'am, E'noch, A'bra-ham, Sol'o-mon, Christ, John. Repeat them again, and then learn by heart the following bit of Bible chronology. It is easily remembered, and will be found to be very useful:

1. From the time Ad'am was created until the time E'noch was translated was a thousand years.

2. From the time E'noch was translated until

the time A-bra'ham was born was a thousand years.

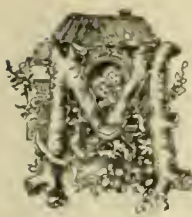
3. From the time A'bra-ham was born until the time Sol'o-mon dedicated the temple was a thousand years.

4. From the time Sol'o-mon dedicated the temple until the time Christ was born was a thousand years.

5. From the time Christ was born until the time John died was a hundred years.

This is the Bible history of forty-one hundred years divided.

A Mother's Reminiscence and Advice.



OTHERS, tell Bible stories to your little ones as they gather around you in the early evening; nothing interests them more. In the dear old homestead of my childhood, how well I remember our pleasure in listening to our mother when she told us of Mo'ses and Jo'seph and No'ah, and about the ark! Her vivid imagination furnished the many "perhapses" and "it may be's," which added greatly to the interest. Bible stories, more than any other instruction, impress the young mind with the lessons of God's boundless love and his overruling hand and wonder-working providence. Early teach your children that simple and inimitable "Now I lay me." I once heard a little girl of twenty months lisp this verse after her mother. She was robed for the night; her little hands were clasped together. Even though she understood not the meaning, it was a beginning in the right direction. God listens and hears.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try."

As your children grow older, teach them hymns suited to their ages. The Lord's Prayer should daily be repeated by them; the Ten Commandments should early be committed to memory, as well as the wonderful Sermon on the Mount, and the twenty-third Psalm. But all this instruction, excellent as it is, will surely fail in producing the best results unless your children see in your daily lives a Christ-like, patient, loving spirit.

—Selected.

ONE of the most famous Dutch theologians received his earliest lessons in Bible history from a mother, who used to show him the pictures painted on tiles surrounding the fire-place, and tell him patiently and fully what they represented,—Bible pictures before his eye every day, and keeping fresh in his memory the wonderful events and words mentioned in Scripture. Her simple faith and deep piety made her one of the best possible teachers. Between such work as she did, and that routine and formal work done in too many Sunday-schools, there can be no comparison.





THE MESSAGE TO JOSEPH.

The Boy-Days of Jesus.

"Boys will be boys?"

Yes if boys may be pure
Models for men;

If their thoughts may be modest,
Their truthfulness sure,
Say it again!

If boys will be boys, such as boys ought to be—
Boys full of sweet-minded, light-hearted glee—
Let boys be boys, brave, loving, and free,
Till they are men.

HARLAN H. BALLARD.

MATTHEW and Luke (the first writing especially for Jews, and the second for Gen'tiles), tell how an angel was sent from heaven with a message to Ma'ry, at Naz'a-reth, promising that she should become the mother of Him who would save his people from their sins, Je'sus, the son of God. She was told that she had found favor with God, and that all people would call her blessed. With Jo'seph, to whom she had been betrothed, she went to Beth'le-hem, and there, in a cave-stable,

Je'sus was born. Angels had told shepherds near the village that the Christ, the Son of Da'vid, had been born, and that they would find him in a manger! We have read and heard this story so often that it does not surprise us. And yet, that a *king* should be born in a *stable*, is a very surprising event. Kings are born in palaces and rocked in costly cradles. The mother of Je'sus,



THE NATIVITY.

though a princess, was very poor, and Jo'seph, whom she was to marry, was a carpenter. The shepherds, however, went to Beth'le-hem, and saw the Holy Child in a manger, as the angels had said. They then went out into the town, filled with people from many parts of Pal'es-tine, and told about the angels and the Babe. Those who heard wondered at the story, some believing, and some, of course, doubting. But there was much quiet talk among the Jews. They said: "Perhaps God has sent us a king at last! The Romans will now be driven out of our country. A son of Da'vid will sit upon the throne of his fathers! We will see good days again!"

Wise men also came from the East to Je-ru'-sa-lem, and asked: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Her'od was then ruler, and was called "king." The question alarmed him. He knew that if this Jews' king should live, there would be war, and he might lose his throne. So he asked the chief priests, and the men who wrote and studied the Bible, where the King of the Jews, or the Christ, would be born, according

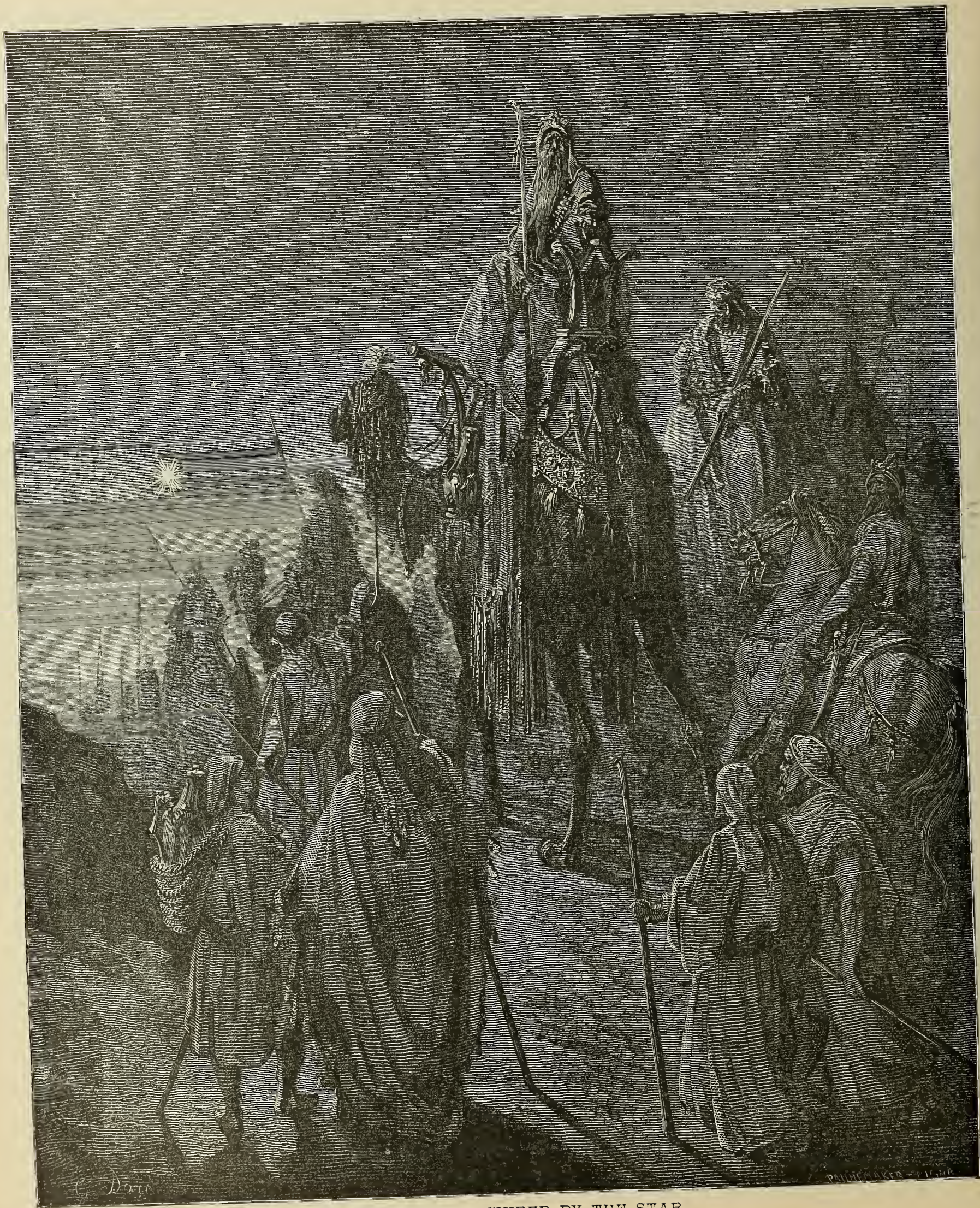


THE ANNUNCIATION.

to the prophets. They said: "In Beth'le-hem of Ju-de'a." And they told him what was



MODERN BETHLEHEM.



THE WISE MEN GUIDED BY THE STAR.



GATEWAY OF BETHLEHEM.

written in the holy books. Her'od then told the wise men, and sent them on their way, asking that they should come back to Je-ru'sa-lem and tell him what they had seen and heard. But when they had seen the Holy Child, they went home by another road. Her'od waited awhile, and then ordered all the children in Beth'lehem,



GOING DOWN TO EGYPT.

two years of age and under, to be killed. This was done; and Her'od thought that he had killed the one he feared. But in the meantime, Jo'seph and Ma'ry, who had presented Je'sus in the Temple, according to the law of Mo'ses, had fled to E'gypt, and remained there until Her'od's death. They then returned, and would have



MODERN NAZARETH.

gone back to Beth'le-hem, but God told them in a dream to go on to Naz'a-reth. And here Je'sus lived until he was thirty years old.

Naz'a-reth is built on a hill, from the top of which is one of the finest views in Pal'es-tine.



JESUS AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

Off in the west may be seen that range of mountains called "Car'mel," the beautiful. Ma'ry and Jo'seph would tell Je'sus that on one of its cliffs E-li'jah had built an altar and received the answer of fire from heaven. Beyond, the waters of the Med'i-ter-ra'nean Sea flashed in the sun;

and still further away, but out of sight, Greece, Rome, Car'thage, and the isles of the sea, that great ocean now called the At-lan'tic, and the great A-mer'i-can continent, then unknown to the Jews. In the north and north-east, mountain chains were to be seen, with the snow-covered top of Her'mon, nearly ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, showing clear against the sky. (Did Je'sus know then that he would be transfigured on its slopes?) To the east stretched the famous plain of Jez're-el, on which so much of history had been acted out. Mount Ta'bor could be seen, and Gil-bo'a, where Saul died. Southward, the mountains of E'bal and Ger'i-zim could be seen. Through this little town the long lines of merchants passed to and fro between Da-mas'cus and Je-ru'sa-lem. Je'sus saw them; heard them talk.

He went to the synagogue and heard the Scriptures read. Perhaps he went to the village school. We know that he went, when twelve years old, to the city of Je-ru'salem, and that he became so much interested in a talk with the doctors, or teachers, in the temple, that when Jo'seph and Ma'ry came to him and told him that they had been looking for him for three

days, he replied: "Do you not know that I must be in my Father's courts?" The teachers wondered at his questions and at his answers; and his mother wondered at his seeming disobedience, his willingness to stay in Je-ru'sa-lem among old men who did nothing but study the Law of Mo'ses. But Je'sus went back to little Naz'a-reth, and in time learned the carpenter's trade. The Gospels say that he was "subject" to Jo'seph and Ma'ry, and that as he "increased" in age he also increased in "wisdom" and "in favor with God and man."

It is often said that "boys will be boys." By this is meant that they will be bad; but that their wild, unruly ways ought to be forgiven, or overlooked; and that in time they will make good men.

Je'sus was once a boy, and, no doubt, played with other boys in and around Naz'a-reth; but he was not cruel to animals, and he did not rob bird-nests. He kept himself pure in word and in act. He was full of boyish life, and had a good time; but he honored his mother and Jo'seph, his foster-father, and, above all, he honored God. When he became a man, he had nothing to mourn over—nothing of which to be ashamed.



GOING UP TO JERUSALEM TO THE PASSOVER.

This is surely a pleasant picture of boy-days. Perhaps boys who read the Gospels will say that Je'sus, because he was also called the Son of God, was different from other boys. And this is true.

But that is no reason why other boys should disobey their parents, stay out late at nights, listen to bad stories, learn bad habits, read impure books, use profane language, play truant, tease the girls, rob orchards, and stay away from Sunday-school and Church. Boys may not be born holy, but they may be good by the grace of God, and they may enjoy life to the utmost. They may be "born again," and their boy-days may be so pure, so full of sunshine, that, as they

Jo'seph, too, must have been a good and noble man. He worked at his trade, and did his work as in the sight of God. He was full of faith and hope, and his little home was beautiful in its happy peace. He regarded his foster-son with reverent love, and though we have no reason to believe that Je'sus worked miracles in his shop, lengthening short boards by a touch of his hand, and correcting mistakes that carpenters sometimes make, we can not doubt that between



THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

grow to manhood, they will look back upon them with constant delight.

Much will depend upon parents, if their children, and especially their boys, increase in "wisdom" as they increase in age. Ma'ry was not only the mother of Je'sus, she was also his teacher. She told him the story of his people, the chosen people of God, and kept always before his mind the words that the prophets had spoken. She was a good woman—one of the best who has ever lived. And if we can not say that she was born without sin, we can at least say that she was holy in heart and in life.

Jo'seph and Je'sus there were all the fine relations that ought to be between a father who knows how to honor his son, and a son who knows how to honor his father. Jo'seph knew that Je'sus was the Son of God. Je'sus knew that God was his father. And because he knew all this, it was easy and natural for him to be always respectful and obedient to Jo'seph and Ma'ry, affectionate and gentle toward his brothers and sisters, kind and good among his playmates in Naz'a-reth's streets. He was in the highest and best sense "religious," and because of this he had a good time in his boyhood.

The Incense-Burner's Son.



IS lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord." A very good "lot" and place in life, and a very good man who had it. Saint Luke says that he was "righteous before God, and walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." His name was Zach'a-ri'as, and he was a Jewish priest, living in the "days" of Her'od, king of Ju-de'a. An old, old man, and childless. But while he was burning incense on the golden altar, during one of those Her-o'di-an days, an "angel" suddenly appeared—the angel Ga'bri-el, "the power of God." For four hundred years there had been no angelic vision, and it is not to be wondered at that the old priest became alarmed. Good and pure as he had always been, his first startled thought was, "God is displeased with me. I am not holy enough to offer incense on the golden altar before the Lord God of Is-ra-el. And he has sent his angel to smite me!" Then he thought: "No; this duty came to me by lot. I did not seek it."

All this would pass as swiftly as light through his mind, but before he could utter a word, the angel said: "Fear not; thy prayer is heard." The voice was as soft and soothing as a mother's when she seeks to quiet a frightened child.

But Zach'a-ri'as, trembling still, in spite of Ga'bri-el's words, listened while the angel spoke of that son who was to come into his home—John, "the grace of God." Then, made bold by his eager wish to know whether or not an angel had actually spoken to him by command of the God of his fathers, he asked the question: "Whereby shall I know this?" He had prayed for a son; but now that an angel tells him that his prayer is answered, he is filled with doubt; for he is "an old man, and his wife well-stricken in years." The angel gives him a "sign" of the most convincing kind. That mouth which

opened to a question of unbelief shall be closed until the prediction of John's birth shall be fulfilled. Zach'a-ri'as stayed in Je-ru'sa-lem dumbly and faithfully performing all his duties as priest; then went to his house, either at Jut'ta, ten or eleven miles south of Je-ru'sa-lem, or the little town four miles west from the Holy City, now known as Ain-ka'rim. In this latter village, a house, said to be his, is still pointed out, and a little cave, near a fountain, is reputed to be the quiet retreat in which the boy John used to sit, thinking or praying.

Not only did Ga'bri-el tell Zach'a-ri'as that John would be born, but he also told him what kind of a man he would be; a most wonderful man; "great in the sight of the Lord;" "filled with the Holy Ghost; going before the Lord in the spirit of E-li'as, and turning the hearts of the fathers to the children."

All this would have little or no meaning to parents nowadays, but to Jews like Zach'a-ri'as and his wife, E-liz'a-beth, nothing could be more welcome than that they should be the parents of such a son. And the more we think about it, the more clearly will we be able to see that there can be no better nor greater life, in its spirit, than that which the incense-burner's son lived so long ago.

"*Thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth,*" said Ga'bri-el to the priest, as he stood before the golden altar in the temple. Glad news! For not every child brings "joy and gladness" into homes, and there are too many whose births are the beginnings of troubled days. We do not know anything at all about John's early life—those days at Jut'ta or Ain-ka'rim—only this, he was taught the way and the Word of God from the day that he could understand speech—taught that the only greatness worth achieving is that which God owns. He abstained from wine and the juice

of dates, drinking only the pure, sweet water of the fountains and wells. So he kept his conscience free from offense towards God and man, and his brain clear and cool. He formed no habits, either of thought, word, or act, which it was necessary to change. A hale, hearty, holy boy, of whom we wish that we had the whole detailed story of his boyhood, but of whom it is enough to know that he kept himself pure from the beginning of his life; a strong, noble soul, "sent from God" to bear witness of that Light which would shine in such glory after his own work was done. "The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his showing to Is'ra-el."

This does not mean that he left home and lived alone, but that he kept himself aloof from the crowds. An "unsocial" kind of a boy and young man, of whom, however, people expected great things in the future. At last, when he was thirty years old, his apprenticeship ended, and his life-work began. He suddenly appeared as a preacher on the banks of the Jor'dan River—a plain, outspoken man, who knew God, himself, and his fellow-men. He did not study to please his hearers, but set himself to change their characters. What was it to him if people did not "enjoy" his sermons? Sermons were not preached by him for the enjoyment of his congregations. He aimed at conscience, and always hit it. Men came to him and confessed their sins, and when Je'sus came to him and made no confession of sin, because he was the Son of God, John said: "This is that Light to which I was sent to bear witness. He must increase. I must decrease. Let the will of the Lord be done. I am content!" To the Jews he said: "I am not the Christ. I am not E-li'as. Neither am I that prophet of whom Mo'ses spoke. I am a voice of one crying in the wilderness: 'Make straight the way of the Lord!'" Faithful to his high office as the forerunner of Je'sus, he was also faithful to his duty as a reformer of men's conduct. Her'od An'ti-pas, the king, had broken the Seventh Commandment. He thought that because he was a king he could do as he pleased.

And so he married his brother Phil'ip's wife, which, of course, was unlawful; and John had the courage to tell him so. This was a kind of preaching that Her'od did not admire, and he sent the Bap'tist to prison, and would have killed him at once had not the people looked upon him as a prophet. Her'od would have been willing to incur the guilt of killing a man "sent from God," but he did not wish to excite the ill-will of his subjects. So John was given his life, although deprived of his liberty.

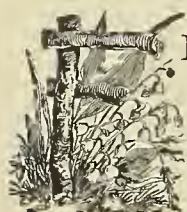
Her'od's false wife, however, was determined that John should be killed, whatever the "people" thought. She did n't care what the people thought when she left her husband, Phil'ip, and married Her'od. Naturally she would n't care what they thought if she succeeded in getting revenge against a man who dared charge her with sin. Her chance came, as chances always come to those who wish to do wrong. Her'od gave a birthday dinner, and drank too much wine. His wife, Her-o'di-as, said to herself: "Now I will see what I can do." So she sent her daughter, Sa-lo'me, to dance before Her'od and the drunken revelers about him. Her'od was so delighted with the performance that he shouted: "Ask what you will, I will give it; even to half my kingdom!" Sa-lo'me went at once to her mother, and asked what she ought to request. "There is only thing to ask—the head of our enemy, John the Bap'tist." Sa-lo'me returned and made her cruel request. Her'od was neither so bad nor so drunk that he was not horrified by the demand, but "for his oath's sake," and the sake of public opinion, he ordered the execution of John.

Among the mountains, east of the Dead Sea, was a fort called Ma-chæ'rus. In one of its cells lay John the Bap'tist. He had done his duty; kept his vows; but, though he had done no wrong, sentence had been pronounced against him, and he must die the death of a criminal or traitor. A swift stroke of an ax or broad blade of sword, and his head fell bleeding from his body. It was taken up, placed on a "charger,"

or large plate, and shown to Her'od and his guilty wife. Closed eyes! Closed lips! He will not preach any more, but the consciences of the king and He-ro'di-as will preach more plainly than ever. They will hear the words, "Thou

shalt do no murder!" blended with the words of that other commandment that they had broken, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and their life will lie forever in the shadow of the wrath of God.

"Honor Bright."



FIFTY miles up the Hudson River is the West Point Military Academy, a glorious place, once seen, never to be forgotten. I stood one summer day in its chapel, where the cadets gather to hear the gospel of Je'sus Christ. I saw that black marble tablet on its walls, from which the name of Ben'e-dict Ar'nold, traitor, has been cut; and I felt that not only were the students taught the arts of war, but the truths of conduct and character—the truth that above all is honor, loyalty to right, personal honesty.

A writer says, speaking of the rules of the school:

"The officer of the day is 'on honor' to note in his report every violation of academic regulations, and profanity is one of them. Were the Californian his bosom friend, and dismissal the penalty of his offense, there could be no middle course. The word of honor of the cadet is the *ne plus ultra* of West Point ethics; there is no going behind or beyond it. It is the first lesson taught the youngster on joining. It is preached in wordless sermons every day and hour of his four years' course. It is the last thing of his education he is apt to forget. Like other boys, he has his fun, his faults, his vices, and his 'scrapes.' He may violate every one of the few hundred regulations that have been evolved from year to year; he may 'cut' Church, 'run it' to the Falls or other unhallowed resort; he may even rob the orchards or vineyards below the Point; but even to save himself or his best friend from punishment, he draws the line at one thing—he won't lie. When a cadet says he has

or has not done this or that, you can indorse the statement. And so, when the cadet lieutenant from Minnesota reports his classmate from California for 'using profane language,' the latter never thinks of questioning the report, or of reproaching the reporter. It is a matter of duty and honor, and that is the end of it."

"On honor!" If the cadets learned nothing else, that would be worth an appointment to the Academy—to live, "honor bright," all the time, in all relations of life. I can't say that it is quite consistent to break school rules, and yet never tell an untruth; to rob orchards, but never tell a lie; and yet, bad as it is to get into "scrapes," it would only make things worse to "lie out of them." The highest point of honor will be reached when the cadets will keep all the rules, and do nothing that would even suggest a falsehood to cover it up. For even the merit of truth-telling, great as that may be, will not offset other violations of the perfect law of God.

WE have no right to make a difference between one law of God and another, to say that we will make a point of honor not to steal, but we won't keep the Sabbath; or we will not kill, but we will "beat the governor." He who offends in one point and breaks one law is guilty, not of breaking every commandment, *but of breaking the law*, for the law of God is one, not many. He who breaks a link in the chain that holds a boat to the stake on the wharf will loose the boat, *though he breaks only one link*. And he who breaks *one law* separates himself from God, *even though he keep all others*.

"Thou Shalt Not Steal."



RESPECTABLE-APPEARING man was before Justice — at the Desplaines Street police court. "Your honor," said the prisoner, "I am a fair mechanic, and have been in this city several weeks, unable to find work. My money is gone, and I can find nothing to do. I have been willing to work, but no one whom I found would give me any. I can not beg, and (here the tears came to his eyes), judge, I won't steal. For God's sake send me somewhere, anywhere, where I will be out of the cold. I can't sleep at the stations, and I don't want to."

"Well, my good man," said the justice, "I can only send you to the bridewell, and in order to do so you must be charged with disorderly conduct."

"I suppose, your honor, it is disorderly conduct to be as poor as I am."

"That is not what I mean," said the justice; "I only want to be fair and just with you."

"Just and fair; that's it, your honor. This world is given to justice and fairness. When I ask for work they tell me that they have none.

If I ask for bread, I am called a tramp. I am glad there is some one here who wants to be fair and just."

"Well," said the justice, "I will place a fine of \$30 against you, which will give you two months in the House of Correction, where at least you will be warm and have enough to eat."

"God bless you, judge!" was the response, and he was taken back down-stairs.

One of the editors of a great religious paper says that this is a rare case. Let us hope so. Rare for many reasons, but, first of all, because here was a man *who would not steal*. Poverty drives many to theft; but this mechanic, though out of work, hungry, and with no hope of finding a place where he might earn bread, refused to dishonor himself by breaking one of God's commands. All honor to him! Imitate him! Starve, if need be, but do not steal! Die, but do not disobey God! At all hazards, keep the Commandments. Hell may rise against you, but heaven will be yours, in its promise here, in its full blessedness hereafter. Even now, you will hear angels' songs of praise and peace.

The Girl Who Died and Lived Again.



ANY years after Je'sus had ascended to heaven he appeared to John, the apostle, and said: "I am he that liveth and was dead. Behold, I am alive for evermore! I have the keys of the spirit-world and the grave." By this he meant that he had the power of God to give life to the dead. Three of his "wonderful works" show that his words were true. He raised at least three persons from the dead, a girl, a young man, and Laz'a-rus of Bethany, the brother of Mar'tha and Ma'ry.

The girl was the daughter of Ja-i'rus, the chief elder in a synagogue in one of the towns near the western shore of the Lake of Gal'ilee, perhaps Ca-per'na-um. She was an only child. Let us hope that she was not "spoiled" because she had no brothers and sisters to share her parents' love. And let us hope, too, that she had a very happy childhood in a bright and beautiful home. But, happy as her young life may have been, beautiful and bright as may have been the home in which she lived, and much as her parents loved her, she was



RAISING JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

taken sick one day. The doctors were called and gave her medicine. She grew worse, and though her mother did all for her that a mother's love could prompt, and though her father may have asked his brother elders in the synagogue to pray for his little girl, there came a day when the doctors gave her up, and there was no longer any hope that she could get well. She lay dying. The house was very still. Word passed through the neighborhood that the daughter of Ja-i'rus could n't live through the day. Children stopped playing and talked in low tones. Suddenly Ja-i'rus arose from the side of the bed where his little girl lay, and, whispering to his wife, went quietly out and went to where Je'sus was. He threw himself at the feet of the Lord and asked him to come to his house and save his daughter. "O Je'sus," he said, "my little daughter is lying at the point of death! Come! lay thy holy hands on her, and she will live!"

Je'sus had turned water into wine at the wedding dinner in Ca'na. He had cured the son of a nobleman. He had stilled a storm on the lake of Gal'i-lee, and had cast evil spirits out of men at Gad'a-ra. Perhaps he had done many other wonderful things of which we have no account. All these gave Ja-i'rus reason to believe that Je'sus could save his daughter from death. But even while he was speaking to Je'sus, messengers came, saying that she had just died, and that it was useless to trouble the Master any further. Je'sus overheard these words, and at once said to Ja-i'rus: "Do not fear. Only believe. She shall be made whole!"

In the meantime, the hired mourners, with their musical instruments, had come to Ja-i'rus's house, and the street, that had been so still, was now filled with the sounds of weeping and wailing and mournful music. Friends of the family had gathered in, and preparations for the burial had been begun. Word now came that Ja-i'rus was coming; that Je'sus was with him. Everybody was curious to see the rabbi of Naz'a-reth, as Je'sus was called, and there was great excitement. When Je'sus reached the house of Ja-i'rus, he said: "Why make ye this ado? Do not

weep. The little girl is not dead; she is asleep!" The hired mourners and neighbors "laughed him to scorn." They knew better—the girl was dead. Then, going to the room where the body lay, so still! so white! Je'sus put every one out but his disciples, Pe'ter, James, and John, and the father and mother of the girl. Outside was the crowd, restless, excited, eager to see and hear what was being said and done in that room of death. Inside all was quiet as Je'sus stepped softly to the side of the little body, took one of the cold hands in his own, and said: "Little girl, I say unto thee, arise!" At once her eyes



RUINS OF TELL HUM, CAPERNAUM.

opened, as the heart began to beat again! The flush of health came back to the cheeks, as the warm blood flowed to and fro through the veins!

This was the first miracle of this kind that Je'sus did. The "fame" of it "went abroad into all that land." But, though the Gospels tell us more about Je'sus, they say nothing more about the little girl who died and was brought to life again. What she said and did after that day in which Je'sus said, "Arise!" we do not know. We only know that as she went out of her house again, to play or to go to the synagogue, everybody who knew her said: "'That is the girl who died and was brought to life again by Je'sus.'"

The Prayer of Bartimeus.



FROM city's street
To broad highway,
There passed a crowd
With voices loud,
And in the midst
The Savior walked
With weary feet,
One spring-time day.

A beggar bowed,
With eyes a-cloud,
And asked for bread
Or coin of gold.
Some gave, or passed.
He waited still.

There came at last,
By God's good will,
His hour of grace
And gift of sight.

"What means the crowd?"
He asked of one,
"The Christ comes near;
The Naz'a-rene!"

At once he said,
By faith made bold:
"O, hear me, hear,
Thou Naz'a-rene!"

The Savior stood;
Then bade him come.

"I will! Thou bidst!"
While, wondering, talked
The standers-by
In undertone.

"Ti'me-us, blind,
What wilt thou now?"

Upon his face
There shone new light.
His Lord was nigh!
One prayer alone
Was in his soul
And on his lips:
"O Christ, so kind!
I ask that thou,
The Lord of grace,
Wilt give me sight!"

His prayer was heard.

With outstretched hand
And wonder-word,
The Lord gave day
To sightless ball.

Jesus, the Giver of Health.



WID you say that Je'sus of Naz'a-reth
had cured the mother of Si'mon's
wife?" "Yes."

"Perhaps, then, there is hope for
me! But I have lain here *so* long!
I have suffered *so* much! The doctors can do
nothing more for me. Will you ask Je'sus to
come and heal me!"

The voice of the speaker is very low and
faint, but there is something of hope in its
tones. "*Perhaps!*" O, so much is in that one
word! It means a new life, free from pain, if

Je'sus will only say the word that will drive
away disease. Will he come, this gracious
Health-giver, this Physician, who heals without
money and without price? Yes; he will come,
and he will heal this suffering boy who had had
so few play-days. His body is so thin and worn
that it is very easy for a strong man to lift him
and carry him to Je'sus. See his long, thin
arms, his sunken cheeks, his heavy eyes, as he
lies like a child in the arms of his friend—per-
haps his father. Je'sus is already surrounded by
the lame, the blind, the sick. There is a man on



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

crutches. In the foreground is a poor, helpless woman, who reaches out her hand to touch the robes of Je'sus. She looks up at his face with

mother brings her boy, born blind, and Je'sus puts his hands on him and gives him sight. And then he rises and speaks to the boy, who



THE SICK LAID IN THE STREETS.

a prayer on her lips and in her eyes. In front of Je'sus is a man who can not walk—strong of body and arm, but unable to use his feet. A

had been given up to die. The fever passes out of the blood. The shriveled skin becomes fresh and smooth, like a child's. The eyes become

bright, and the parched, pale lips become red and full. Well again! Well again! No longer shut in a dark room! No longer kept from school and play! Think what such a miracle would mean to you, my boy, if you had been sick for a long, long time. How you would love him who gave you health! How you would play in the sunshine and enjoy life! How happy you would be all the day long, singing and whistling for very joy! Do you think of this as you read in the Gospels that Je'sus "healed the sick?" Do you ever put yourselves in the place of those who were "ready to die," only saved at last by the word or touch of the Lord Je'sus? Do you ever think what it must have been to them when they felt that the old sick days had gone, and that they were no longer invalids, to be waited on, and treated by doctors? Only those who have known the dreariness of sick-rooms can really know how to suffer with those who suffer, or how to be glad with those who are healed; but even boys and girls who have never known a sick



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

day can rightly understand how great a blessing health is to one who has long been ill and beyond hope of getting well. And when it is remembered that very much of the work of Je'sus was that of healing the sick, we will love him the more because he was so kind and good.

Faithful to the Little Ones.



WHILE the late En'glish General Sir Will'iam Na'pi-er was walking one day in the environs of a town, he saw a little girl, of about five years of age, who was sobbing bitterly, while gazing in dismay at the remains of a broken dish lying at her feet. "I was bringing my father his dinner," she said, "and I shall be beaten when I go home for having been so careless." But on seeing the benevolent expression of the old soldier, a ray of hope revived, and she said to

him with all the *naïveté* of youth: "Can you not mend it for me?" The general could not undertake to do that, but he said he would give her the money to buy another, and took out his purse for that purpose. Unfortunately, it happened that there was no small change in it, and so he promised to come back there the next day, at the same hour, and give her the promised sum; and the child went away quite comforted, and trusting to his word. On going home, the general found an invitation to dinner for the following

day at Bath to meet some friends whom he was very desirous of seeing. But as Bath was at some distance from the town where he was living, how could he avail himself of the invitation without disappointing the little girl? Under

these circumstances he declined the invitation on the score of a previous engagement, thus preferring to lose the pleasure of seeing his friends to deceiving the little girl who had trusted him. "He that is faithful in the least is faithful in all."

The Lord and the Lunatic Boy.



E'SUS had just come down from Mount Her'mon. He had been transfigured before three of his disciples. His face had shone like the sun. His robes had become, for the time, as white as snow, and flashed like silver. Mo'ses and E-li'jah had come out of heaven and talked with him. A bright cloud had hovered around him, and out of it a voice had come, saying: "This is my beloved Son. In him I am well pleased. Hear ye him!"

When the people saw him, they ran to him and saluted him. A man in the crowd, kneeling before him, said: "Lord, have mercy, I beseech thee, and look upon my son. He is my only child. He is a lunatic. Sometimes he falls into the fire, and often into the water. He has a dumb spirit that takes him, tears him, and bruises him. He cries out, foams at the mouth, and gnashes his teeth. I brought him to the disciples, but they can not cure him." What a contrast between that scene on the mountain, so full of glory, and this scene of suffering! But Je'sus did not come into this world only to show his glory. He came to help men in trouble, to heal disease, and cast out evil spirits. And so, instead of turning away from this father, he told him to bring his son to him. He did so, and even on the way the poor boy fell to the ground, foaming at the mouth, and writhing in pain. "O have pity on us! Help us, if thou canst do anything!"

Je'sus replied: "It is not 'If I can do anything,' but 'If *thou* canst believe.'" The father burst into tears and said: "O Lord, I do believe!

Help my unbelief! Forgive me that I had any doubt; but my boy has had these fits from his childhood. No one has been able to cure him, not even thine own disciples!"

When the crowds saw the father and his boy before Je'sus, they came running together to see what Je'sus would do. And there, at the foot of Mount Her'mon, Je'sus did another wonderful work, so full of love that, as we think of it, we can not but believe that he was indeed the Son of God; for he gave this poor, afflicted boy the gifts of speech and hearing, cured him of the fits or spasms that had made him a lunatic, and brought joy to another home. It was a great thing to restore the dead to life, and dry the tears of sorrow when the home-circle was broken; but I am not sure but it was even greater to give the powers of speech and hearing and reason to a lunatic. Of course, life had not ceased, but it was in disorder. The mind was gone. Reason was shattered. The home-circle was not broken, but the home life was made unhappy by the presence of disease in such a terrible form.

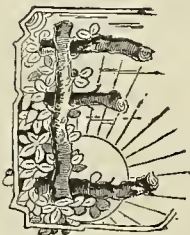
There was once in a great Western city of the United States a boy, much like this lunatic boy at Mount Her'mon. He foamed at the mouth, and was often prostrated by fits. His parents suffered very much on account of him. If, now, Je'sus had said to that poor boy, "I charge thee, thou evil spirit, come out of him!" can we not see what happiness he would have given? More than that, can we not see, too, that he would have proved himself to be worthy of love and worship?



CHRIST HEALING THE LUNATIC.

The Syro-Phenician Girl's Story.

"When she was come to her house she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed."—MARK VII, 30.



VANGELIST MARK, in his Gospel, gives a short account of one of the miracles of Je'sus, performed outside of the Holy Land, not far from the cities of Tyre and Si'don. He says that a Gen'tile woman, a Phe-ni'cian, living in Syr'i-a, and therefore called a "Sy-ro-phe-ni'cian, hearing that Je'sus had come into the neighborhood, went to him at once and asked him to heal her "young daughter," who, alas! had a devil. At first Je'sus gave her no attention, and afterwards said: "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Is'ra-el." The disciples, too, urged the Master to send the "heathen" away. All this seemed most cruel, and, if I may say, unchristlike. But Je'sus wished to teach the disciples that even a Gen'tile could believe in him, and that they were in the wrong, when they even wished to drive a helpless human being away from his presence. The poor woman needed to learn that Je'sus was not a mere Jew, that he had in him the holy spirit of God. After he had given the lessons, he said: "O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt!"

And now, let us fancy that we hear the "young daughter's" story.

"O, it is such a terrible thing to have an unclean spirit—a devil—to have spasms until one's mind is almost gone, and one's health is broken! My poor mother! what trouble she has had on my account! She hardly dared to leave me, lest a spasm should come on, and I should die. Sometimes I think she almost wished me dead, I caused her such distress. All the neighbors looked at me in such pity. I was n't like the other girls. They called me names, and would n't play with me. Some said that either my father or mother had offended the gods, and that they were being punished. But I wonder

why I had to suffer on their account? All the physicians were called in; but, one by one, they gave up my case, and said that they could n't do anything more for me. Then I felt as if I would like to die. Mother talked to me when I had such dark hours, and said that perhaps some one could cure me. One day she came in and said that Je'sus of Naz'a-reth was not far away. He had cured many people who had had devils, and he might heal me, she said, if he would heal Gentiles as well as Jews. 'Perhaps, because we are Syro-phe-ni'cians, he will do nothing for us; but I'll try.' Saying this, mother went out of the house to the place where Je'sus was. I lay in the house, weak and helpless; but it was not long before I had the strangest feelings. It seemed as if new blood were flowing into my body. The fever left me. My brain became clear. At once I felt well. When mother came back, I told her that I was well. 'When did you feel the change?' she asked. I told her the time, and she said: 'That is just the moment when Je'sus said: "Be it unto thee as thou wilt!"' So, without even seeing me or touching me, Je'sus healed me; and not on account of my faith, but *because my mother believed in him*. She said that it was only by holding on that she gained her case. Of course, as Je'sus healed me, he must have had a good reason for saying that he was only sent to the lost sheep of the house of Is'ra-el, as if we Phe-ni'cians were not worth seeking and saving, and that it was not proper to give children's bread to dogs! I think that he was really giving a kind of side lesson to the men who were with him. He wanted to teach them that even the people whom the Jews despised needed help, and were worthy of it. I think that they will think more of the Phe-ni'cians, now that they have seen my mother. How glad I am that the devil has been cast out! I

seem to be in a new world. The girls play with me, and the people who used to say, 'What a pity!' come to our house and ask me how I was healed. And I tell the story over and over again. Then they say: 'What do you think of Je'sus?' I always say: 'I love him.' And I

want to live so that the devil will never come back again, because I am afraid that I would be worse than I ever have been. I doubt whether Je'sus would cure me a second time. He would say: 'The unclean spirit was driven out once, why did you let it back?' So I want to live just right!"

Answers of God to the Questions of Man.



OUR pictures, drawn by the great French artist, Gus-tave' Do'r , represent Je'sus as a teacher sent from God. His words were the words of God. He spoke of those things that he had seen and heard with his Father. We may be sure that he told all the truth about God, and Man, and Life, both in this world and the world to come, that man needs to know. He gave the answers of God to the questions of man.

In that "Sermon on the Mount" he spoke as no *man* ever spoke before or has ever spoken since. He said what no man *could* say, because he knew what no man *could* know, except as he spoke in the name of God. As the crowds gathered around him on that mountain in Gal'i-lee, they listened to the voice of the great God in the words of men. They did not, perhaps, think of that at the time, though they wondered at his words; but they felt, as he spoke, that he had a power over them that no prophet, nor priest, nor scribe could have. Nic-o-de'-mus said to him that he was a teacher sent from God, because no man could do the miracles that he did. But he might also have said: "We know that thou art a teacher sent from God, because no man can preach and teach as thou dost."

Beginning with the beautiful "Beatitudes," and ending with the story of the two houses, one built on sand, the other on rock, Je'sus poured forth a stream of mighty speech, so simple that all can understand what he meant, and yet so deep that the greatest thinkers have not yet sounded them. We can not now hear him; but



JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

we have his words, his thoughts. If it be true, as Sir Wal'ter Scott said, when the shadows of death were falling around him, "there is only one book for a dying man!" may it not be said that there is only one book for a living man, and that book the Holy Scriptures?

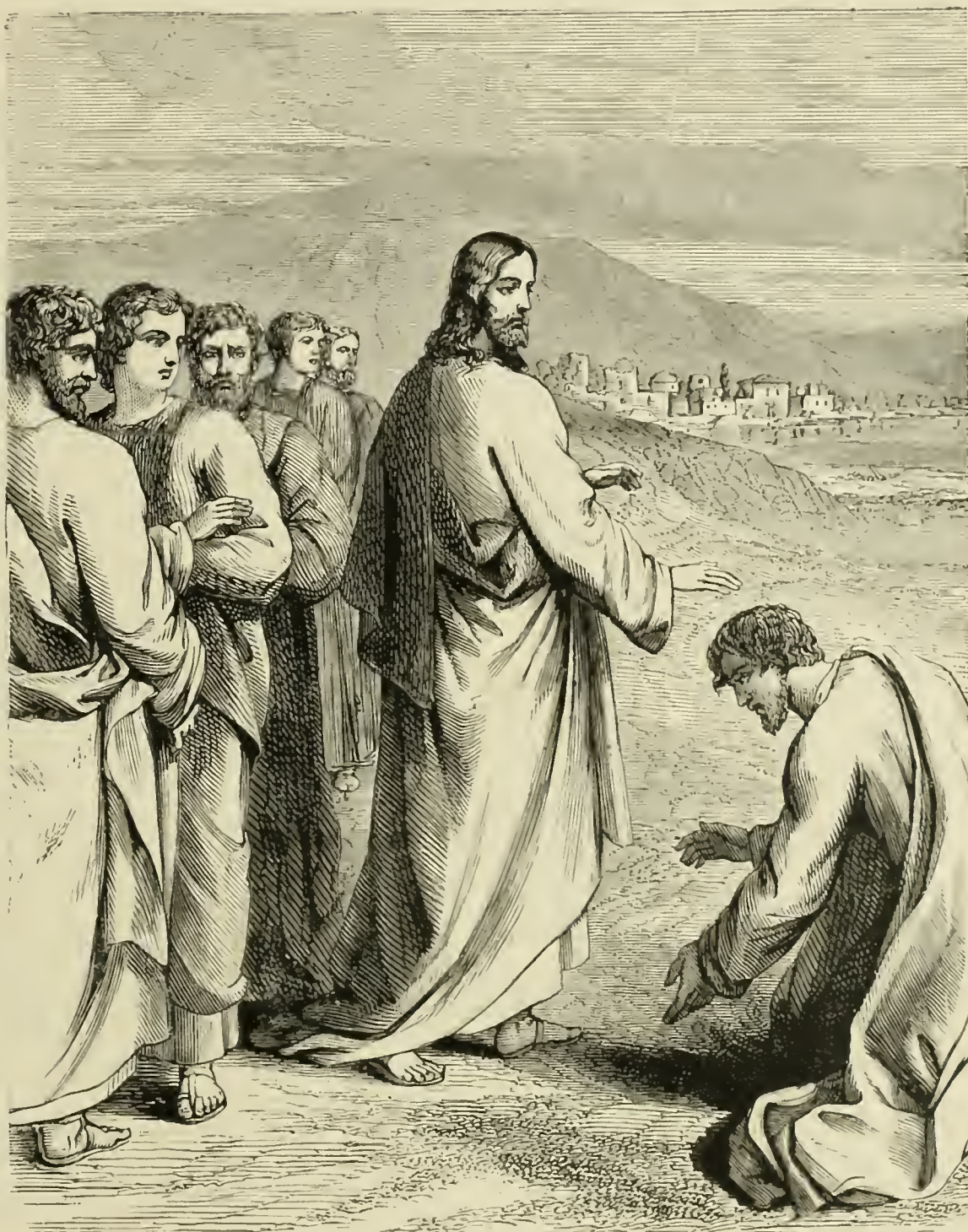


THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

The blessing of the little children is one of the most beautiful scenes in the life of Je'sus. Mothers, seeing his miracles and hearing his sermons, wished him to put his hands on their children, and so keep off evil spirits and all diseases. They felt that if he would only bless them, their lives would be happy ever after. They had such faith in him and such love for him! They were not like some parents of whom we hear, who think their children too young to be Christians, too young to be religious; parents who wish their boys to sow their "wild oats," and their girls to have a "gay time" before they "settle down." They wished that their children might grow up under the influence of him who came into the world to show the way to live well, to teach the truth, to give life instead of death. The little children did not know what Je'sus meant when he took them in his arms, put his hands on them, and spoke those words that the nearest and dearest friends spoke when they met or parted; but, as they grew up, their mothers told them that Je'sus had blessed them; and we can not doubt that, as they became men and women, Je'sus watched over them from heaven, and that as they died, one by one, he met them in the world of spirits.

But, as Je'sus blessed the children, he also taught the grown folks a lesson that they needed to learn. They had been thinking and talking about the "kingdom of heaven"—that kingdom which is to come when the will of God is done on earth as it is done in heaven—and Je'sus

said that no one could enter unless he became as one of the children. Do're has drawn some of the children as if they were eager to go to Je'sus and get his blessing. Perhaps Je'sus meant, when he said that no one can enter the kingdom un-



JESUS' ITINERATING IN GALILEE.

less he becomes as a little child, that there must be a wish in the heart to come to him, to receive his blessing, to obey his commands.

Sitting in a fisherman's boat, on the edge of the Lake of Gal'i-lee, with a crowd on the shore, Je'sus gave his first parable, the famous parable



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

of the sower. He said: A farmer one day went out of the little village, or hamlet, in which he lived, to plant grain. As he sowed broadcast, some seed fell on the paths through the fields, and it was either trodden into the ground by passers-by, or the birds came and ate it or carried it away. There was shallow soil in the field, and when the grain fell upon it, it soon sprouted, because the rain and the sun-warmth soon reached it. The heat, however, soon withered it, because the roots lay close to the surface, and there was no moisture. Part of the grain lodged among thorn-roots, and when it sprouted, and the stalks of wheat grew up, the thorns also grew, and choked it. There was, however, a good harvest. When the crowd had gone away, Je'sus told his disciples what he had meant by his talk about the sower and the seed; for even they did not understand him. The seed, he said, is the Word of God. It is sown in men's lives. Some receive it in faith, and their actions show that they are good and true. Others hear, but their minds are so filled with the desires of other things, that they do not bring forth the good grain of a holy life. Others still receive the word of God very gladly, but they lack strength of character, and when temptation comes, they fall away. And there are still others who are like the paths in the fields; they do not really receive the word of God at all, though, for awhile, they listen to it. It makes no impression upon them, and is soon forgotten.

Je'sus one day saw two men going into the temple to pray. Being a true judge of men, he said that one of them did not pray at all, while the other, who only asked God to be merciful to him because he was such a sinner, was heard in heaven, and that God forgave him.

The Phar'i-see stands there with his eyes raised, and his hands crossed, and is thankful that he is not like other men. He fasts twice a week; he gives tenths of his money for the support of

the priests in the temple; he is worthy of all that God can do for him. But, do you not see that he really offers no prayer? He does not worship God. He has nothing to say about his holiness, his goodness. He makes no confession of his sins. He is not really thankful for what God has given him. He prays for no one else, that God may bless them, and that he himself may do good to them. The publican kneels on the floor, eyes down,



JESUS TEACHES HUMILITY.

and is in great distress of mind. He mutters the words: "God, be merciful! God, be merciful!" True, he does not offer thanks nor pray for others; but he expresses his faith in the mercy of God, and confesses his sins. And Je'sus says that he went home "justified," rather than the other. His life was made better, and God accepted him. He was only a poor, despised "publican," but he had learned how to find peace and favor with God, and that was worth more to him than all other knowledges in all the wide, wide world.



JESUS PREACHING AT THE SEA OF GALILEE.

This knowledge that the publican attained by his prayer in the temple, may now be attained on the same terms; and to show how, let me relate a true story. In one of the far north-western Territories of the U-ni'ted States a Christian minister was once giving a course of lectures to prove that Christianity is true beyond all possibility of a doubt. He had many hearers, and was very much encouraged. In one of his lectures he proposed that any infidel in the audience could, if he would, find out for himself, that very evening, whether or not his statements were true. He said: "It will only be necessary to do what I tell him to do." The offer was fair enough, and almost at once a gentleman, known to be one of the greatest infidels in the community, went forward to the platform. There was a sensation and a great deal of curiosity to see what the lecturer would say or do. "Now," he said, "kneel down and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

"But I do n't believe in your God!"

"No? But you said you would do what I told you."

The infidel then knelt down in the presence of the audience, and, in the silence, said: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "Say it again," said the minister. And the words were repeated very slowly and solemnly. "And again." Once more the infidel repeated the publican's prayer, this time with deeper feeling. The fourth time he had entered so fully into the meaning of the words, he saw himself to be such a great sinner, and God to be such a great Judge and Savior, that a new life began in him. He arose and said: "I am satisfied!" All his infidelity had vanished. He had a proof of the truth of the Christian religion that was better than if he had seen miracles, or been convinced by a long argument. He was a new man in Christ Je'sus. He had a new knowledge and a new nature. Je'sus had spoken to him, and he heard him in his soul. He could not see him, but he was near—even *in* him.

As the poet Whit'ti-er so beautifully says:

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down.

In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Ol'i-vet,
And love its Gal'i-lee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again."

Je'sus no longer preaches on the shores of Gal'i-lee; all is changed and silent there. The towns in which he lived and spoke and worked miracles are in ruins, and his voice has died into silence; but in your own mind and heart you may hear him now, if you will only pray, and you will be as sure of his presence and power as if you saw him with your own eyes and heard him with your own ears. Is n't this a good and gracious thing for God to do? We could n't all go to Gal'i-lee, even if Je'sus were preaching there now, but we can pray to him where we are. We can't go to Gal'i-lee and see how everything about the lake proves the Gospel story true. Even the famous French infidel Re'nan, who went to Pal'es-tine to see the places where Je'sus is said to have lived, was so convinced by the truthfulness of the statements made by Mat'thew, Mark, Luke, and John, that he says: "Pal'es-tine is a fifth Gospel, torn indeed, but still legible." That is very much to say, and we are all thankful that he has said it, because if he had found that the writers of the Gospel had not told the truth about Je'sus he would have been very glad to say so. What a blessed thing that our globe has been made sacred by the presence of the Son of God; that we can go to the holy places, made holy by the acts and words of Him who came into the world that he might bring men back to God; that we can look on Gal'i-lee, the little lake among the mountains, on the shores and surface of which our Savior walked! How blessed, too, that even yet we have his words expressing his thoughts, the answers of God to the questions of man! In the little New Testament, especially in the four



THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

Gospels, there they are, and, beyond doubt, just as he would speak them if he were living in our time and speaking our tongue. Even those who do not believe in Jesus as we do, admit that we have the substance and the form of his teaching. This accounts for the fact that the gospel produces the same effects on character now and everywhere that it did when Je'sus first preached it in Gal'i-lee.

When Da'vid Liv'ing-stone went to Af'ri-ca, he went, not simply as a traveler and explorer, but as a missionary. He took his Bible with him, and preached to the Af'ri-cans whenever and wherever he had opportunity, and not without success.

Will'iam Tay'lor went to Zu'lu-land, in the southern part of the great "Dark Continent," as Af'ri-ca is called, and, though he did not know a word of the Zu'lu language, and preached by the aid of an interpreter, his sermons so deeply affected his hearers that the most wonderful results followed. Scores and hundreds believed in Je'sus. The gospel, too, has been preached with the same results in In'di-a, Chi'na, Ja'pan, the islands of the South-Sea, Green'land, among the In'di-ans of South A-mer'i-ca, Mex'i-co, and the western part of the U-ni'ted States. Everywhere the seed of the Word of God has borne fruit, and the story of Je'sus has touched human hearts and made men better. More and more it is felt to be true that the gospel of Christ, believed and acted upon, is the only means of making men what they ought to be. And so our missionaries, of whatever Church, are the forerunners of those glorious days when all shall know the Lord. They are laying the foundations of that beautiful house in which all will live and be happy when the Lord shall come again and reign a thousand years. For the Lord is coming again! He himself said so; and the angels predicted that, as he ascended into heaven, even so should he return. Then he shall appear, not as a man, but as the Son of God, in the full glory of his Father, with the holy angels. Every time that Christians eat of the bread in the sacrament and drink of the wine that represents

his blood, they not only show forth his death, but they look on to the time when he shall come and receive them to himself. Then they shall see him as he is. In the meantime they listen to him as he speaks in the Gospel, and his answers to man's questions are taken as the guides to life and conduct.

We are not left to wander in wildernesses, and walk in the dark. There is no difficulty of conduct that the words of Jesus can not remove, no problems of duty that he can not solve. If we want to know *what* to do, Jesus tells us; and, like the old Scotchman, if we want to do right, we have only to think of what Je'sus would do under the circumstances, or what would please him. If you will read the Sermon on the Mount and the parables and Je'sus' talks with Nic-o-de-mus and the Sa-mar'i-tan woman, you will find God's answers to all the questions that you may ask about what is right and wrong. It is for you to decide whether or not you will accept those answers. If you do, you will find your way through life clear and straight. If you don't, you will walk in dark and crooked ways, and come at last into that place of outer darkness where the voice of God is never heard. Will you not, then, read and study these answers of God to the questions of man with the reverent attention that they deserve? If there were no Bible, no Word of God, and you were told that God would give answers to your questions if you would travel far away, would you not make the journey at any cost and at any risk? Think of it! To hear God speak, to know that he was talking to you as he did to Mo'ses in Mid'i-an. And yet in your Bible you have the word of God. You do not have to make a journey nor pay a great price to know what God says. You have only to pray, obey, study, and you shall know the truth about your duty in this world and your destiny in the world to come. As you look at the pictures of Je'sus teaching on the shore of Gal'i-lee, and the Phar'i-see and publican, remember that, though you can not hear Je'sus as people did eighteen hundred years ago, you may yet know his whole will.



A Bunch of Grapes.



A BUNCH of grapes from Ca'naan's hills
The spies brought back to Is'ra-el.
"The vines bear fruit like this," they said;
Come, enter in and eat of it.

Why wait and wander wearily,
'Midst desert wastes and barren mounts,
When God now points to our own land,
His promised gift to A'bra-ham;
Where herds browse free on grassy slopes,
And bees sip sweets from Shar'on's flowers;
Where wheat and barley fill the plains,
And furnish bread for willing hands?"

They lifted high the luscious grapes,
To stir the will of Is'ra-el's hosts.
But many said: "The giants there

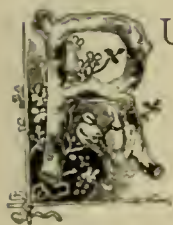
Will conquer us; we're weak, and can not enter in."
Whilst others said: "The God of battles fights for us;
We need not fear all Ca'naan's strength."

The timid words of fear prevailed,
And year by year the vine-clad hills
Gave cheering wine to Is'ra-el's foes.

So miss we now, by craven doubt,
The glory of that Promised Land,
Of which we have fore-glimpse and taste.
The bunch of grapes is brought to us
By those who tread the ways of faith;
We shrink away, and lose the feast,
Or come, at last, through weary years,
And struggle hard.

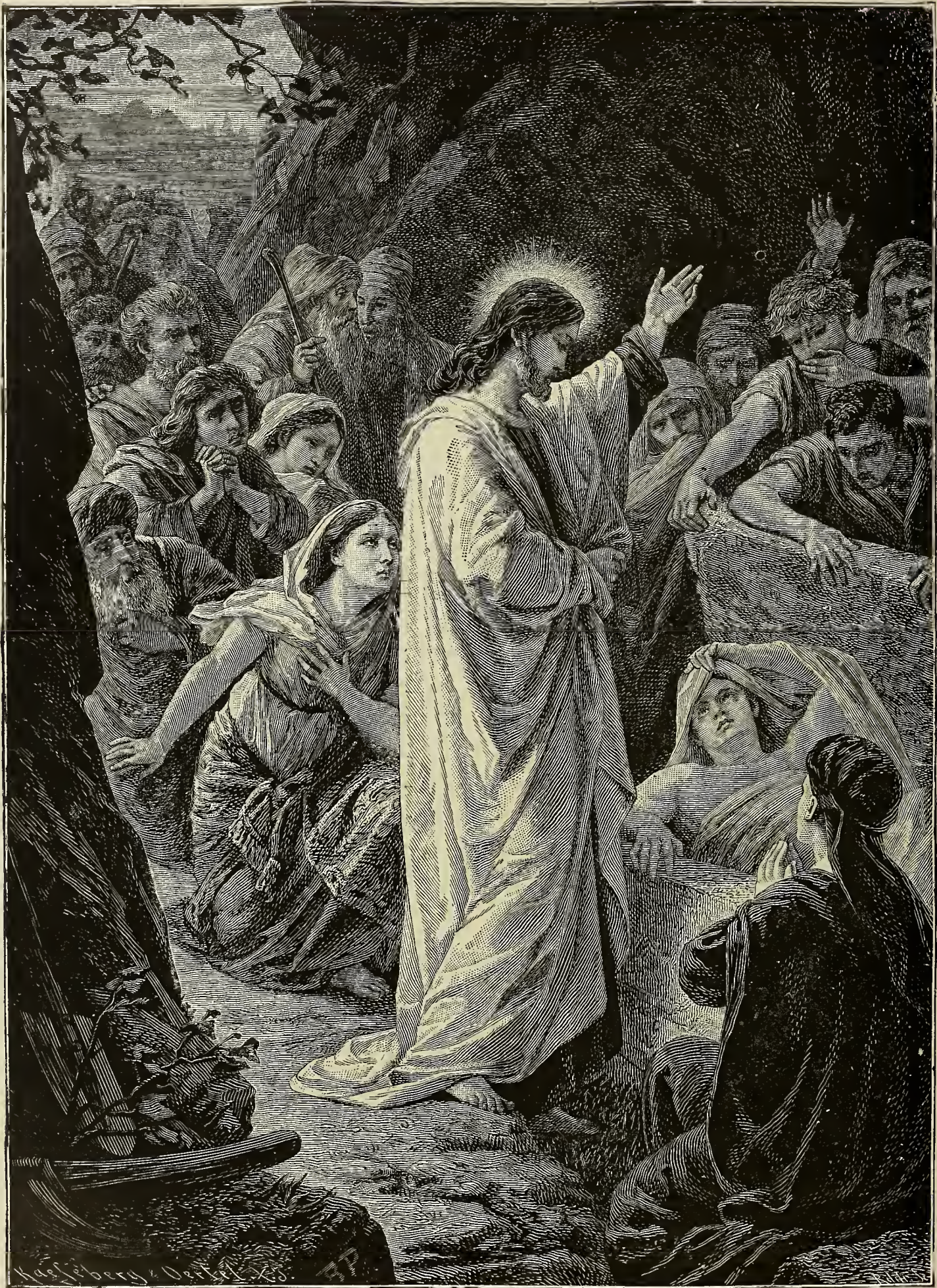
Lazarus Raised from the Dead.

[SUPPOSED TO BE A PART OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY A JERUSALEM BOY TO HIS COUSIN AT ALEXANDRIA.]



BETH and I went out to Beth'a-ny to-day to see Laz'a-rus, whom Je'sus restored to life four days after he had died. Beth'a-ny, you know, is a village on the Mount of Olives. It is such a beautiful place, and the view of our city, seen from different points on the road, is very fine. Je'sus often visited the home of Laz'a-rus and his sisters, Mar'tha and Ma'ry, and was regarded by them with very great affection. Laz'a-rus fell ill, and word was sent to Je'sus. He was then in Pe-re'a, east of the Jor'dan; but he died before Je'sus could come, and was buried in the sepulcher cut out of the solid rock. Ma'ry felt that Je'sus could have prevented her brother's death if he had only come in time, and even believed that he could bring him back to life. Je'sus had already restored two persons—Ja-i'rus's little daughter and a young man at Nain; but they had been dead only a short time. The body of Laz'a-rus had already begun to

decay; for he had been dead four days. Je'sus, however, commanded the door of the sepulcher to be opened, and then, after a short prayer, called: 'Laz'a-rus, come forth!' Immediately, the dead man came to life, and came out of the little grave-cave. Ever since, people have been going out from Je-ru'sa-lem to see him and hear him speak. He looks just as he did before he died, except that he seems so mysterious, so awful, like a spirit. Think! He has been in that spirit-world, which we call She'ol. He has gone out of his body, and returned to it. Where was he during those four days? Nobody denies that he really died, and, of course, nobody doubts that he is living. This miracle has done more than anything else to convince the people that Je'sus of Naz'a-reth is the true Mes-si'ah; but the priests are only the more jealous, and have planned to kill Laz'a-rus, because, on his account, so many are turning away from them and following Je'sus. This is so unreasonable. Why don't



they, too, believe in him? I am sure that I believe in him. But I wonder if Laz'a-rus will die again? If he dies, will Je'sus restore him? Will Je'sus himself die? And if he dies, who will restore him, or will he never come to life? I think that he will never die; that he will live

on and on forever, renewing his youth, for the Christ can never die."

"The 'tomb of Laz'a-rus,' at Beth'a-ny like many other sites in this country of ruins, is far below the street surface, and is reached by twenty-six stone steps. A simple vault excavated in the natural rock is shown as the place whence Laz'a-rus came forth."

Walking on Water.



AMONG the old E-gyp'tian word-pictures is one of two feet on water—"two feet treading the sea." Can you guess what it means? This: A certain thing is as impossible as it is for a man to walk on water. Well, men do not walk on the sea, nor on rivers, nor on lakes and ponds, though they can swim in them and sail boats on

did not, as the Gospels say, walk on the Lake of Gal'i-lee. We would not, perhaps, say that it is natural to think that he would walk on the water, but when we read that his face shone as the sun, and that he ascended into heaven, we are not surprised that he should walk on the

lake as on the land. But the disciples who saw him one morning walking amidst the waves, were surprised, and even frightened. They thought



JESUS AND PETER ON THE WATER.



SEA OF GALILEE.

them, but that does not prove that He who was born of the Holy Spirit, who was transfigured, who rose from the dead and ascended into heaven,



CHRIST SAVING PETER.



JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.



IT IS I!

at first that they saw a ghost, and, though Je'sus said, "Do not be afraid! It is I!" they were still doubtful, and Pe'ter said: "If it be thou, bid me come to thee on the water." And Je'sus said: "Come!" Pe'ter clambered down over the boat-side, took a few steps, and began to sink. But he had walked on water, upheld by the

power of Him who was at home on the high places of the sea as in the quiet streets of Naz'a-reth.

Perhaps you think that this was only once in the life of Je'sus that he did this wonderful thing, but there is reason to believe that he had often gone to and fro over the Lake of Gal'i-lee, as if on an open highway.

A Boy's Story of a Miracle.

"There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes."—JOHN VI, 5.



ES, I have seen one of the 'signs' of Je'sus of Naz'a-reth. I had heard the people talk about his 'wonderful works,' the healing of the man who had a 'devil,' the calming of the storm on the lake, the sending of the devils from the man at Gad'a-ra into the drove of hogs, and the raising of Ja-i'rus's daughter over at Ca-per'na-um; but I had n't even seen Je'sus, much less a miracle. And now I have both seen him and—what shall I call it?—a 'sign,' a 'wonderful work!' It was such a strange thing. I do n't know how it was done, and none of the priests or scribes or rabbis can tell. Nic-o-de'mus, who lives in Je-ru'sa-lem, says that Je'sus has come from God, because no man can do such miracles '*unless God is with him.*' I can only tell what I saw, just as I saw it. The Passover time had come, and hundreds of our people were on the way from Gal'i-lee to Je-ru'sa-lem to attend the feast. They had come from Ca-per'na-um and that neighborhood, crossed the ford of the Upper Jor'dan, about two miles from the lake, and were on their way southward along the eastern side. Je'sus had come in a little fishing-boat across the water, and had gone to the top of one of the hills. He staid there awhile, and the crowds began to gather on the slopes and the wide, grassy space stretching away at their feet. They wanted to see him and hear him talk, and, though he very much needed rest, he came down with his disciples, and when he saw so many men, women, and children (there must have been five thousand altogether), he said to Phil'ip: 'Where shall we buy bread that these may eat?' Phil'ip answered: 'Two hundred pennyworth of bread is n't enough!' Perhaps that was all the money that Je'sus had—two hundred pennyworth! Just then An'drew, one of the twelve who are always with Je'sus, looked into my basket, and spoke so

that all around could hear: 'There is a boy here with five barley loaves and a few fishes, but what are they among so many?'

"Je'sus did n't make any reply to An'drew's question, but only said: 'Make the men sit down!' Word was passed along, and scores of little groups were formed on the grass. Such a pretty picture in the evening light! There, to the west was the River Jor'dan and the Lake of Gal'i-lee, and you could see distant towns and the beautiful hills; and, to the north, the top of Mount Her'mon. Then Je'sus took the five loaves of bread out of my basket, and gave thanks. Such a gentle voice, and such beautiful words! He seemed to be talking to some one near him whom no one but himself could see. He called him 'Father,' and he thanked him for the barley and the bread that was made of it, and then he broke the cakes, and gave the pieces to the disciples, and told them to give them to the people for their supper. And he did the same with the fishes, first thanking God for them, and then giving the pieces to the disciples. And as he gave, there was still more in his hand. I looked and looked, trying to see where it all came from; but, though I did n't turn my eyes away from his hands, the disciples no sooner took a basketful away than another was ready—I can't tell how. And so it went on; enough, and more than enough! Was there ever such a supper? After all had eaten, the disciples took big baskets and gathered up the fragments, and, will you believe it, instead of the five loaves and the few fishes that I had at the first, they brought in twelve baskets full of pieces! You can guess that I got my share for giving up all that I had without any promise of return.

"And since then I have been wondering if Je'sus does n't work his miracles to teach people something about God and his good ways.

I do n't think that I will ever keep back anything from him after this. He is able to use it for the good of all, and make more out of it

"After the people had eaten, there was a great excitement. Many said: 'He is the prophet that should come into the world, the prophet like



THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

than if I were to keep it myself. And then, too, did n't he mean to show that we ought never even to eat bread without thanking God? Would n't we get more if we were more grateful?

Mo'ses!' The words were heard through all the crowd. Then some one said: 'Let us make Je'sus of Naz'a-reth king at Je-ru'sa-lem! Let us put him on the throne of Da'vid, and drive the



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

hated Ro'mans from our shores!' There was a hurrying to and fro. Men came to Je'sus, and tried by force to make him king. But he seemed not to be pleased, and went away. When the second evening came, the disciples went down the beach, entered the boat, and sailed away towards Ca-per'na-um; *but Je'sus was n't with them.*

"I may live to be an old, old man—and I wish that I may—but I hope never to forget this great 'miracle.' It was such a blessed thing to stand so near the Teacher while the bread and fishes multiplied in his hands; and it was such an

honor to furnish the food that he blessed and gave to the hungry crowds.

"I wonder if anything will be said about me when the story of his life is told; if my name will be known after I am dead! Of course, I did n't do anything; but I can't think that I just *happened* to be at Beth-sa'i-da with my basket when Je'sus came there. Did n't God have something to do with bringing me there, when I was needed, to make a kind of starting-point for the Teacher's miracle? I like to think so. It makes me happy to believe that God leads even me, a poor boy."

Neighbors in Need and Friends in Deed.



JE'SUS was once asked the question, "Who is my neighbor?" In answer to it, he told a story of a man who was waylaid on the road between Je-ru'sa-lem and Jer'i-cho by a band of robbers, and left at the road-side half dead. A priest came along. He saw the wounded man, but, giving him only a quick side-glance, hurried on his way. Another priest came, and, stopping awhile, looked at the poor fellow in his distress, and passed on. He had too much to do to take care of a man in such a sad and helpless plight.

But all that day, and for many a day afterwards, these two priests saw a man, covered with dust and blood, lying at a road-side, and heard him pleading for help. They had lost a chance to do good. It never came back again.

After they had gone, a man from Sa-ma'ri-a, on a journey, appeared. He saw the wounded man at the road-side, and at once got off his horse, and bound up his wounds, and, lifting him up, put him in the saddle, and, walking at his side, took him to an inn. He staid with him until the next day, and then, after paying for his unknown friend in need, went away.

It is plain that Je'sus meant to teach more

than one thing when he told this story. He showed that even priests may not have the spirit of love for their fellow-men; that even one who was despised by the Jews obeyed the law, and that the only way of obtaining "eternal life" was by having that love of man, which is only another form of love of God.



INTERIOR OF A KHAN OR INN.

In another parable Je'sus draws a picture of suffering which is much like this: A beggar, a most wretched and forlorn creature, is carried day by day from the miserable hut in which he lives, and put down near the gate of a rich man's house. How he became poor, the story



LAZARUS AT THE RICH MAN'S GATE.

does not tell; neither does it tell how the rich man became rich. The rich man might have been honestly rich; and the poor man might have been dishonestly poor; but we may think that Laz'a-rus was honestly poor. He had not been a drunkard, nor a gambler. Perhaps he had been born in a poor home, and had never known what it was to be rich, or to have enough to make life pleasant. The rich man may also have been honestly rich. His father left him plenty of money, a large farm, a fine house. Crops were good. He lost nothing by those who borrowed of him.

But whatever the fact, Di'ves was rich and Laz'a-rus was poor—and they were brother *Jews*. Even if they had not been, they were brother *men*; and Di'ves should have helped his neighbor, even if he did not go to the synagogue and worship God as he did.

Sometimes the servants gave Laz'a-rus the "leavings" of a big dinner. More often they told him to leave the place. Their rich master saw him as he rode in and out. Sometimes he threw him a piece of money; perhaps sent him cast-off clothing. But he had no real sympathy with him, and left him to suffer and die without showing him that he was a neighbor and a friend.

It has been said that Je'sus does not tell us in words what this picture means; "*we are left to draw the moral lesson for ourselves.*"

This is not hard to do. It is much harder to do what we *think* we ought to do, than to draw the moral lesson from the words of Je'sus.

Do we not feel that the one thing that God asks us to do is to *share* with our neighbors who are in need? And do we not feel that we do *wrong* when we selfishly enjoy good things while others are poor and in need?

"Seed After its Kind."

"Is the seed yet in the barn?"

"The kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how."

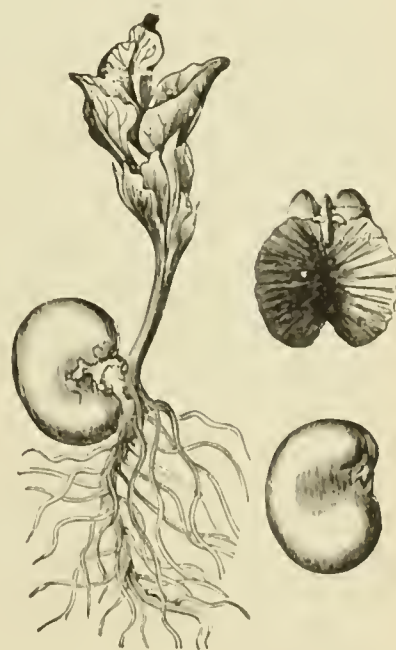


WHICH was first, the seed or the plant, the plant or the seed? If we say that the seed appeared first, then we have to ask, How did it receive its life? If we say that the plant appeared first, we have to ask again, How did it receive its life? The Bible says that God said: "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit, after his kind whose seed is in itself."

The plant, then, appeared first, springing out of the earth, and bearing seed; not according to its own choice, and not by chance, but by the will of Him who has all life in himself. The seed is in the plant; the plant is in the seed. The plant is the mother of the seed; the seed is the mother of the plant. The plant bears a seed

according to its kind; the seed bears a plant according to its own kind. Thorn-bushes do not bear grapes, and thistles do not bear figs. Acorns do not bear pine-trees, and pine-trees do not pro-

duce acorns. Year after year, from the time when the first herb and the first tree appeared, until to-day, this has been the unchanging order. "*Seed after its kind. Seed after its kind.*" The farmer may not know how the seed springs up and grows; but he knows that corn-seed brings corn, and that if he plants potatoes he will dig potatoes. Smut may smite his corn



and moles may enter his potato-hills; but the great law, that seed bears after its own kind, still holds good. Whatever else changes, that does not and can not change. Even when new varieties of plants have been produced by "cross-

that shall he also reap." This is shown in the story of

"SEEDS THAT WILL GROW.

"Twenty-five years ago, when I was a very little girl, father sent me into the corn-field to drop pumpkin-seeds. 'A seed in every other hill, in every other hill,' he called to me, as I crossed the chip-yard. 'Drop the field as far as the seeds will go.' At first my task seemed nothing but play. Row after row I followed up and down the field, skipping one and planting one; and still the box of seeds did not become empty. The forenoon wore away. The sun grew hot. Many a longing look did I cast at the cool farm-house in the distance, and then at the seed-box. But there were seven more rows to be planted. 'Father did n't expect me to drop so many. I heard him tell mother he should plant half the field with pumpkins and half with beans. I don't believe he wants me to drop these last seven rows. I am so warm and tired. I believe I will go home.' I kicked a deep hole in the mellow soil, and poured in all the seeds that were left, and packed dirt over them firm and deep. Then I went home. 'How did the seeds hold out?' father asked. I told him that I had planted the whole field, except the last seven rows. 'And you dropped all the seed?' 'Yes.' Every day for two weeks I went to the corn-field, to be sure that the seeds were not telling on me by sprouting, and then forgot about them, though I could



SEED-TIME.

ing," as it is called, the new variety shows a constant tendency to turn back to first kind.

In the world of human conduct, the law that seed bears after its own kind is as true as in the world of plants. "*Whatsoever a man soweth,*

not forget my falsehood. One day, however, I was out walking with father, to see how the corn was doing, when our footsteps were arrested by a tangle of vines. 'Why, why! how is this? Vines by the score, all dwarfed; but pumpkin-

vines, surely. My heart gave a great thump. This was the very spot where I had hidden the seeds! They had germinated slowly, because buried so far down; but had, at last, struggled into light to condemn me. I dared not speak. Father poked his cane in the ground among the vines, until he unearthed a heap of swollen seeds. 'Daughter Helen, is this your work?' I threw myself at his feet and sobbed out the true story. He did not scold; but, going home, he told me that bad habits and bad motives may be hid from the eyes of the world for a time, like seeds under ground, but sooner or later their rank growth will push their way through any cloak of hypocrisy that had been carefully drawn over them."

—Adapted from "Seed-time and Harvest."

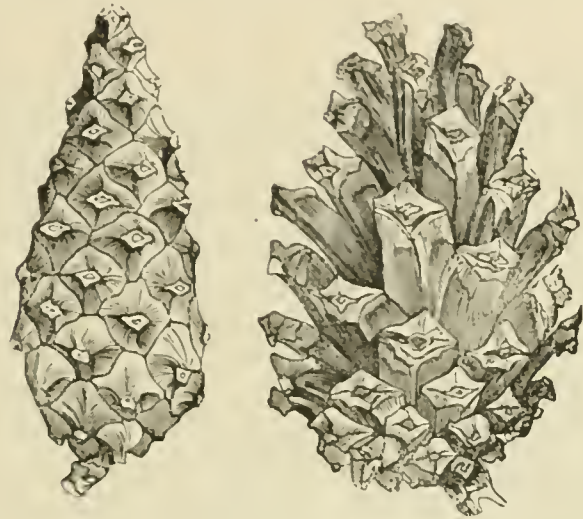
An oak in the acorn, and a pine-tree in the cone, all hidden away so wonderfully—never coming out, until the acorn and the cone are hidden in the soil; then they start up to meet the sunlight, and send down their roots and rootlets; and in the course of many years there are trees where once there were only seeds. We can not call this a miracle, but it is something that man, with all his power, can never do.



ACORNS.

Only the movements of the sun, moon, stars, and the earth itself can bring the life out of the seeds, and clothe the globe with the forests through

which the streams flow, and in which the birds find their homes. But, though man can neither create seeds, nor bring the trees out of them,



PINE CONES.

except as he obeys the laws of nature, he knows *what* to do in order to get trees, even if he does not know *how* it is done. God does not see fit to tell us how things are done, or even why they are done; but he gives us his commandments, and all that we have to do, if we wish to work with him, and not against him, is to do just what he tells us to do, without a single question. The seeds and the trees teach us this lesson. They ask no questions, but grow, each one according to its own laws, without any fret or fuss, and make the most of their lot, so that it is often surprising to see in what unpromising places the pines and the oaks find root and grow—on the mountain sides and among rocks, where one would say that a seed could scarcely lodge.

Perhaps your life, my boy, my girl, may not have much promise in it. You think that you could do so much more, and be so much better if you could only change your place in life. If you were only rich, or lived in a city! If your education were better! If you had rich friends and influential! If —! But that isn't what

the seeds and the trees say when the spring-time comes. The seeds germinate and the trees bud wherever they are, and do the best that they

can. *And that is all that God asks of you ; that you live and grow according to your true nature, and do the very best you can with the powers that God has given you. When you settle that*

flowers and the trees without getting this lesson. I have stood and looked at the tiny flowers in the woods that had no great beauty, and have been touched by their apparent content. They grow up, according to their kind and in their own order. April has come, and it is God's law that they shall rise out of the dark ground, and be just what he designed them to be. So they live their little life, plucked by children's hands, or, perhaps, mature seed, then die, and, when the winter comes, disappear beneath the snow and ice, and wait until the spring-time comes again. Each has its own place. Each lives according to its own laws. Is n't that enough? Sha'n't we learn the lesson that they teach in the name of the God of Nature?

For God is the God of Nature, and Nature is another Bible, or Word, which God is writing before our eyes day by day, season by season. Every year is a "book." Every season is a chapter. Every day is a verse. Every hour is a word. Every moment is a letter. If we have the right kind of eyes, we shall be able to read what God is saying, and we shall find that the world, as well as the Word, is a revealing of his will and unfolding of his thought. Every time, then, that we look at the world, the sky, earth, river, lake, tree, rock, flower, fern, grass, herb, birds, men, and beasts, we are face



SPRING-TIME.

in your mind, and rid yourselves of all envy, and jealousy, and discontent, you will fulfill God's purpose in your creation, and will have peace and joy in the thought that you are doing what God commands. I think I never see the

to face with some form of that life which God creates. And we ought to be just as happy in "considering the works of God" as we are in reading the words of God, as they are written by holy men in the Scriptures.

God's Goodness to Bad Birds.

"Consider the ravens; God feedeth them."

HASTLY," "grim," "ungainly," "thing of evil;" so a poet wrote of the raven, that strange, black bird, whose presence is a sign of "bad luck," as some folk say. Not a beautiful bird, by any means, in its dress of black; and not at all of winning ways or note. His voice is harsh, and he is impudent, cunning, thievish (like his brother, the rook,) and destructive. He dines on death and revels in decay. Yet God feeds him, and has uses for him in this world of ours. Once he sent him to feed a starving prophet, and it is said in the Book of Proverbs (though this is not to be taken as "*really true*") that ravens will be sent to pick out the eyes of those wicked children who disobey their parents.

Flying on errands of mercy one day, and eating out children's eyes the next! Well, what is wrong in that? Would it be right for the ravens to pick out the eyes of a prophet who had done his duty? Would n't it be wrong if, instead of carrying him meat and bread as they were commanded, they should take it to a naughty child, who had been sent to bed without supper?

I should say so. But the raven would be truer to its own nature, if it attacked the hungry prophet instead of feeding him; for it likes to kill, and really enjoys eating a dead body.

Bad as it is, however, it will obey God when he sends it on an errand of kindness to one of his faithful servants; and God will feed it as he feeds the doves, so gentle and pure; and he will watch over it, as he watches over the lilies that never do harm, but grow in their beauty under the light of the sun.

This is like God. He sends the sunlight on the just and unjust, and pours out the rain on the fields of the good and bad alike. This is his way of trying to win men's love. If there are men like the raven, cunning and destructive, God is good to them; and some of them see it at last, and love him because he loves them. Others are like the raven still, and utter no word of thankfulness.

"Consider the ravens," said Je'sus, as he pointed to the black birds flying hither and thither; "they neither sow nor reap; they have neither store-house nor barn; *yet God feedeth them.*"

Andrew, the "Gentleman" Disciple.

NDOUBTEDLY there is no higher title than that of "Christian gentleman." How much is in it! Christian—gentle—man. A man, having in him the life of Christ, and that beautiful courtesy which makes a true social life. Of course, the life of Christ makes its possessor "gentle;" but there are many men whom it would be unjust to pronounce unchristian who yet lack those graces

of manner that are so pleasing to those who meet them. Some one has said that An'drew seems to have been the "gentleman" among the twelve. It was he who introduced Pe'ter to Je'sus; told the Lord about the boy with the fishes; and introduced the Greeks, who wished to see Je'sus, in Je-ru'sa-lem during the last Passover. Such a courteous man, who smoothed the way from one man's life to another, removing the friction, saying and doing those graceful things



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

which everybody says ought to be done, but few know how to do just right. In some of the churches "St. An'drew Brotherhoods" are organized—societies of men pledged to bring other men to Christ. If they rightly understand St. An'-

drew's methods, they will succeed; but they need to practice rare skill in approaching men, and, above all, they need to set fine examples of Christian gentlemanhood, pure, active, thoughtful, polite, refined.

"Home Again."



SHEEP left the fold, and was lost among the mountains. The shepherd went after it, found it, and brought it home again. A woman lost one of the ten coins that she wore on her forehead as the sign of her marriage. She searched through the house, high and low, by night as well as by day, until she found it. A young man asked his father to give him his share of the property, and left home to see the world. He stayed away until he had wasted all that he had.

When the shepherd brought the lost sheep home, his friends rejoiced with him. When the woman found her lost coin, her neighbors were glad. When the lost son came home, his father made a feast—he was so thankful and happy.

The Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, the Lost Son. Let us read the story of the Lost Son.

It was such a dull and lonely place! Only a farm-house! No society! No good times, such as a young man ought to have! One week was like another, except as the seasons changed.

So one of the "boys" thought—no longer a "boy"—and the more he thought about it, the more discontented and restive he became, until he could stand it no longer. His father saw that he was not satisfied, and became anxious to know the reasons why, and, perhaps, at last asked.

"I want to go to the city. Give me my share coming to me at your death, and I will try my fortune elsewhere." The father made the division, much against his will and best judgment, and the young man bade everybody good-bye, and started away. He felt a little lonely

and sad as he went farther and farther from the old, familiar places. But he had started, and he determined to go all the way through. At length he reached the city.

The city! How different from the farm and the little villages where the farmers lived! What scenes of busy life! How crowded the long streets with thousands of hurrying men, women, and children! Plenty of society, and good times enough, if one has money! Our young man from the country has money, and soon has friends—so much better than his brothers and the boys from the farms at home. Having nothing to do but enjoy himself, he gives himself up to have a gay time. He lives a fast life, and it is not very long before his money is gone, and his friends, and his health. His dress is shabby. He can't get enough to eat. The city is busy, but he can't find work in it; besides, he is ashamed to work. The city is bad, and he finds no one willing to help because he is in need. Out of the city streets, far along the country roads, he walks until he is hired on a farm to take care of the pigs. He thinks of the old home-place, and dreams at night of eating at the full table there. He awakes to find that the only dinner for him is the carob-pods—feed for the pigs. He becomes discontented, and wants to go home. It is a long journey; but he begs his way, sleeps out under the open sky at night, walks mile after mile, perhaps gets a ride from some pitying driver, and in time gets home. He is ashamed of himself; but he has learned the lesson that his father wished to teach him, and that he refused to learn; ashamed that

he has lived so bad a life that he can not tell the whole black story of it—still more ashamed that his father received him back so kindly. He did not deserve such a royal welcome. He should have been punished, and made to feel that he was only a poor prodigal. His elder brother

And the Savior lets us see through the story into the heart of God. As there is joy in a home when a wandering son or daughter comes home again, so there is joy in heaven, in the presence of God and among the angels, when a sinner turns away from his sins and seeks God.



THE PRODIGAL.

thought so, and was sour enough when he heard that his father had made a feast in honor of his return. He even gave him a lecture; but the old man said: "This, my son, was lost, but he is found; he was dead, but he is alive. It is proper that we should be glad!"

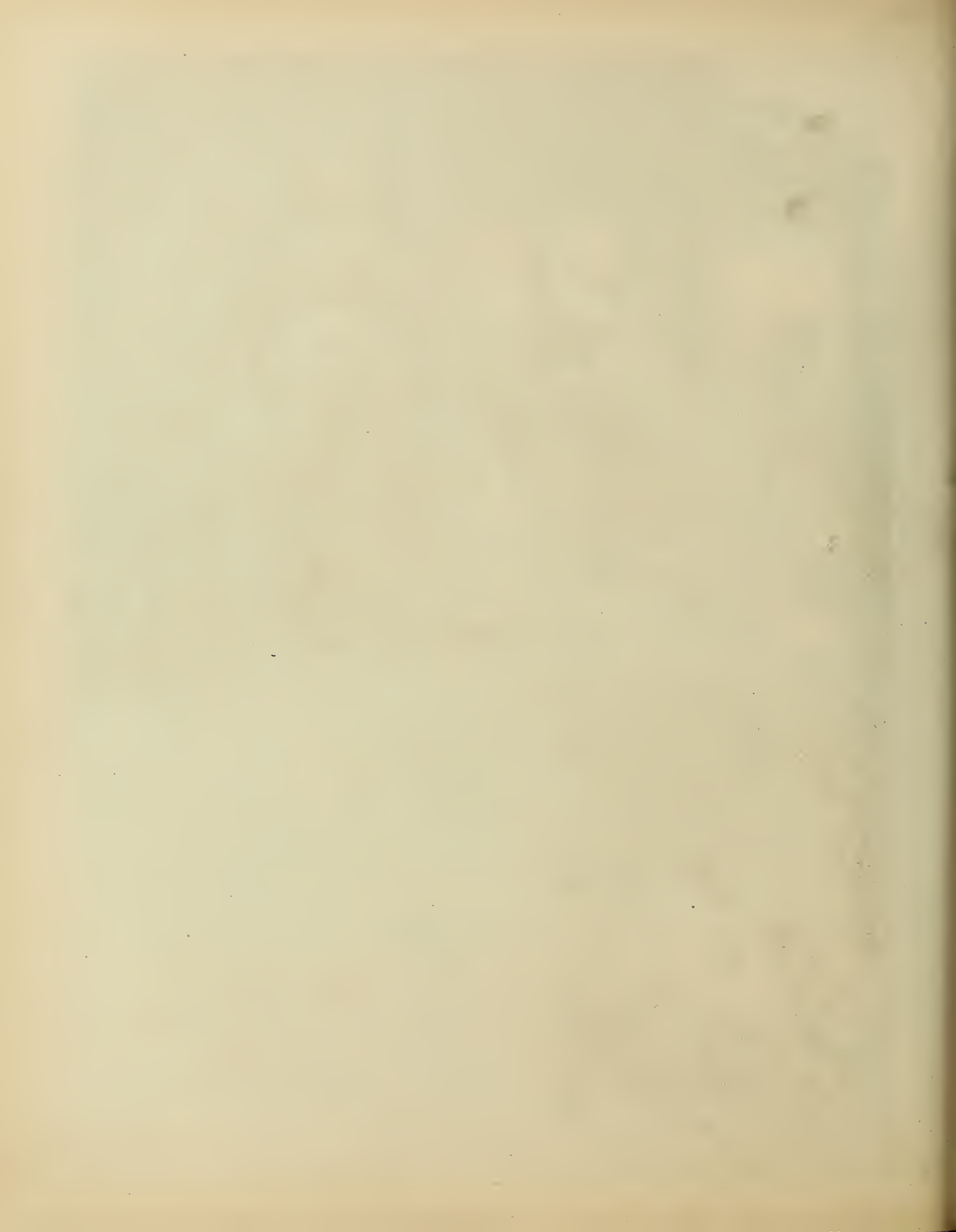
It is the wish of God that all of his children should come home and be with him always, and that they might all be happy. This is his happiness, that his children are happy. He is not at all like that elder brother in the parable, who was jealous and sour because his father



The certain man had two sons:
 And the younger of them said to his father, "Father give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living.





made a feast for the boy who had come home in disgrace. He calls for his children to come back;



RECLINING AT TABLE.

and not only that,—he goes after them, as the shepherd went to the mountains after the lost sheep, and the woman searched the house for the lost coin.



SERVING A DINNER.

He did not stay in a far-off heaven, listening to the worship of the holy angels, but came to the earth in the person of Je'sus, to seek and to *save* that which had been lost.

Life and Times of Jeremiah.



JE-RE-MI'AH was "set over nations and kingdoms to root out, to pull down, to destroy, to build, and to plant." He came into this world of ours to find that, before his birth, he had been appointed by the Lord to be a prophet. Like Mo'ses and E-li'jah, he shrank from the hard work that God gave him to do. "I can not speak," he said, "I am a child." But God said to him: "Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee; and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee."

Then came the touch of God upon his lips, and the boy was set apart, almost against his will, and certainly against his desire, to be a prophet of the Most High God. A very high mission, and peculiar to the Jewish people. Other nations, like the Per'si-ans, E-gyp'tians, Greeks, and Ro'mans, have had astrologers, and fortune-tellers, and oracles, but the Jews alone have had prophets—"holy men who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

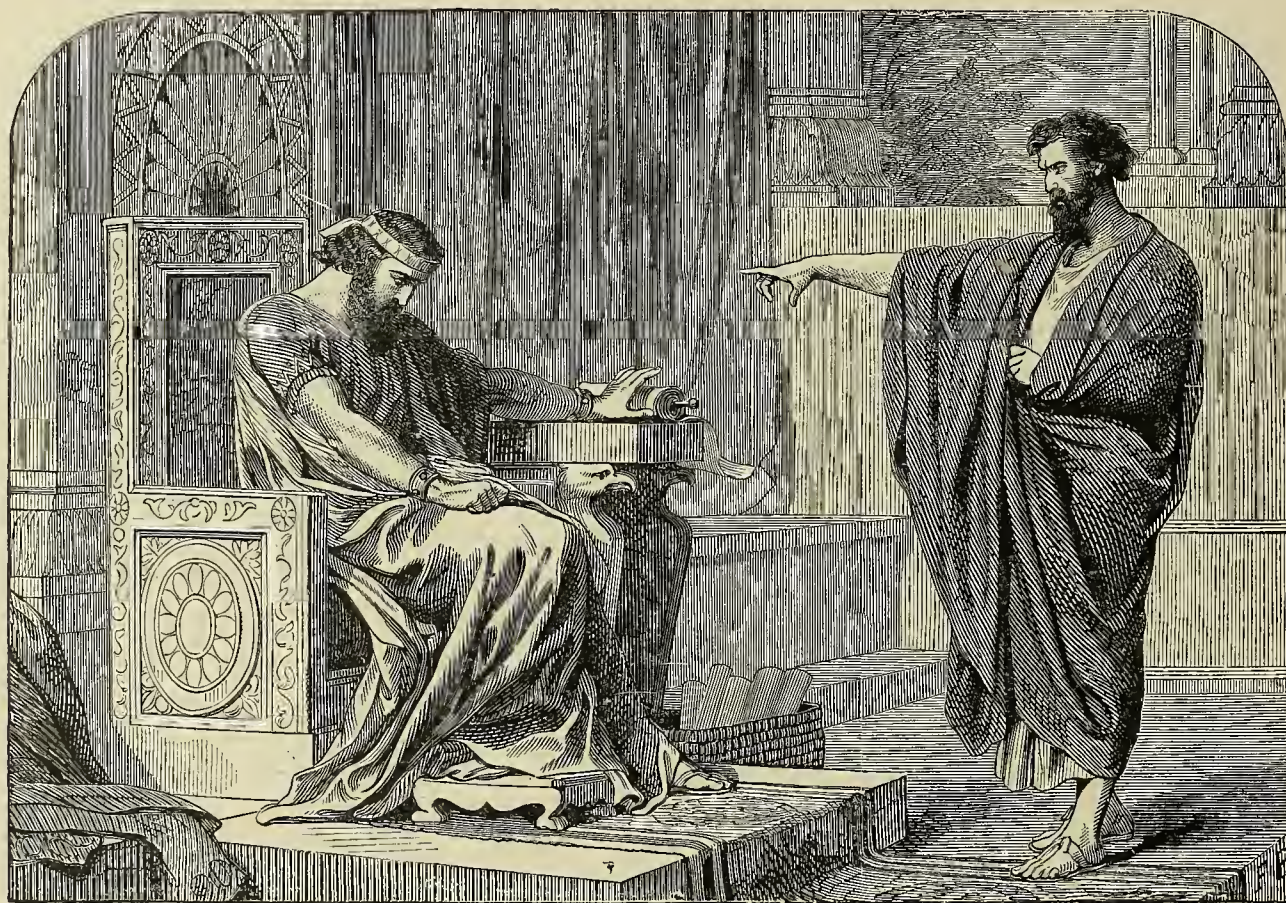
Jer-e-mi'ah accepted his trust, and began his work when Jo-si'ah, the good king, was on the throne, "doing right in the sight of the Lord, declining neither to the right hand nor to the left." The king and the prophet became friends, and worked together in the name of the Lord. The groves on the hill-tops, where the people met to worship idols, were cut down, and the images were broken in pieces and ground to dust; priests' bones were burnt on the idol-altars, where the priests had burned incense to false gods, and the house of God at Je-ru'sa-lem was repaired.

But Jo-si'ah died, and Je-ho'a-haz became king. His reign was short and unsettled. He was taken prisoner by the king of E'gypt, and his brother, Je-hoi'a-kim, was placed on the throne. Je-hoi'a-kim did what E'gypt wished him to do, and was a mere tool and subject of that foreign power. Jer-e-mi'ah spoke boldly against him, and, for his courage, was put into the stocks by the temple, and passers-by laughed and sneered when they saw him. Jer-e-mi'ah was only a man, and, like E-li'jah, sometimes

became very gloomy and despondent. He could rebuke bad rulers without fear; but to be put into the stocks—that broke his spirit, and he said: “Cursed be the day wherein I was born. Let not the day wherein my mother bore me be blessed. O Lord, thou hast deceived me. Thou art stronger, and hast prevailed!” He even vowed that he would never again speak in the name of God. This mood did not last long, however. The word of God was in his heart, and he could not keep still. As soon as he left

to do with the E-gyp’tians. For this he was called a traitor and put in prison. But even in prison he continued to preach. He called in his friend Ba’ruch, who wrote his words and read them in the temple. This was too much for the king, and the roll containing the words of the prophet was cut to pieces and burned. Jer-e-mi’ah repeated his words, however, and Ba’ruch took them down.

After a time the Jews rebelled against Neb-u-chad-nez’zar; but they were not strong enough



JEREMIAH BEFORE THE KING.

the stocks, he began to preach more boldly than ever. “The Lord sent me. Amend your ways. Obey the voice of the Lord your God. As for me, I am in your hand, do with me as it is right and good in your eyes. But know ye for certain that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves!”

During this reign of Je-hoi’a-kim, Neb-u-chad-nez’zar laid siege to Je-ru’sa-lem, and captured it, having already defeated the E-gyp’tians, on whom Je-hoi’a-kim depended for help. Jer-e-mi’ah said that it was wrong to have anything

to gain their independence. Ten thousand captives were taken and transported to Bab’y-lon. Zed-e-ki’ah, the youngest son of Jo-si’ah, was crowned as a kind of viceroy of the Bab-y-lo’ni-an king. Jer-e-mi’ah was still active, warning and rebuking. He had dreams and visions, in which God told him what to say and do, and, like an honest preacher, he gave the people faithfully his message from the Lord. Once he was told to wear a wooden yoke, to show the Jews that they were in bondage. And, though it was not a pleasant thing to go about the



JEREMIAH LET DOWN INTO THE PIT.

streets of Je-ru'sa-lem with a yoke on his shoulders, Jer-e-mi'ah was not ashamed. Han-a-ni'ah, however, one of the false prophets who tried to stir the people to rebel, was so angry when he saw this sign of subjection, that he tore it from Jer-e-mi'ah's neck and broke it to pieces. "And the prophet Jer-e-mi'ah went his way." But another message came to him, and he repeated it to the people: "You have broken yokes of wood, but you shall wear yokes of iron!"

All this came to pass. The Jews had harder times than ever. Their city was taken, Zed-e-ki'ah

was carried a prisoner to Bab'y-lon, and the temple was burned. Ged-a-li'ah, a friend of Jer-e-mi'ah, was appointed ruler in Je-ru'salem, and it seemed as if the prophet, now sixty years old, would have rest. But the restless Jews again rebelled. They appealed to E'gypt for help against Bab'y-lon. Jer-e-mi'ah, faithful to the last, protested; but his words made no impression on the false, hard hearts of his countrymen. He was taken to E'gypt, and the tradition is, that he was stoned to death in that land where once his ancestors were held as slaves.

"So passed his strong, heroic soul away!" But his life bore fruit in the after history of Is'ra-el. Ju'das the Hammerer, who made a bold effort to free Ju-de'a from the presence of its enemies, had a dream in which he saw Jer-e-mi'ah "a man of gray hairs, exceeding glorious, of wonderful and excellent majesty," who gave him a "sword of gold," saying: "Take this holy sword, a gift of God, with which thou shalt wound the adversaries." Remembering this dream and the hero-prophet, Ju'das fought for his people like a lion, in the name of Is'ra-el's God.

So deep, indeed, was the mark that Jer-e-mi'ah made on the life of his people, that when Je'sus asked his disciples, "Who do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" they answered: "Some say that thou art Jer-e-mi'ah." They had not forgotten that grand man of God, whose name means "Je-ho'vah appointed me." They hoped that he would come again. They could not believe that he was dead. Somewhere in the kingdom of God he was doing the will of Him who sent him; somewhere still speaking the Word of the Lord.

"After Many Days."

Jesus said: "Honor thy father and thy mother."



MARKET-DAY in Uttoxeter!*

Country people have come to town with butter, eggs, fowl, and vegetables, and the town folks, with baskets, are bargaining for something to eat. Rain is falling, and the marketers complain that it is a bad day for trade; but it was a good day for truth, and I will tell you why.

A man enters the square, passes slowly by the stalls, and, at last, standing and looking carefully around him, says: "This is the place!" He blinks as he looks, and breathes hard, for he is large and portly. Removing his hat, he stands for some time bareheaded, while the rain falls upon him. Such a sensation! The children gathered in a crowd and stared at him. Older people pronounce him crazy. But he stands in silence, puts on his hat at last, and walks slowly away.

In that market-place to-day you may see a *bas-relief*, representing this scene; and in the life of Sam'u-el John'son you may read these words: "Once, indeed, I was disobedient. I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of my refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago

I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain on the spot where my father's stall used to stand."

He hoped that this act secured God's forgiveness; for he was very, very sorry, and wished that his disobedience might not be charged against him. This was honoring his "father," I think you must admit; for Sam'u-el John'son was a great and famous man, and his beautiful act of penance was an expression of respect to the memory of a man whom God had commanded him to obey. He did not get the same joy out of his penance as he would have had if he had done at once what his father told him to do in his boyhood; but he showed that, "after many days," conscience still speaks, and that the boy's deeds still live in memory in the old man's days. And this act of his is a warning to all boys and girls to obey their parents in the Lord, and keep themselves free from the many evils by which they are surrounded. It is a kind of word by which he speaks to them, saying: "The commandment of God is: 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' If you wish to make a record that you can look back upon without shame, obey it."

* Pronounced Ux'e-ter.

"Out of the Depths."

NORTH-WEST of Je-ru'sa-lem, thirty-seven miles, is the sea-port town of Jop'pa, an old, old town. Into its streets one day, more than two thousand years ago, there came a man from Gath-he'pher, in Zeb'u-lun, by name of Jo'nah. He went down to the wharf and took passage for Tar'shish. Being very much wearied by his long journey from the hill-country of Northern Pal'es-tine, he at once "turned in," and was soon asleep. The ship sailed out of port, but had scarcely cleared land before a storm arose. Such was its violence that the sailors feared that their boat would go to pieces. They began to pray to their gods for safety; but Jo'nah lay in his berth asleep! When there seemed no hope, the captain awoke him and said: "Get up! Call upon your God; perhaps he will think about us and save us!" Jo'nah rose, and perhaps began to pray; but not with much heart. He had no reason to think that God would do anything for him, because he was disobeying him. The sailors, who were very superstitious, began to be suspicious that this passenger for Tar'shish was the cause of their ill-luck. They began to question him: "What is your occupation? Where did you come from? Where is your country? Of what people are you?" And Jo'nah, being put through this catechism, told them that he was a He'brew, a believer in Je-ho'vah; but he was fleeing from the presence of God. The sailors were not willing to take any further risk, and asked him what they ought to do with him. "Throw me overboard!" he said. But the sailors were too kind-hearted to do that, and tried to row the vessel back to land. The storm was too severe, however, and, very unwillingly, and with prayer that God would not charge them with murder, they threw poor Jo'nah into the sea.

And there was soon a calm, and the boat sailed away. The captain and his crew often talked about that "He'brew from Gath-he'pher," who had well-nigh wrecked them all. I wonder if they ever knew his after-history, how the great fish swallowed him, and afterwards disgorged him, still alive, on the beach.

Then the word of the Lord came to him a second time: "Go to Nin'e-veh and preach the



JOPPA.

preaching that I bid thee." A second time! Then God had already spoken to him, and he was shirking work? Yes, that is the story. Instead of going to Nin'e-veh, Jo'nah decided to go the other way, and was willing even to be tossed by heathen sailors into the sea, rather than preach at Nin'e-veh. Well, it must be said that he had a hard appointment. Nin'e-veh was a big, bad city. And, besides, no He'brew had



JONAH CAST INTO THE SEA.

ever been sent with a message from God to Gen'tiles. He did n't know how he would be received, and, rather than obey, he would sail as far west as boats would carry him. And here he is again, back in Pal'es-tine, without money, and the word of the Lord commanding him to go to Nin'e-veh! Perhaps it will be better for

him to go. So he travels many and many a weary day, and at last reaches that magnificent city, Nin'e-veh, capital of As-syr'i-a. "Yet forty days and Nin'e-veh shall be overthrown!" he cries as he walks along the crowded streets. Nobody knows him; but his words arouse the whole city. A fast is ordered by the king, and



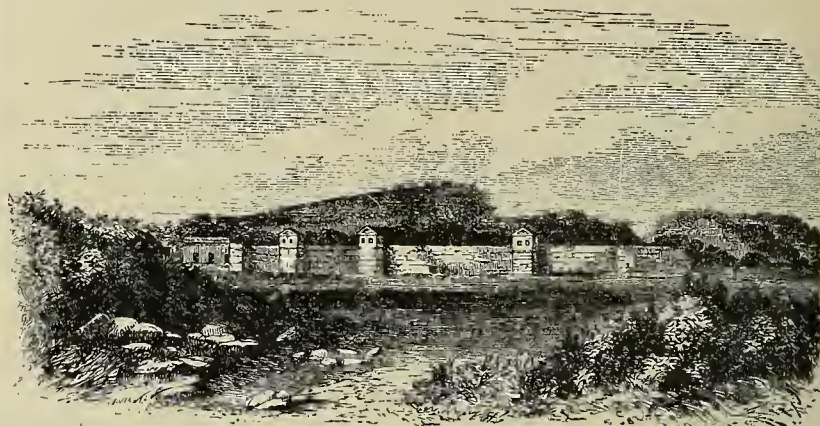
JONAH PREACHING.



ASSYRIAN KING.

the people promise to be good. Forty days pass, and Nin'e-veh still stands. Then Jo'nah begins to fret because his prophecy had failed. He thought that God had played him false, and, in that free speech which the prophets often used in their addresses to Je-ho'vah, he said: "Did n't I say, while I was still at Gath-he'pher, that thou art too good, too gracious, too merciful, too slow to anger, to punish those who sin in

ignorance? It was for this that I started to Tar'-shish. I felt that in a little while thou wouldst change thy purpose. And now, after sending me here against my will, thou dost not bring



SITE OF NINEVEH.

my words to pass." He then went out of the city, to watch and wait for further events. But the Nin'e-vites were not destroyed. His mission was a success. He had warned the people, and they had acted on his warning. He learned that God does not punish without giving his creatures every chance to repent, and that prophecy hinges on "ifs." "Forty days and Nin'e-veh shall be overthrown," meant: "Forty days for repentance! Forty days to turn from paths of wrong-doing! If at the end of that time you still persist in evil, then your city shall be destroyed!"

The Feast of Dedication;

OR, THE STORY OF JUDAS THE HAMMERER.

"It was at Jerusalem, the Feast of the Dedication, and it was winter."—JOHN X, 22.



EITHER in the Old Testament nor in the New is there any account of this "Feast of the Dedication," to which Saint John refers in the tenth chapter, twenty-second verse, of his Gospel. And yet there is a story connected with it of the most fascinating kind—a story of bold men, brave deeds, and stirring words—all the more interesting that, though it connects the

two Testaments, it is seldom read either in Christian churches or Christian homes, because it is written in a book that is not inspired, like the books of the Bible, though it is often bound with them. The story, however, is true and good. I call it the story of Ju'das the Hammerer, because if it had not been for him and his heroic acts, there would not have been, any Feast of the Dedication to celebrate.



DESOLATION OF THE SANCTUARY BY THE SYRIAN SOLDIERS OF ANTIOCHUS.

Ju'das was one of the five sons of Mat-ta-thi'as, a priest—the hero-son of a hero-father. He took up the work that his father laid down at his death, and carried it on to the end of his life. So, to understand what Ju'das did, it will

into the country of the Jews, and ravaged it from end to end. Per'si-ans from the east, E-gyp'tians from the south-west, Greeks from the north-west. The Greeks seem to have been the most heartless in their treatment of the poor



SYRIAN SOLDIERS COMMANDING JEWS TO SACRIFICE TO IDOLS.

be necessary to know something about what Mat-ta-thi'as did.

This opens up the history of that long period between the days of Mal'a-chi, the last old Testament prophet, and the days of Je'sus—a history of wars and rumors of wars in Pal'es-tine—of Gen'tile armies that came one after the other

Jews. Their general, An-ti'o-chus E-piph'a-nes, led an assault against Je-ru'sa-lem, in which forty thousand of its inhabitants lost their lives, and forty thousand more their liberty. Wishing to show his contempt for the Jewish religion, he went into the temple and sacrificed a hog on its altar; then sprinkled all the courts with



THE TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH.



DEATH OF MATTATHIAS.

broth made from its flesh—besides desecrating the holy place in other ways that can not be told.

Being a thief, he stole the beautiful vessels that had been used in the service of the house of God, and then went to Sam'ri-a, killing, burning, and desecrating holy things as he went. Two years after, finding that the Jews, after all their miseries, were still restless under the Greek yoke, he again sent an army against Je-ru'sa-lem under command of General Ap-ol-lo'ni-us, one of their most bitter enemies, who, knowing that they would not fight on the Sabbath, waited until the holy rest-day came, and then, coward that he was, murdered them by wholesale, set fire to their homes, and tore down the strong

city walls. An-ti'o-chus, who has been called "the Mad-man," now determined to drive out the worship of the true God, and bring in the Greek worship. The Sa-mar'i-tans made no fight, and their temple on Mount Ger'i-zim—not far from Ja'cob's well—was dedicated to Ju'pi-ter. A few, however, would not give up their religion, and were therefore tortured and killed. At Je-ru'sa-lem the old He'brew hero-spirit showed itself in the priest Mat-ta-thi'as, who refused to do as An-ti'o-chus commanded, and fled from the Holy City to his home at Mo'-din. The soldiers followed him, and demanded that he sacrifice to the Greek idols; but he refused. "Though all the nations that are under the king's dominion obey him, and fall away every one from the religion of their fathers," he

said, "yet will I and my sons and my brethren walk in the covenant of our fathers. God forbid that we should forsake the law and the ordinances!"

Glorious words of faith! But they had scarcely been uttered, when a Jew, wishing to win the favor of An-ti'o-chus and save his life, went up, in sight of all, and worshiped at the altar that the Greeks had built. Mat-ta-thi'as, unable to restrain his bitter indignation at such shameless treason, ran to the spot and struck the faithless Jew to the ground. The king's officer, too, who went from place to place, commanding the Jews to abandon the worship of the God of A'bra-ham, Is'aac, and Ja'cob, he killed, as he had killed the renegade Jew; and the hated altar, symbol of a false religion, was overthrown. This was the beginning of the war of independence. The Jews rallied about



MACCABEAN SOLDIERS PRAPARING FOR A NIGHT SURPRISE.

the venerable priest and his five sons, and made a stand among the mountains, where they could more easily defend themselves.

"As-si-de'ans"—mighty men of Is'ra-el, who had solemnly vowed to uphold the law of Mo'ses—and all who wished to rid the land of the cruel foreigners, joined forces. But the great leader's work was done. His death-day drew near. Calling his sons around, as he lay dying, he said: "Be ye zealous for the law. Give your lives for the covenant of your fathers. Was not A'bra-ham found faithful in temptation? Jo'seph, in the time of his distress, kept the commandments. Phin'e-has was zealous and fervent. Josh'u-a fulfilled the word of God. Ca'leb bore faithful witness. E-li'jah was fervent for the law. Dan'iel was true, and God delivered him

from the mouth of the lions. Be valiant. Show yourselves men in behalf of the law."

Then, just before he spoke his last words and pronounced his last blessing, he said, as he looked at the circle of brave sons gathered around him: "As for Ju'das, Mac-ea-be'us"—the man who strikes like a hammer (Mac-ea-be'us means the man with a hammer)—"he hath been mighty and strong, *even from his youth up*. Let him be your captain, and fight the battle of the people." "Even from his youth up." The life of the boy foretold the life of the man. The man was what the boy had been, "*mighty and strong*." No weakling could win at such a time. It was no time to reform a Prince Hal by putting a crown on his head. The Jews needed the strongest man among them



JOSHUA AT THE BATTLE OF BETH-HORON.



MESSENGERS BRINGING NEWS OF THE VICTORY OF ADASA.

to lead them against their foes; and if it be true that the word "king" comes from an old, old word that means "strong;" if it be true that the first rulers were the strongest men in the tribes (and it is most likely), then was Ju'das a true and rightful king of the Jews. His brothers helped him; for they saw that their father had made the wisest choice, and the whole assembled body of loyal Jews admitted his authority. So, having a united army, he put on his breastplate like a giant; and the writer of the First Book of the Mac'ca-bees says: "In his acts he was like a lion, and like a lion's

whelp roaring for his prey." A man with a lion's heart, a bold soldier he was, who swept up and down among the hills of Pal'es-tine, "destroying the ungodly," and "making Ja'cob glad with his acts."

Ap-ol-lo'ni-us, who had besieged Je-ru'sa-lem on a Sabbath-day, and done great damage against the Jews, whom he despised as the dregs of the world, now led out his army, thinking to defeat Ju'das without difficulty; but the Jews, under their lion-hearted commander, fought so fiercely and well that the Greeks were scattered, and Ju'das took the sword of their general, "and

therewith he fought all his life long." How Ap-ol-lo'ni-us must have raved about this, that a Jew should have his sword!

Se'ron, the Syr'i-an, eager to gain fame for himself as a better soldier than Ap-ol-lo'ni-us, and hoping to attack Ju'das when he was least ready, at once started out at the head of his troops. The Jews were at first alarmed. "We are so few," some of them said, "and we are

did not command the sun to stand still, and the Lord did not send hail, but he fought with those who were fighting for their law and their land.

An-ti'o-chus, discovering by this time that it would not be an easy task to force his religion on the Jews, prepared for a long campaign by paying his soldiers a year's wages in advance. He then went to Per'si-a to get more money, of which he was now in great need, and left half



LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF JUDAS MACCABEUS.

weak with fasting. We shall surely be destroyed." But Ju'das, who had the spirit of the great Josh'u-a, said: "Victory comes from heaven. It is all one with God whether the army be large or small; he can triumph with few as well as many." Se'ron had the larger force, but Ju'das won the victory in that same Beth-ho'ron, or "house of caves," where, more than twelve hundred years before, the Am'o-rites had fled before the little army of Josh'u-a. Ju'das

his army under command of Ly'si-as, who camped near Je-ru'sa-lem, and began operations for the destruction of every Jew in Pal'es-tine. Ju'das, aware of his danger, and aware of his source of strength, prepared for the struggle before him by prayer to God. Ly'si-as divided his army, placing forty seven thousand soldiers under Ni-ca'nor and Gor'gi-as. Gor'gi-as attempted a night attack, but Ju'das, hearing of it, left his camp, and made a counter attack on Ni-ca'nor.

He won the victory, and Gor'gi-as retreated among the mountains. Crossing the Jor'dan, Ju'das attacked another body of Syr'i-an soldiers, killed about twenty thousand, and took many forts among the mountains of Gil'e-ad.

But Ju'das and his Jews fought with the desperate strength of men who would rather "die in battle than see the calamities of the people and the sanctuary," and won another victory of faith over the cruel hosts of An-ti'o-chus's lieutenant.



THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

A year later, Ly'si-as gathered sixty-five thousand soldiers together, and took a position at Beth-su'ra, the "house of the rock," commanding the road between Be'er-she'ba and He'bron. He had no doubt but that Ju'das's army, now grown to ten thousand men, would either surrender or be scattered to the four winds.

This victory restored Je-ru'sa-lem to the Jews. The picture of their return to the house of the Lord is very touching indeed. "They saw the sanctuary desolate, the altar profaned, the gates burned, shrubs growing in the courts as in a forest, and the priests' chambers pulled down." They tore their robes in the passionate manner

of the East, cast ashes on their heads, fell flat on the ground, and cried towards heaven. Then, when they had vented their grief and anger in this wild outburst, they repaired the temple, and, in December, 166 B. C., re-dedicated it to the service of the Lord. From that time the day was observed until the fall of Je-ru'sa-lem and the destruction of the temple; and even yet, among the Jews, the name of Ju'das Mac-ca-be'us is held in high honor. But though the Jews had regained possession of that city which they called "the joy of the whole earth," their troubles were not over. They were massacred in various places, and, for a time, Ju'das was kept busy revenging the wrongs of his people.

Ly'si-as, too, came down into Ju-de'a with an immense army, and Ju'das was driven back to Je-ru'sa-lem, where he and his army were almost destroyed by famine. His enemies, however, suffered so much that they gained no advantage. The Jews, by this time, became divided. Many

were wearied of the constant fighting and the cost of the struggle against the Syr'i-ans, and were in favor of peace on any terms.

Ju'das, however, had suffered too much for his country to lay down his sword. He again rallied the faithful, and at Ad'a-sa won his greatest victory. A short period of rest followed, during which Ju'das applied for aid to Rome, which Rome was only too ready to give; but though Ju'das secured the help of Rome against Syr'i-a and Greece, he lost the support of his own people, many of whom felt that he should have depended on God, as he had always done, and not on Gen'tile armies. But before the Ro'man legions came, he had died in battle, and his body was buried at Mo'din, where his father had begun the war for independence seven years before. He died at the beginning of the struggle. Despite his hammer-blows, the Gen'tiles still ruled; and not until thirty-three years had passed since his death did Ju-de'a become free.

The English Judas Maccabeus.



L'I-VER CROM'WELL was the English Ju'das Mac-ca-be'us, fighting battles in the name of the Lord. He had the old He'brew spirit of faith in God as the God of war, and struck mighty blows for liberty and right. The history of his life, as told by Thom'as Car-lyle', shows him to have been a born soldier—like Ju'das—quick to see the weak point in his enemy's line, and doing at once what he saw necessary to gain the victory. His army was like him—full of faith in God—singing hymns as they marched into battle, and asking help of the Almighty, to whom they gave the glory. When he found that King Charles I was false to the Parliament, he coolly signed his death warrant, and, because he had done his duty, looked without remorse at the face of the dead monarch, only remarking that he was a goodly man,

and might have lived many years—if he had been as good as he was good-looking. In Ire-land he suppressed the rebellion at a terrible cost of life, but he crushed the rebellion and secured peace. The Parliament having failed to do its duty, he broke it up, and summoned another, and when that failed, he became "Lord Protector." His own Parliament being unable to settle some points of order, he dissolved it by a word, and governed England alone. This was apparently high-handed action, but England needed such a government at such a time, and submitted to it. On the Continent his name was feared and respected. England had not had such an influence for a long time before. She had a man of God at her head—a man with a hammer, dealing strong and sturdy blows against all evil. More than almost any other man of the modern times, he was a man of God in battle.



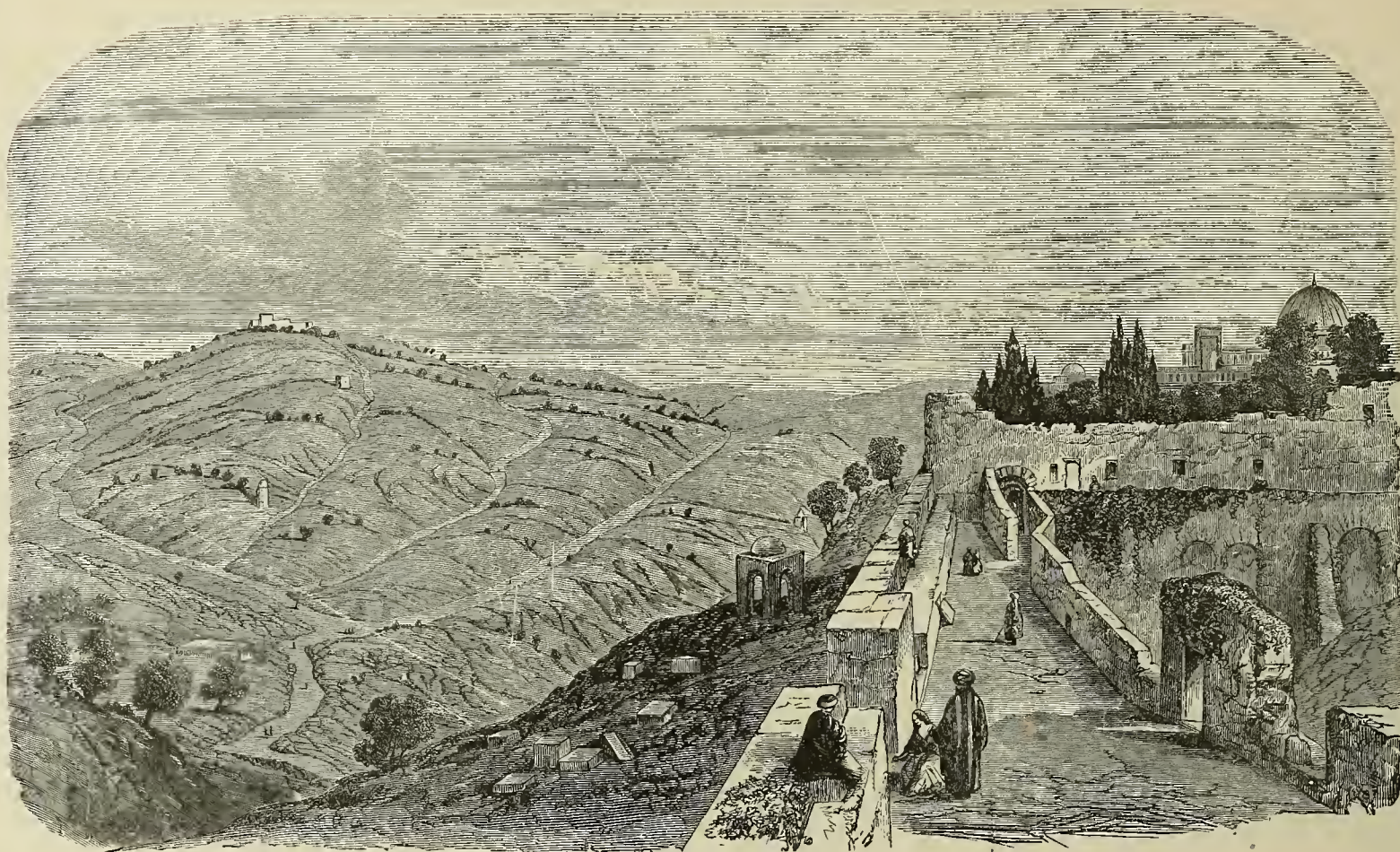
BETHANY.

Mary of Bethany.

"Mary sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—LUKE X, 39.

CHRIST came, at last, to Beth'a-ny,
The village fair, on Ol'i-vet,
At wish of noble Laz'a-rus,
Whose loyal soul was one with his
In love of law and love of God.
His home was opened to his Lord,
"Who had not where to lay his head,"
Save 'neath the starlit dome of sky,
Or roof of faithful friend.
His sisters joined to welcome him,
The holy Teacher, sent from God,
And counted it an honor rare,
To stand and wait upon his will.
Absorbed in household cares,
The mistress Mar'tha gave no heed
To Christ's so gracious words;
But gentle Ma'ry sat before him low,
And listened eagerly.
Not called to follow him,

She yet was a disciple true,
And opened wide her spirit's ear,
To hear the words of living truth.
How blest those hours in Beth'a-ny!
Made rich and great by voice of Him
Who spoke the words of God Most High—
The words his Father bade him speak—
The words of spirit and eternal life.
If sphinx could open wide its lips,
And whisper low the secret strange,
How many even yet would go from far
To hear his mystic words!
They thronged around the Lord to see his "signs"—
To eat the food he gave by power divine;
But few received his teaching true.
Among the few who knew the golden hour
Was Ma'ry, gentle-souled and pure
Who listened to his every word,
Believing him the Son of God.



MOUNT OF OLIVES.

"Ma'ry hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—LUKE X, 42.

When priests and scribes pronounced him false,
And said, "The Christ comes not from Gal'i-lee,"
This woman saw in Ma'ry's son,
The Son of man and Son of God.
She chose the way of life and truth—
She chose the service of the Lord,
Content to rest upon his word.
And what she chose was hers for aye;
Nor height, nor depth,
Nor length, nor breadth,
Nor life, nor death,
Could rob her of her heritage.

"Now Je'sus loved Mar'tha, and her sister, and Laz'a-rus."
—JOHN XI, 5.

The Christ loved three—and *one* of three—
Among the chosen band of twelve;
And here were three in Beth'a-ny,
Who found his love their highest life;
In them he found a haven safe,
Where, tempest-tossed, he sought soul-rest.
As shines the sun on all the globe,
But floods the tropics matchlessly,
So shone the Savior's love on every soul;
But these received directest ray
Of grace and holy tenderness.

"Ma'ry sat still in the house."—JOHN XI, 20.

Her brother, Laz'a-rus, had died,
And all the world was under cloud;
The shadows chilled her very soul;
She sat in grief, and found no help.
That home, once bright and self-complete,
Was dark as night—the circle broke;
The words of Christ seemed echoing yet.
If he had been on Ol'i-vet,
The hand of death had never touched
The beating pulse of Laz'a-rus.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—JOHN XI, 28.

But while she sat in shadows chill,
A message came from Christ himself;
"He calleth thee."
She rose at once, and sought his face,
And spoke her thought:
"If thou—if thou hadst only come,
My brother had not died!"
As if she chode him for indifference.
He wept—the mighty Christ!
Then spoke the word that carried life
To deepest depth of spirit world:
"Come forth! O Laz'a-rus!"
And he arose! Again the three were one,
In deeper love; and in their midst
The Savior lived his gladdest life.



MARY ANOINTING THE FEET OF JESUS.

"Ma'ry took a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Je'sus, and wiped his feet with her hair."

—JOHN XII, 3.

He sat at meat in Si'mon's house,
And Laz'a-rus was at his side;
Devoted Mar'tha served;
The feast went on, in holy love.
Then Ma'ry came with spikenard,
And poured the precious ointment out
On head and feet of him, her Lord,
To whom she could not speak sufficient word;
This act must tell her ardent love.
The faithless Ju'das said:
"She should have kept the price of this,
And helped the poor, the needy poor."
But Je'sus, quick to see her soul, replied:
"She doeth this, anointing me for burial."
"For burial!" A shadow fell athwart her life;
She feared to ask if he must die;
But hoped that he who broke the chains
Of Laz'a-rus' tomb,
Would live—or rise again!

Perhaps there is no New Testament character more charming than Ma'ry of Beth'a-ny. Contrasted with her sister, Mar'tha, she has seemed to some as if she were one of those dreamy, castle-building folks, who lose their life, because they lack force, spirit, "ambition."

Mar'tha was "so ambitious," so active, so stirring, unwilling to see any one doing nothing. She thought that her sister was idle when she sat at Je'sus' feet, only listening; but Je'sus saw a beautiful life and receptive activity, where Mar'tha saw only an indolence deserving rebuke. What she thought of Ma'ry's "anointing" we do not know; but we know what Je'sus thought, and that is enough for us. It is one of the startling lessons of Scripture, that in that hour, when Ma'ry's love reached its highest expression, Ju'das's hate began to express itself in mean criticism, never to end its manifestation until it found its climax in the betrayal. So the light always casts its shadows. So hell creeps close to the gates of heaven. Ma'ry and Ju'das in the same house at the same time, fixing their destiny by their attitude towards Je'sus!

"Beth'a-ny lies about two miles east of Je-ru'sa-lem, on the eastern slope of the Mount of Ol'ives, fully a mile from the summit. It looks as if it were shut out from the whole world. No town, village, or human habitation is visible from it. The wilderness appears in front, through an opening in the rocky glen, and the steep side of Ol'i-vet rises close behind. When Je'sus retired from Je-ru'sa-lem to Beth'a-ny, no sound of the busy world followed him, no noisy crowd broke in upon his meditations."

Mind-Reading.



ALTHOUGH Je'sus said that he came into the world to *save* men, it is also true that he came to *judge* them. He showed that he knew the thoughts and purposes of every man and woman whom he met. He not only saw *what* they did, but *why* they did it. He not only heard *what* they said, but *why* they said it. His judgment of them was always right, and *they knew that it was right, though they hated him for telling the truth about them.* They wished to live in sin, and hated him because he showed them that he knew the secrets of their souls. Yet not all hated him because he told the truth.

A Sa-mar'i-tan woman, whose life had been very bad, told her friends: "Come, see a man who told me all that I ever did. Is not this the Christ?" She was right in thinking that he who knew her history, as Je'sus did, was more than a man; more even than a man inspired as the prophets were inspired. He was the Christ, the King of men; King of men, and ruling over them, because he was the judge of men.

Now, if you will look at the picture of the widow's mite, and read the story that suggested it to Doré, you will find that Je'sus was acting as a judge when he stood in the temple on a day when the Jews were paying in their offerings for the support of the temple.



THE WIDOW'S MITE.

service. He points to the widow who puts in her farthing, and says to his disciples: "That poor woman has given more than all others who have given! They have given out of their wealth. She has given, out of her poverty, all the money that she has." No one else could have spoken such words, *because no one else knew the history of the giving.* He saw the act, and he saw back of the act to the motive of it.

When the poor widow took her two mites and offered them to God, she said: "It is all I have to give. It is very little. It can not do much. *But I am not ashamed of it.* It is my gift. I believe that God will accept it, and he will take care of me." Because it was all the money she had, her act was an act of faith, as great in the sight of God as if she had stopped the mouth of a lion. She did what she could, *and Je'sus knew it.*

At another time Je'sus was asked the question: "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæ'sar or not?" At this time Pal'es-tine was a Ro'man province. The Jews had no government of their own. They hated the Ro'mans, but they were not strong enough to drive them out of the country. If, now, Je'sus had said, "It is not lawful to pay tribute to Cæ'sar," the Jews who asked the question would have gone at once to the Ro'man ruler in Je-ru'sa-lem and told him



JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

that Je'sus was stirring up a rebellion, and a body of Ro'man soldiers would have been sent to arrest him on a charge of treason. On the other hand, if Je'sus had said, "It is lawful to pay tribute to Cæ'sar," these same Jews would have reported everywhere that Je'sus was

answering, he said: "Bring me a coin." Instead of bringing a temple coin, they brought a denarius, a piece of Ro'man money. "Whose image



THE HELMET—A ROMAN SOLDIER.

is on it? Whose title?" he asked. They replied: "Cæ'sar's." "Very well. Give back to Cæ'sar that which is Cæ'sar's. Give back to God that which is God's." That is fair and right. The Jews saw that he had not only given the best answer that could be given, but also *that he had defeated their plot!* They had tried to trap him in his words; to get something on which to bring him into trouble, either with the Ro'mans or the Jews; and they had failed. They went away ashamed, because they felt that Je'sus had taken their measure. He had read them through and through. He had passed sentence upon them, and the day had been like a day of judgment to them. I fancy that when they got beyond the reach of his eye, they said: "We were beaten at our own game. How he saw through our plan! Did he really know what we tried to do?"

These two scenes, and others like them, lead us to believe that "we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."



CHRIST AND THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

Night at Noon.

"And Jesus gave Pilate no answer, not even one word."



JESUS came into the world as the light of it, under whose shining men might walk in the narrow ways of truth to the gate of the celestial city. At no time did he show himself more fully the truth than when he stood before Pi'late, in the judgment hall at Je-ru'sa-lem; and yet Pi'late, though he saw him, and felt that he was good, in spite of the testimony of base Jews, stood in the dark. It was high noon, yet Pi'late walked in the night, as if, when the sun

were shining in noontide glory, a black, thick curtain should suddenly be drawn across the sky, or the earth should whirl round on its axis.

Noon, but night! Sun shining, but dark! Je'sus, the light of the world, face to face with Pi'late; but Pi'late, puzzled, uncertain, selfish, time-serving, cowardly. Having eyes to see, he could not see. Blind by his unwillingness to receive the light of truth, his life was in the night, though the noon had come. This was the penalty that he paid for doubt.

Peter's Profanity.

"Then began he to curse and to swear."—MATT. XXVI, 74.



MATTHEW, who tells this about his brother disciple, does not report his oaths, which is the first thing that I would have you observe. *It is n't necessary to tell what a man said when you say that you heard him swear.* If it is wrong to "curse" and to "swear"—as it is—it is surely wrong to repeat the vicious, profane words. Bad enough for Pe'ter to swagger and talk like Ro'man soldiers or Gal-i-le'an fisherman, because he was charged with being a disciple of Je'sus; but, it would only have made matters worse if Mat'thew had soiled the pure pages of his Gospel by recording the actual words of the disgraceful speech for which—*when it was spoken*—he was deeply penitent. Penitent, not only because he acted then so unworthily of himself as a follower of the holy Christ, Son of the living God, but because he had shown himself that his old life had not died. *He cursed and swore, because the old habit of profanity was not wholly broken.* There is reason to think that in the earlier days, when

he fished in Gal'i-lee waters, he, like too many of his craft, was accustomed to utter oaths. He thought that he had become free from the bad habit; but the evil seeds were in his soul, and brought forth after their kind. This may not be the actual fact; but it explains this sudden, shameful outburst of bitter profanity—this hot cursing and violent swearing—better than any other supposition. We can hardly conceive that this was his first violation of the commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." It seems more likely that he "forgot himself," as we say; "forgot" to check his tongue; "forgot" that for such injurious words he would be required to give account to his God.

What is the lesson? This: Never form a bad habit—of thought, speech, or action—lest, when least expected, it will seize you and drag you down to shame and sorrow. As the celebrated John B. Gough said in his last lecture: "Keep your record pure." Keep your heart clean, and your lips free from every word, impure or profane.



PETER DENYING CHRIST.

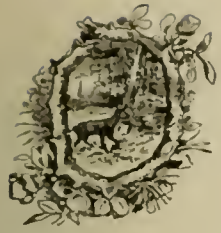
For Je'sus has said that only the "pure in heart can see God." His thoughts, words, and deeds were all and always clean; and, knowing how powerful one's habits may become, especially one's habits of talking, he said: "Swear

not at all." If one tells the truth, it is not necessary (except in court during a trial) to call God to witness, and it is a great sin to curse. Je'sus commands us to bless even those who curse *us*.



CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

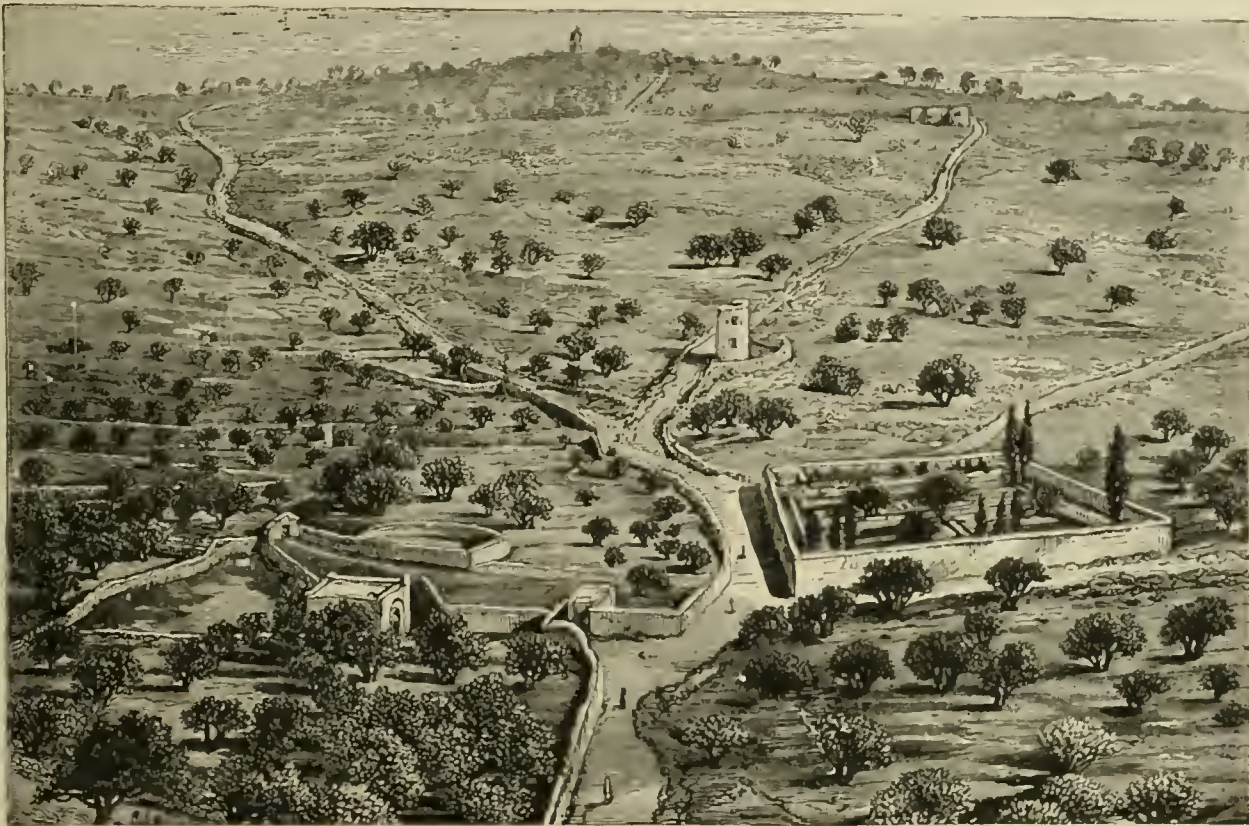
The King on the Cross.



OUR Lord told Nic-o-de'mus, soon after he began to preach, that, as Mo'ses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so he himself, the Son of man, would be lifted up. Perhaps Nic-o-de'mus did not understand this. It was not until Je'sus had been crucified that the words became plain to him, and he saw that even in the earliest days of his ministry Je'sus had known that he would be crucified. Later he

after his death at Je-ru'sa-lem. But as he was a king even in the manger, so he was a king even on the cross. Angels sang at his coming, and wise men brought him gifts. Angels came to him when he suffered in Geth-sem'a-ne, and wise men came from Greece, asked to see him, just before the days of his suffering, and that they might hear some of his wonder words.

Beginning with the story of the agony in the garden, and ending with the last cry on the cross,



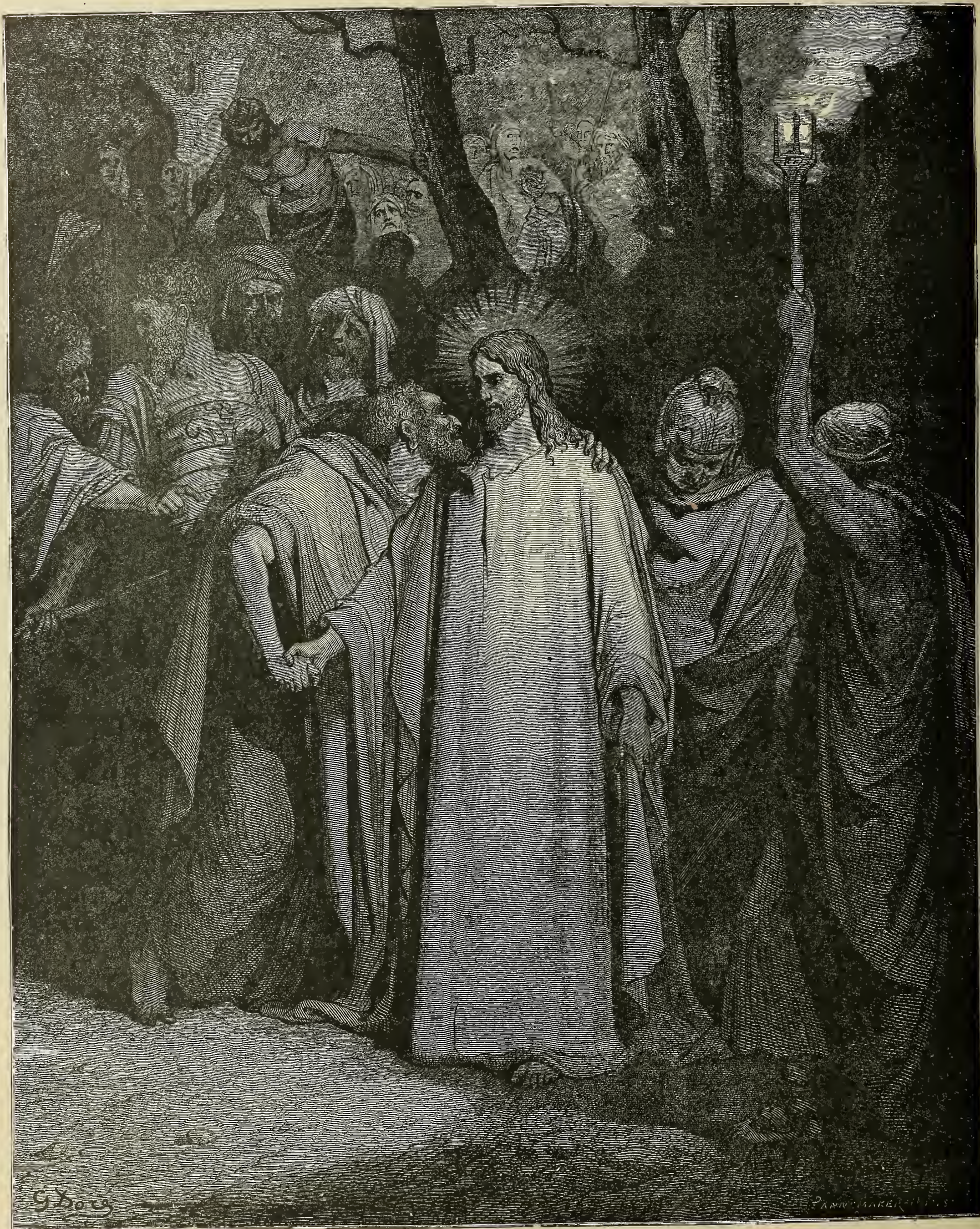
GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

told his disciples clearly that he would be rejected by the Jews and killed by the Ro'mans; but that he would rise again on the third day. The disciples understood what he meant when he said that he would be crucified; but they could not tell what he meant by rising from the dead, until he had showed himself alive after his resurrection.

His life did not begin at the manger; it did not end at the cross. There was a life before his birth at Beth'le-hem, and there was a life

the writers of the Gospels have given us a full account of all that was said and done, so that we know more of one week at the close of our Lord's life, than of the thirty years that passed from his birth to his baptism.

After Je'sus had eaten the Passover with his disciples in Je-ru'sa-lem, he went to that beautiful spot, just beyond the city walls, where he had so often taught and prayed. Ju'das was not with him. He had gone to the chief priests to tell them that he could lead the Ro'man soldiers



THE KISS OF BETRAYAL.

to the place where Je'sus had gone, and that he could be seized and taken back to Je-ru'sa-lem that very night. Je'sus, however, though he knew what Ju'das was plotting against him, went on, and, kneeling near one of the olive-trees, began to pray: "May this cup pass from me! Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt!" By the light of the moon, great drops, as of blood, may be seen gathering on his face and falling to the ground. "*Being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly.*" A beautiful form appears. Soft light shines from it. There is a

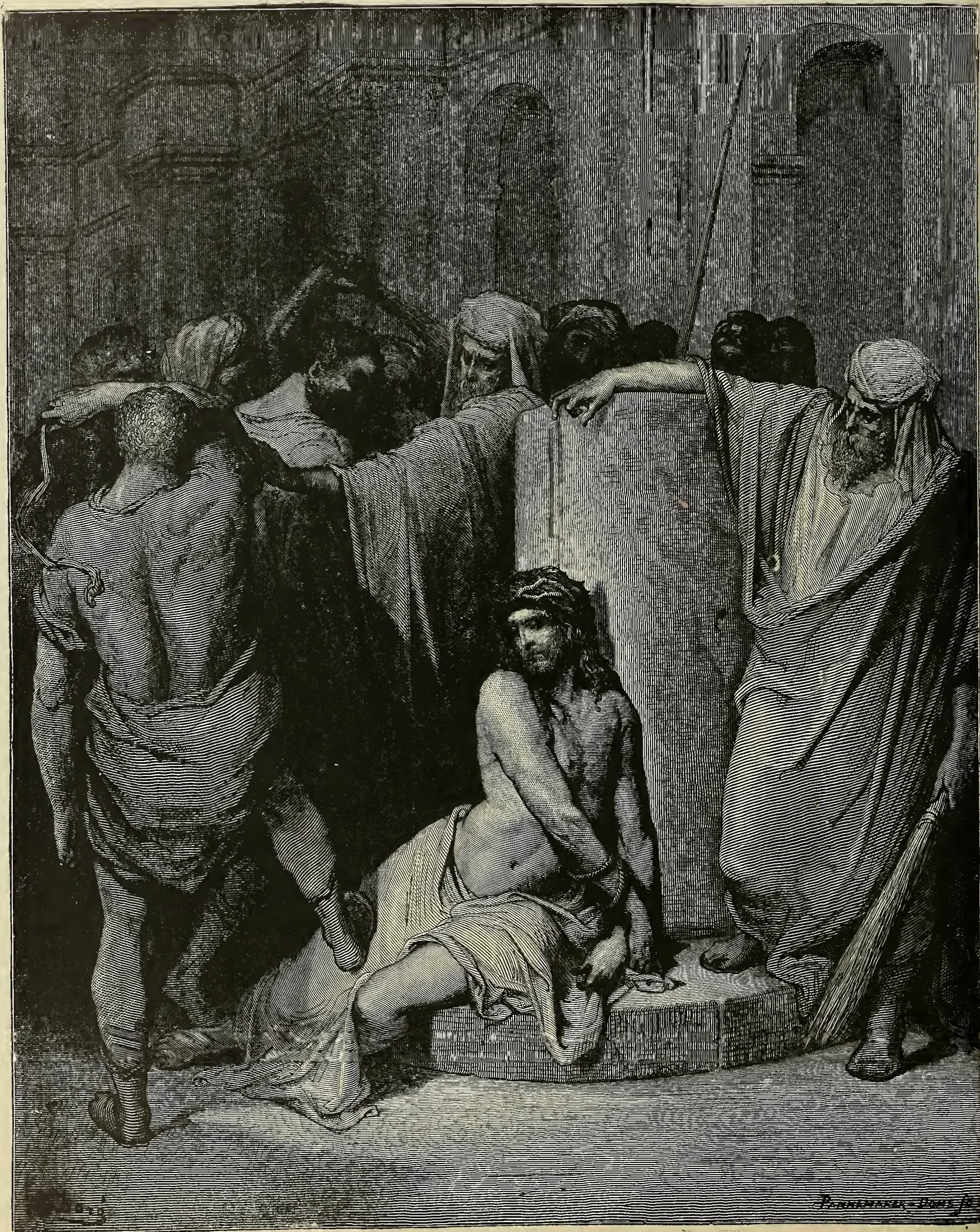
quiet, is now full of men. Ju'das steps out from the crowd and kisses Je'sus. This is the sign. The soldiers advance. Je'sus turns, and, looking them full in the face, asks: "Whom seek ye?" The captain answers: "Je'sus of Naz'a-reth!" "I am he!" There is a sudden retreat! Those brave Ro'mans fall, as if smitten to the ground by some unseen, mighty hand. Among them Ju'das lies prostrate before the Lord. He hates Je'sus, yet Je'sus has conquered. Has he brought these soldiers here only that Je'sus may show them his power?



CITY OF JERUSALEM FROM MOUNT OLIVES.

sound of soothing words. The angel comforts him in his hour of suffering. Once before, when he suffered the agonies of death, during the temptation in the wilderness, angels came to him and comforted him. He was not forsaken. He rises from his knees. Looking towards Je-ru'sa-lem, he sees a great crowd coming towards the garden. Lanterns and torches flash here and there. There is a sound of many voices; occasionally a word of command from the captain of the Ro'man soldiers; for the Ro'man soldiers are coming. Jews and Ro'mans have united against him. The garden, before so

The agony is over. Je'sus has suffered, and will suffer again, but not as in the hours in Geth-sem'a-ne. He proves himself to be a hero. He had the highest form of courage—the highest form of power over men. He gave himself up, not because he was so weak that he could not defend himself, nor because he was afraid; but because he wished to show to the utmost the effect of men's sins on the pure and patient soul of God. As the soldiers led him back to Je-ru'sa-lem, they felt that he was their prisoner only by his own will. He was the master of the situation—not they.



THE SCOURGING OF JESUS.

Look for a moment at the angel-friend of Je'sus and his man-betrayer. What a contrast! The angel, so pure, so beautiful, in garments of light! The man, so base, so hideous, so cowardly!

The next day Je'sus is nailed to the cross, after a trial before Pi'late, who, though he declares him innocent, gives him up to be crucified. With him are crucified two criminals.

Three crosses rise on Cal'va-ry on that Good Friday. Each has its own history and its own meaning. Je'sus suffers, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. The two thieves suffer on account of their crimes. They were both bad men. One of them, seeing Je'sus suffering innocently, is touched by the sight, is sorry for his sins, and asks for mercy. The other remains hard and bitter to the last. He has no word of regret to utter, and dies as he had lived.

The King was on the cross! If his life had ended there, the Church of Christ would never have been founded. The King must triumph over death. He must rise from the dead. Death can not have power over him. The story of his

and John; and is now in heaven, at the right hand of God, praying for us, and preparing a place of rest for us.



ARRANGING THE BODY OF JESUS FOR THE TOMB.

And all this was foreseen and foreknown by him. An A-mer'i-can poet says:

"And Gol'go-tha
 Stood bare and desert by the city wan.
 And in its midst, to His prophetic eye,
 Rose the rough cross, and its keen agonies
 Were numbered all; the nails were in his feet;
 Th' insulting sponge was pressing on his lips,
 The blood and water gushing from his side,
 The dizzy faintness swimming in his brain;
 And while his own disciples fled in fear,
 A world's death-agonies all mixed in his."



THE CROWN OF THORNS.

life does not end with the story of his death. He rises and lives for forty days among his followers, and shows himself again in glory to Paul

It was this that made him so sad during the last days of his ministry in and around Je-ru'sa-lem. He well knew what was coming to pass,—his agony in Geth-sem'a-ne, his suffering on Cal'va-ry. Early in his ministry, even during the first year, as I have said, he foresaw it all. How long before that time he knew, we can not tell, because there is nothing in the Gospels to guide us. A painter, however, has painted a beautiful picture, which I have seen, representing Je'sus as a boy lying asleep in Jo'seph's



ERECTION OF THE CROSS.

home at Naz'a-reth, and dreaming of the cross. It hovers above him, all beautiful with flashing beams of many-colored light, like sun-rays shining through prisms. That is only a painter's fancy, but there is a truth in it which we ought to think about very much. Je'sus' cross was the throne of his earthly glory. His death was the unfolding of his life and power; so that *by death* he overcame him who has the power of death, that is, the devil, and gave freedom to those who all their life-time have been afraid to die. His cross was his throne, and his thorn-crown was the sign of his kingship. He was "the King of the Jews," as Pi'lute wrote, but he was more than that; he was the King of all men, *because no one but he could have conquered death by dying.*

He was showing, even on the cross, that he had, as he said, power to lay down his life, and he had power to take it again. The priests said that he could save others, but he could n't save himself; and many said that if he came down from the cross, they would believe in him as the Son of God. But he did not wish to leave his throne. He was showing himself to be a King. Why should he come down? The darkened sky, the opened graves, the yawning fissures in the earth, the torn curtain in Her'od's Temple, all those were the acts of his own power. It was he who drew the clouds across the sun, opened the graves that the dead might come out, shook the earth itself, and tore the curtain in that building called the House of God, where thieves stole and false priests offered sacrifices. It was not merely that some great and awful Being, other and greater than himself, was showing his power. As a famous En'glish preacher once said in St. Ma'ry's Church, Ox'ford: "Remember he who suffered on the cross was Almighty God," not merely Je'sus of Naz'a-reth, a man. There was such union between the human nature of the Son of Ma'ry and the nature of the unseen, unseeable God that, when Je'sus suffered, he showed that God was suffering by sympathy on account of the sins of his children, and, at the same time, he was exhibiting his awful power to

smite and destroy and give life. There never was, and there never can be in all time, a greater hour than that in which Je'sus Christ hung on the cross on Cal'va-ry. No wonder that Paul said: "God forbid that I should glory except in the cross of the Lord Je'sus Christ. It is foolishness to the Greeks [who can't understand it], and weakness to the Ro'mans [who measure everything by standards of military power], but to all those who believe, it is the power of God." Even now, after all these long centuries, Good Friday, the day of the crucifixion of Christ, is being more and more observed throughout Chris'ten-dom. Business is partially suspended, and there is a feeling that the day ought to be held very sacred because Je'sus suffered and died. Christmas is celebrated in joy, because on that day the King was born. Easter is celebrated, because on that day the King arose from the dead, victor over death. Good Friday ought to be observed—do n't you think?—because on that day Je'sus ascended his throne of power.

To Ma'ry and the disciples, though, that first Good Friday was a dark and terrible day. Then it was that the sword entered her soul, and she suffered in sympathy with her son. The disciples, too, gave up all hope; for the crucifixion was nothing more nor less than an execution. Je'sus was put to death because the chief priests accused him of being a blasphemer and disturber of the peace of Pal'es-tine. To the eye it seemed as if all his ministry had been a mistake and a failure. And even to the eyes of those who loved him most and hoped most from him, it must have seemed a mystery that they could n't possibly fathom when he was actually nailed to the cross and lifted up. How their hearts sank in them when the cross was dropped down into the hole that had been dug for it! But they stood and watched. Priests sneered. The crowds came and went, gazing carelessly at the three crosses; but Ma'ry and John stood faithfully by until the last word was spoken. If anything were wanted to show that Je'sus was King on the cross, it can be supplied by the words that he spoke. He prayed that his



THE CRUCIFIXION.

enemies might be forgiven. "Father, forgive them," he said, "they know not what they do!" He did not mean by this that God might save them, although they had sinned in ignorance, but that they might repent of their sin. And to the penitent thief who said, "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," he replied: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Before he died he said: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" He was still trusting his Father. He died without fear of what was to come after death. Then, with a loud cry, he died. The Ro'man soldiers came, and one thrust a spear into his side, and blood and water flowed out. John saw this, and made special note of it; for to him and to the Church it means very much—blood for life, water for purity. Je'sus came into the world to give men life and make them clean. Je'sus sanctified and glorified the cross. Everywhere to-day the cross stands for Christianity; it is the sign of the Church's glory. Once it was a sign of shame and disgrace. Now the cross of Christ is the sign of his power.

After Je'sus had died, his body was taken from the cross by loving hands, embalmed, and buried in a grave in a garden. I often think of that grave in the garden, hidden among the rocks in the midst of life and beauty. Every garden has its grave. Every life has its sorrow. But that grave was to be made all-glorious. A King was buried there, and he would rise again. If the story of his life could have been written on the stone that was rolled over the sepulcher's mouth, the name of Cal'va-ry would have been largest, for it was on Cal'va-ry that Je'sus glorified himself by his suffering for men.

The name of Wa'ter-loo does not appear on the tomb of Na-po'le-on. It was at Wa'ter-loo that he lost all for which he had ever fought. But though it seemed as if Je'sus had lost everything on Cal'va-ry, he was gaining the magnificent victory of love over hate, life over death, truth over falsehood.

I would have you think more and more of Je'sus, not merely as a Savior, but as a King, a Supreme Ruler, who, though he rules in love,

has a right to our obedience. It is not a mere matter of choice or chance if Je'sus is our King. *He is our King*, whether we will or not. If we do not obey him, we are guilty of rebelling against him; and if we rebel against him, we are fighting against everything that is holy and just and good. We say that he now reigns in glory, and that he will come again in great glory and reign forever in heaven. John saw him in heaven, the great King, called the Word of God, and yet a Lamb, as it had been slain. Je'sus never forgets his cross. How can he? And he will never own a man as his disciple or follower who doubts that his death was in some way necessary to the salvation of men from sin. There are those, as you may know, who say that Je'sus was only a Great Teacher, a Good Example, but the New Testament says that he was a King on a cross, and that his death was necessary for the life of the world. He died that men might die to sin and selfishness, and live henceforth to the glory of God. He gave himself for us, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

Shall we make a journey to Je-ru'sa-lem to the sacred place of Je'sus' death? Let us suppose that we are in the chapel of Gol'go-tha. Youder, at the eastern end, is a platform, said to be over the very place where the cross stood. There is an opening in it, through which you may look down to the rock itself, in which the cross may have stood. On either side of this hole in the rock are fissures, or rents in the ground, such as are made by earthquakes. Back of the altar, which rises from the platform, is a large cross made of wood, on which is a carved figure of Christ. Not far away is a little chapel, said to be on the spot where Ma'ry stood. In such a place, the scenes of the crucifixion all come fresh to the mind as they are described by the Gospel writers, and we feel that the whole story is, and must be, true.

Thinking of the King on the cross, we can not forget those who believed in him and those



who rejected him. That great Ro'man empire, whose soldiers then filled Pal'es-tine with dread, has been dead these thousand years and more. The Jew'ish priesthood has disappeared, with its temple and sacrifices. In Rome, the head of a great Christian Church lives to-day; and one of the very best lives of Je'sus that has ever been given to the world has been written by a Jew'ish scholar converted to Christianity. The King on the cross rules the world. Even when he was dying, one of the Ro'man soldiers was so impressed by the glory and goodness of Je'sus that he said: "Truly this was a Son of God!"

We are all taking sides. Either for or against—for or against. We are either the King's, or we are fighting against him. How beautiful, to be a King's son, a King's daughter! That society of ladies, known in the Church as "The King's Daughters," is well and truly called. Every Christian girl or woman *is* a King's daughter, and a king's daughter is a princess. Every Christian boy or man is a King's son, and therefore a prince. And the time is coming

when the prince and the princess shall be crowned. Paul says, though, that we shall not reign with Christ unless we suffer with him, but if we suffer with him we *shall* reign with him in glory. But, instead of wearing crosses, we must be nailed to them, and take them as they come. Some put flowers on the cross, and talk about its beauty, but do not suffer for Christ's sake. Others cut their crosses to suit themselves; while others, instead of bearing them, drag them.

Charles Sim'e-on, a well-known preacher, says that when he was at college he was often made fun of because he was pious; but he went out alone with his New Testament one day, and asked that God would lead him to some passage that would encourage him. He opened the book, and the first words that he saw were these: "They compel one Si'mon, a Cy-re'ni-an, coming out of the country, to bear his cross." Si'mon is the same as Sim'e-on. So the young man felt that he too was bearing Christ's cross. He was suffering with Christ, and he expected to reign with him, because it had been promised that he should sit with him on his throne.

The Fate of Pontius Pilate.



ON'TI-US PI'LATE spoke the word that sent Je'sus to the cross; not because he believed that Je'sus was guilty of the charge that had been brought against him, but because he had been told that if he did not order the execution of his prisoner, he himself would be charged with treason against the Roman emperor.

When he saw that he could not bring the priests to reason, and unwilling to take the responsibility of declaring a man innocent whom the Jews wished to be pronounced guilty, he washed his hands in a basin of water and shifted his shame to the souls of the Jews.

The Jews were bad enough, and in their eagerness to kill Je'sus, would have assumed any

burden of guilt; but the purposes of God would have been all fulfilled, and Pon'ti-us Pi'late would have honored himself, if he had acted according to his sense of right and honor. He could have refused consent to the crucifixion; he did not, hoping to please the Jews and Cæ'sar. But, gaining nothing, he lost everything. For an abuse of his power in Sa-ma'ri-a, he was ordered to Rome to defend himself before the emperor; but the great Cæ'sar, whom he wished to please, was dead.

That justice which he had refused to an innocent Gal-i-le'an (for only such did Je'sus of Naz'a-reth seem to him, as he stood before the bar of the court of Je-ru'sa-lem) was denied him. He was banished, and died in exile under a cloud of disfavor. According to one of the

stories that has been handed down to us from the early ages of Church history, he lived for many sad and lonely years among the Alps, and,

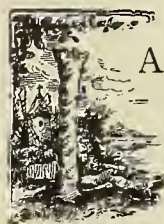
at last, in despair, flung himself into the dark, chill waters of a mountain lake—a *suicide*; a *poor, unhappy moral coward*!

The Betrayer's Confession.

"Jesus knew from the beginning who should betray him."—JOHN VI, 64.

"Woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed."—MATT. XXVI, 24.

"I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood."—MATT. XXVII, 4.



ATE! too late! Je'sus has been condemned to die, and it was I who betrayed him! I did n't think when I kissed him in the garden that this would come to pass. Perhaps, even yet, I may save him. I will go to the chief priests and elders and tell them that I have sinned. Je'sus is innocent. I will give back the thirty pieces of silver, and God will forgive me.

[He goes to the chief-priests and elders who refuse to receive the "blood money."]

"The priests and elders would not take the money. They called it 'blood money,' and when I told them that I had sinned, that Je'sus was innocent, they taunted me, saying: 'See thou to that! See thou to that!' But I have repented. I would give all that I have if I could save Je'sus from being crucified. Why *did* I betray him? Why can't I turn the wheel of time back to that day when I was chosen a disciple, one of the twelve? How well I remember that day, when Je'sus called us one by one, and gave us power over unclean spirits, and commanded us to preach the gospel, and called us his 'friends!' Then—how it all comes back!—I remember when he spoke the 'hard' words at Capernaum, and many of his followers went away and never returned. I was in doubt whether to stay or go, but I remained with him. Once—how bitterly I hated him!—he said that he had chosen the twelve, but one of them was a 'devil.' I think that he meant me. I could n't look him full in the eye; for, even then, I did n't feel at home among the disciples. They were all

Gal-i-le'ans, and I am a Ju-de'an. Je'sus himself was a Gal-i-le'an. He seems to have known when my feelings toward him changed. When I took money from the box and kept it, I think that he must have known, for I felt so guilty when I met him. At Beth'a-ny, when I objected to the waste of money spent for the ointment that Ma'ry poured upon his feet and head, he rebuked me; and I disliked him all the more, and resolved to surrender him to the priests, who, I knew, would give anything that I would ask if I would betray him.

"How glad they were when I went to them and offered to arrange for his surrender! They paid me the money at once, and I carried it with me, and counted it over and over again—thirty pieces of silver. And all the time I went to and fro with Je'sus and the other disciples. Nobody suspected me, and I thought that the priests were the only persons who knew of the plot, but Je'sus himself seemed to know all about it. At the supper in the upper room, he said: 'One of you shall betray me!' He did not point me out, but I felt that he was aware of all that I had done, and all that I intended to do. When I went again to guide the soldiers to Geth-sem'a-ne, I was almost afraid; but I had gone too far to retreat. I kissed him, and he called me 'friend.' I felt that strange power when the soldiers went backward and fell to the ground! I could not resist it. I found myself borne to the ground. I bowed on my face before him. Then the guard led him away, and I followed. The trial came on; and now he is condemned to die! It all

seems like a terrible dream. Is there no hope of saving him from his foes? Can't I undo what I have done by confessing myself a 'sinner' and declaring him innocent? I was with him three years. He is holy; he is the Son of God. He will judge me. He is judging me now. I will tell him that I repented—that I returned the money. O conscience! conscience! how thou dost condemn me!"

Full of despair, in an agony of dread, afraid to live, hoping that death would plunge his soul into the darkness forever, he went through the city streets, out through the gates into the country and hung himself. Luke says: "Falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out!" A terrible sight! So ended the career of a thief, betrayer, who repented too late.

"In the lurid morn that broke on the other shore where the flood cast him up, did he meet those searching, loving eyes of Je'sus, whose gaze he knew so well, when he came to answer for the deeds done in the flesh?"

"None of them is lost," said Je'sus, speaking of the twelve, "but the lost son—the son of

perdition." For him, his life in this world was a lost, lost life. Better that he had never been born. Well for us if we learn that even repentance may not undo wrong deeds; even sorrow for sin may be too late, and true faith may become impossible to one who sinned in the face of light and against the warning voice of conscience. That voice was never hushed; even when Ju'das was making the last preparations to take his own life, conscience was faithfully saying: "It is wrong, wrong!" But stiffened in sin, stubbornly unwilling to live on, unwilling to fling himself at the feet of Je'sus, he took his own way to rid himself, as he hoped, of his guilt.

Suicide, after all that can be said about the boldness of the man who dare take his own life, is either insanity or cowardice. Certainly it is the very greatest kind of presumption. What *right* has anyone to end his own life at his will? How does he know how his death will affect others who live after him? How will it affect himself if he should live after death? He does not *know* that death *will* end all. *Perhaps* there may be a future, and *perhaps* he may be brought to judgment. If he has suffered too much, as he thinks, he may suffer *more* when he enters the world of spirits; for he adds sin to sin.

Too Late.

THE people gathered from far and near,
The blessed Master to see and hear;
For healing and help, for life and food,
"The Savior," they said, "is true and good."
They came and went, a surging crowd,
And many shouted, both long and loud,
"The Christ has come! the King is here!"
And seeing the kingdom of God so near,
Expected to see the foe struck down,
And Je'sus enthroned, a-wearing his crown;
But others doubted and turned away:
"Let others follow, not we *to-day*;
Perhaps on the morrow he'll show his power,
When the clock strikes sure his glory's hour;

We'll serve him well in his palace fair,
When he sways his scepter in majesty there."
But the King came in to his palace fair,
And the few who were willing to die and dare,
Were summoned to share in its beautiful life—
Reward for their courage in days of strife;
While the many who'd hoped for a better day,
When the conflict came on were far away;
And battle was over and victory won,
And they missed the words of the king, "Well done."
Too late for them was the bended knee,
Who had waited idly in doubt to see
If the Son of Ma'ry would prove his claim,
To the right and glory of the King's great name.

The First Easter Sunday.



RIDAY, April 6, 34, was the day of Christ's crucifixion. His body was taken down from the cross in the afternoon of the same day, and put in a sepulcher, or tomb cut in a rock, belonging to a man called Jo'seph of Ar-i-ma-the'a. Saturday passed. It was the Jewish Sabbath. But it was a dark and restless day to

away the stone at the mouth of the sepulcher? It is very large." But when they came near enough to see the place, they were surprised to find that the grave was open. Ma'ry Mag'da-le-ne hurried back to the city to tell Pe'ter and John that the body of Je'sus had been taken away. The other women went on, and, as they feared, found the tomb empty. Angels, how-



EASTER DAWN.

the disciples of Je'sus. They had hoped that he was the Son of God, the deathless Mes-si'ah; and his body was lying cold and stiff in a grave! Early in the morning of Sunday, the first day of the week, Ma'ry Mag'da-le-ne and others went to the garden, taking spices that they had prepared, to preserve the body of Je'sus. As they walked along one of them asked: "Who will roll

ever, appeared, and told them that Je'sus had arisen. Pe'ter and John, running together, by this time reached the garden. John ran ahead, and looked first into the grave, and saw the linen clothes and the napkin in which the body of Je'sus had been dressed for burial. The two disciples then went home, "wondering at that which had come to pass." "Who had taken the



"CHRIST IS RISEN."

body of Je'sus?" Ma'ry Mag'da-le-ne, having perhaps met Pe'ter and John on their way back to the city, returned alone to the grave. We can easily understand her feelings. She thought

that she might yet learn how the holy body had been removed. She could not go home knowing nothing. She stood weeping at the mouth of the grave, and then stooped down and looked in,

hoping that she might see something that would throw light on the question that puzzled her. "Why has the body been taken away? Who has removed it?" Two white-robed figures! But the body of Je'sus was not in the grave. "Woman, why weepest thou?" the angels asked. "They have taken away my Lord. I know not

Up to this time Je'sus had not been seen by the disciples. They treated the reports of the women as if they had been "idle tales." Pe'ter was the first of the eleven to see him. The Gospels do not tell us when, or where, or how. What a scene that was when Pe'ter saw him, whom he had so shamefully denied only a few days



THOMAS SAID: "MY LORD AND MY GOD!"

where they have laid him." She turned, and saw a man standing near. Thinking him to be the gardener, she said: "If thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away!" "Ma'ry!" Instantly she saw that the gardener was Je'sus! He had met the other women, who had gone to tell the disciples that Je'sus had risen!

before! During the day Je'sus appeared to two men at Em'ma-us. They returned to Je-ru'salem, and reported that they had also seen the Lord. The hours passed, and it was not until evening that Je'sus appeared again among those men whom he had called, and who had been with him for three years. But Thom'as was not with them. When the disciples told him that Je'sus

had risen, and that they had seen him, he said: "I shall not believe until I see him, and put my hands on the wounds in his hands and side."

So the first Easter Sunday passed. Thom'as did not see his Lord on that day; but a week

later, when he was with the eleven, Je'sus appeared, and, singling him out, offered to submit to every test. But it was enough; Thom'as was satisfied. He did not need to touch the holy body. The voice, the form—these were enough.

Crowned at Last.

OT one of the disciples was more devoted to Je'sus than Pe'ter, and not one wavered as much. He was one of the first whom Je'sus chose to be always with him. It was he who said to Je'sus: "Thou art the Son of the living God. Thou hast the words of eternal life. If we leave thee, to whom shall we go?" He saw Ja-i'rus's daughter raised from the dead. When Je'sus was transfigured he was present, and when he prayed in Geth-sem'a-ne, Pe'ter was in the garden near him. And yet, truly as he believed in Je'sus, he denied him, even with oaths. He preached the first sermon in Je-ru'sa-lem after

the disciples were filled with that Holy Spirit which enabled them to tell about Je'sus with "power." Yet he changed his mind so much about the way in which Gen'tiles should be treated by the Church, that Paul once rebuked him to his face. But he was crowned at last. There is an old story that, during the great persecutions in Rome, he left the city, but on the way out he met Je'sus. "Where goest thou?" he asked. "I am going to Rome to be crucified again." Pe'ter was so ashamed that he went back, and was killed. The legend says that he was crucified head downwards, because he was not worthy to be crucified as his Lord had been.

A Liar's Doom.

"Lying lips are but for a moment."—PROVERBS XII, 19.

ELL all that thou hast, and give to the poor," said Je'sus to the rich young man, who was so very anxious to know what to do to "inherit eternal life." Sell all that he had? Anything but that! Why, "he had great possessions." He could n't part with them, and he went away, and we never hear of him again. What he failed to do, other men did. Luke says in his story of the early Church of Christ in Je-ru'sa-lem, just after Pentecost, that "as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them at the apostles' feet, and distribution was made unto each according as any one

had need." This state of things did n't last very long; but it was good while it lasted, *at least for the poor*. But good as it was for them, and for the rich who were willing to lay aside private rights to property and live on a level with all, only taking out of the common fund what they needed, it was a bad thing for at least two members of the Church, a husband and wife, named An-a-ni'as and Sap-phi'ra, because, good as they seemed, they were bad at heart. Seeing other members selling property and paying the proceeds into the treasury, they, of course, felt that they ought to do as the rest did; and so they too made a sale. But they talked the matter over beforehand, and concluded that they

would only sell a part of their property for the general good; the balance they would keep for themselves and have a little private income, besides what they received from the Church, to cover their needs. The sale came off, and, taking the money, An-a-ni'as went to the apostles and said: "Here is my contribution!" But Pe'ter, reading his mind as if it had been an open book, said: "An-a-ni'as, why hath Sa'tan filled thy heart to deceive the Holy Ghost and to keep back part of the price? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God!" A sudden flutter of the heart, a quiver of nerves, a trembling of limbs, and An-a-ni'as fell dead. His body,

wrapped in a mantle, was carried away and buried. Three hours later, Sap-phi'ra came in, to whom Pe'ter spoke as sternly as to her husband, and she, too, terror-stricken, smitten by the hand of the God who loves truth and hates falsehood, fell dead before the startled witnesses.

"Lying lips are but for a moment," says the writer of the Proverbs. Not all, of course, who lie are struck dead, else sudden deaths would be common. But is it not a fact that as soon as anyone is detected in a falsehood, all confidence in him dies and his self-respect dies? He may live on and on for many years after his "lie," but in all that makes true manhood he is dead.

Light and Lightning; OR, MIRACLES AND CURSES.

"God is Love."—1 JOHN IV, 8.

"Our God is a consuming fire."—HEB. XII, 29.



WHEN John said, "God is love," he did not mean to say that Paul was not right when he said that "God is a consuming fire." God is both "love" and "a consuming fire;" "love," like the beautiful light of the sun; "a consuming fire," like the lightning, fiercely burning its forked way through the air. He does not change—at one time like the light, and at another like the lightning; but all the while he is light to those who are good, and lightning to those who are bad. Je'sus, whose life on the earth showed what the real spirit of God is, was like light to those poor "publicans and sinners" who repented of their sins, and like lightning to those proud, self-righteous Phar'i-sees who thought themselves so good that they had nothing to repent of. To one class, Je'sus said, "Blessed!" to the other, "Woe unto you!"

And there was an Old Testament prophet who was like him; I mean E-li'sha, or El-i-se'us, as he is called in the New Testament. He was the special friend and companion of the greatest

prophet that the Jews ever had—E-li'jah—and himself became a prophet after E-li'jah had ascended to heaven; for you will remember (or if you do n't, you ought) that E-li'jah, instead of dying, was taken from the earth in a chariot of fire.

E-li'sha was originally a farmer. He was plowing in one of his fields, when E-li'jah came along and threw his "mantle" or cloak upon his shoulders. He understood at once what this strange action meant, and, after he had called his "hands" and friends to a parting feast, left his farm (as the disciples afterwards left their fishing-nets at Ca-per'na-um and thereabouts, when Je'sus called them to follow him), and "ministered" to the great man of God until he finished his work and went to his reward. E-li'sha took up E-li'jah's mantle as it fell, and turned to go back again, west of the Jor'dan (for E-li'jah ascended to heaven from the mountains east of the Jor'dan River), and, when he came to the bank of the stream, did just as he had seen E-li'jah do: he folded the cloak, and struck the

flowing water, which opened, as it had done when the children of Is'ra-el crossed years before, and he walked to the western bank, as if he had been in the fields. The young men who were preparing to be "prophets" saw this, and were con-

It was such an easy thing to do! Strange that nobody thought of throwing salt into water! But nobody else did; nobody else could. And he sweetened the water, and gave new life to the land because, in some way, God gave him power.



ELISHA DIVIDING THE WATERS OF JORDAN.

vinced that E-li'sha was the true successor of the great hero-prophet, E-li'jah.

It was n't long before he had a chance to show whether or not he *was* a true prophet. The people of Jer'i-cho came to him with the complaint that, though their city was pleasantly enough located, the drinking water was bad, and



ELISHA SAVING THE SHUNAMITE'S SON.

the soil that they had to cultivate was run down, and didn't yield as it ought. Would E-li'sha purify the water and renew the soil? This was a severe test; but E-li'sha only asked for some

salt, and, throwing it into a spring, said: "Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters!"

In this miracle—for it was a miracle—E-li'sha was like the light that brings life and good-cheer by its shining. As everybody feels better on a sunny day than on a murky, muggy, rainy



ELISHA SWEETENING THE BITTER WATERS.

day, so everybody in Jer'i-cho felt glad because the water had become fit to drink, and the soil had

become fertile, with prospect of good crops. The prophet, gracious and good as he was, could be like the lightning when he wished, which was very soon afterward. He was walking along the road near Beth'-el—quietly enough, though he was troubled and indignant because Beth'-el was

tries in the far East; but it is said to be a fact that there is hardly another name which once had such a bad effect on a man's temper. E-li'-sha did n't lose his temper; but he was a prophet of God; and those boys of Beth'-el were insulting him because they were the sons of idol-worship-

ers, and he was a preacher in the name of a God whom nobody could see. Instead of going on his way, E-li'-sha turned back, and "in the name of the Lord" pronounced a curse upon them, "as if he had said: 'I will take no sort of vengeance on them for these insults; the Lord himself avenge me.'" And the Lord did, as a warning to the parents in Beth'-el to teach their children how to behave. It is said that two hungry she-bears came growling out of the woods and killed forty-two of these blasphemous lads! After that, E-li'-sha was n't called "bald-head" any more, but was looked upon with fear, and treated with the respect that was due him. He had to flash lightning though, and blast and blight, which was n't perhaps pleasant, but necessary. When he appears again, he is doing good for others, asking the Lord to send water for the armies of Je-ho'ram, king of Is'ra-el, and Je-hosh'a-phat, king of Ju'dah, united in a campaign against the king of Mo'ab, and telling the soldiers what to do to get



CHARITY TO LEPERS.

such a wicked town, with its miserable idols, that so many of the He'brews *would* worship, instead of the true God—when a crowd of young men began to shout: "Go up, thou bald-head! Go up, thou bald-head!" Now, I don't know why it was regarded an insult to call a man a "bald-head" in Pal'es-tine and some other coun-

it—dig ditches and wait until they were filled. He raises a dead boy to life, the son of parents who had been very kind to him. The story, as it is written in the Second Book of Kings, is very beautiful and striking; how the little fellow went out into the fields on a warm day and was overcome by the heat, and carried home, to die, on his mother's



NAAMAN OFFERING PRESENTS TO ELISHA.

lap, before noon; how she went quickly to E-li'sha at Car'mel, and told him about her boy's death; how E-li'sha went to her home and brought back the child's spirit again. What could be more tender and kind than that? Then too, when some poisonous herbs were placed by accident in the "stew" that was being made for dinner, he threw a handful of meal into the pot, and the young prophets ate without harm. A hundred men came to visit him one day; but there was n't much in the house, and his servant asked him how he expected to feed so many guests. Having faith, even if he did n't have

food, he ordered the table to be laid; and there was something left, "according to the word of the Lord."

Our Savior speaks of him once as a healer of Na'a-man's leprosy. This Na'a-man was a Syr'-i-an, a general high in the favor of his king, and successful in battle; but he had become a leper, than which there could be no worse fate, if you know what a horrible disease leprosy is; for there are lepers living now, living a death in life, rotting to death, little by little, with no hope whatever of getting cured. When Na'a-man found that he had leprosy, the pleasure of

his riches and fame all faded away, and all that he wanted was to be healed. Well, on one of his campaigns a little girl had been captured and made a slave. "She waited on Na'a-man's wife." When she learned that her master had the disease that everybody dreaded, she one day remarked to her mistress, that if Na'a-man were only in Sa-ma'ri-a she was sure he could be cured, because there was a prophet there. The king of Syr'i-a was anxious that Na'a-man should be cured, and sent him forthwith to the king of Is'ra-el, with a letter and a present. In the letter was a request that Na'a-man should be at once cured of his leprosy. The king of Is'ra-el, being a *king*, could do a great many things, but he could n't cure leprosy; and he began to fear that the king of Syr'i-a would send an army after him if he did n't restore the good health of this favorite general. In a word, he seems to have thought that the Syr'i-an king only wanted a chance to fight him, and take away his crown and throne. E-li'sha heard of the affair, and, though he was n't a king, he could do what the king of Is'ra-el knew that he was unable even to attempt. Na'a-man then left the king's palace, and was driven to the house of E-li'sha, which was anything but a palace, being, as we may imagine, a very plain house indeed. But, though he lived in a poor house, E-li'sha had a sense of what was becoming the dignity of a prophet; so he sent a servant out to tell his excellency, the general, to go over to the Jor'dan River and wash himself seven times in its waters. Well! that was rather cool treatment of a man "mighty in valor and great with his master, the king of Syr'i-a," and he became angry. He thought that E-li'sha would come out of his house and offer prayer to his God, and stroke his hand over the leper-spot, and do a great miracle. But no; he is only told by a servant to travel to the Jor'dan and bathe seven times! If bathing was necessary to cure him, why did n't he recommend the waters of Da-mas'cus, the beautiful streams of Ab'a-na and Phar'par? The longer he thought, the angrier he felt. His friends—the servants in his household—were

wiser than he, and persuaded him to do what the prophet advised. He did so, and was immediately healed; then went meekly and thankfully back to E-li'sha, and assured him that he believed now that there was no other God than he whom E-li'sha called his "Savior."

He wished to pay the prophet for what he had done, but E-li'sha refused to take anything at all. Na'a-man was very much surprised at this, wondering at the difference between the Syr'i-an doctors who did nothing without pay, and this He'brew who healed without charge. Having told E-li'sha that he would no longer worship the gods of Syr'i-a, he received his blessing and started for home, but had n't gone far before Ge-ha'zi, E-li'sha's servant, ran up and said that two young men had just come to his house and were in need of money and clothes. E-li'sha was n't able to help them. Would Na'a-man be so kind as to assist him? Very cheerfully. Na'a-man could n't do enough to show his gratitude. So he gave Ge-ha'zi two bags of money and two changes of clothing, who returned and hid the money and the clothes in his house, and then went to E-li'sha. "Where have you been?" asked the prophet. "Nowhere!" answered Ge-ha'zi—and *lied*. E-li'sha then said: "I know where you have been, and what you have done. Because of this Na'a-man's leprosy shall come upon *you*!" *And he became as white as snow.*

His next miracle is a little one. The "sons of the prophets" were building a house, when one of them, who was cutting down a tree for a beam, let his ax-head fall into the river. Unfortunately the ax was borrowed. E-li'sha, pitying the young man's distress, asked where it fell in, and, being shown, cut a branch of a tree, threw it out on the water, and the ax-head rose to the surface.

All this is very kind and pleasant; but E-li'sha flashes lightning again when his enemies wanted to arrest him, because he was a prophet and knew their secret plans. He struck them blind, so that they could n't find him!

The Gospel in Athens.



PAUL came to Ath'ens in the year 52. A city "full of idols." A city of temples. The apostle, instead of admiring the beautiful buildings and the statues, cut from whitest marble by Greece's greatest sculptors, looked upon them with a kind of horror. They were *idol* temples! The statues were worshiped instead of God. He went to the synagogue—for there was a synagogue in Ath'ens—and preached, telling the Jews about Je'sus. Not content with that, he went every day to the public squares and markets, telling all who would listen that the religion of Ath'ens was false. The temples are grand, the statues are fine, but the religion is false. There are no such gods and goddesses as Ju'pi-ter and Mi-ner'va; there is only one God. The teachers and priests heard of his presence, and brought him before the highest court in the city. Paul wished for nothing better, and, standing there on Mars' Hill, in the midst of men who thought themselves the wisest men of all the world, he began to tell them what he believed, and why he believed it.

"You are very religions," he said. "But, as I passed along your streets, I saw an altar to 'An Unknown God.' You admit, then, that there is

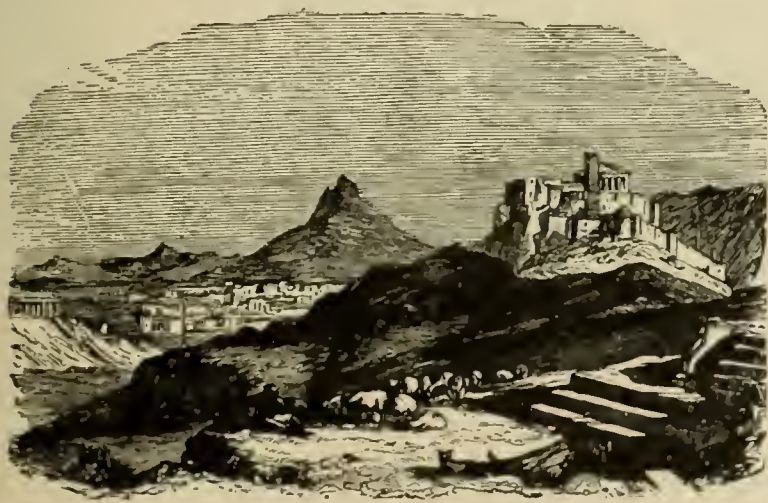
does not dwell in temples made with hands. He is not to be worshiped with men's hands, as though he needs their gifts. He is the Creator. He gives all men their life, and he has made the whole human family of one blood. He has fixed the times and the places in which men



PAUL ON MARS' HILL.

shall live. We live in him. And now because, as your own poets say, 'We are children of God,' we ought not to think that God is like a statue cut with chisel. God has been patient, and allowed these times of ignorance to go by without judgment, but he now commands men to repent. He has appointed a day in which he will judge men by that man whom he has sent—that man whom he has raised from the dead."

The sermon was cut short. The men of the court would not hear of such an impossible thing as a resurrection! Paul, seeing that there was no further chance of speaking, went away.



THE AREOPAGUS.

a God whom you do not know; whom you ignorantly worship. I declare him to you: First, he

But even in Ath'ens the gospel bore fruit. One of the members of the court before which Paul was brought believed in Jesus, and a little Church was formed.

known in all the world because Paul once preached there, than for anything else in all the history of Greece. The A-the'ni-ans were very wise *in some things*, but they were not wise



PAUL, ON MARS' HILL.

The temples are no longer used for worship. Men go from far to see their ruins. The statues of the gods are studied because of their beautiful form, but no one worships them.

In that city, once "full of idols," there are now Christian churches, and Mars' Hill is better

known in all the world because Paul once preached there, than for anything else in all the history of Greece. The A-the'ni-ans were very wise *in some things*, but they were not wise enough to understand that the glory of their native land was fading away, and that that religion which Paul was preaching would spread through all the earth, and that the name of the preacher would be loved and honored long after their names had been entirely forgotten.

An Earthquake Sermon.

PAUL and Si'las, his friend and fellow-worker, were arrested in Phi-lip'pi for preaching the gospel. They were charged with teaching doctrines that the Ro'mans did not believe (Phi-lip'pi was then under Ro'man rule), and, after being whipped, were sent to jail. They were

other prisoners heard them, and were, perhaps, cursing them for making a noise, when the foundations of the jail were shaken, and the heavy doors, that the jailer had locked and barred, swung open, and the chains fell off the wrists and ankles of the prisoners, and the stocks were unlocked. The jailer was awakened



PAUL IN PRISON.

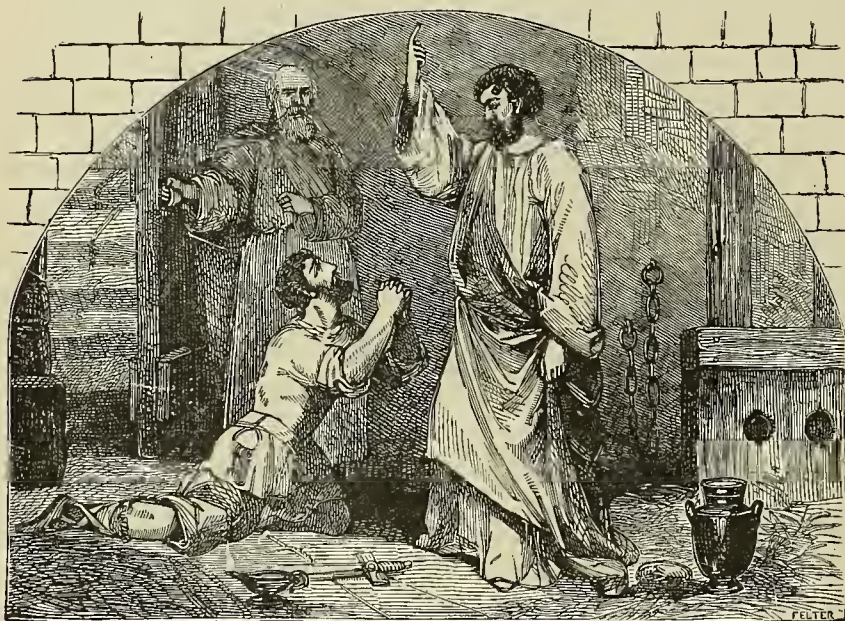
locked in the inner prison, with their feet fastened in the stocks. But at midnight they began to sing and give praise to God. They were happy that God thought them worthy to suffer for the sake of Je'sus; and though they were in pain and could not sleep, they could sing. The

out of sleep, and, seeing that the prison-doors were opened, supposed that the prisoners had broken jail. He drew his sword and would have killed himself, but Paul called out: "Do thyself no harm; we are all here." The jailer, trembling and excited, fell at the feet of Paul and Si'las,

and there in that prison Paul preached and the jailer believed. But Paul's words were only the "application" of the earthquake sermon that had stirred the jailer's conscience.

A church was formed in Phi-lip'pi, and Paul had many friends there, to whom he wrote that Epistle called, "The Epistle to the Phi-lip'pi-ans," and from whom he received many gifts.

Speaking of these epistles or letters that Paul wrote to different Churches, I am reminded that of the thirteen in the New Testament there are four—Ro'mans, Ga-la'ti-ans, and the two letters to the Co-rinth'i-ans—which even infidels, who have made a study of the question, admit have come to us direct from Paul. There can



PAUL PREACHING TO THE JAILER.

be no doubt, they say, that Paul did actually live and write to the Churches in Rome and Ga-la'ti-a and Cor'inth in Greece; and that, as a matter of fact, he wrote them before the year 68 A. D., in which the Emperor Ne'ro died. Now, if you will take sixty-eight from the year in which you are living, you will see that more than eighteen hundred years have passed since Paul lived and wrote. And we are just as sure that he lived and wrote as if we were to see him or hear him speak; sure that he once came to the city of Tro'as, and while sleeping there one night, had a strange dream. He thought that he saw a figure of a man, who said: "Come over into Mac-e-do'ni-a and help us!" Mac-e-

do'ni-a, you may know, was north of Greece. When Paul awoke, he told his dream, and it was agreed that, as they had no other plans, they should take the dream as if it were a command of Je'sus, and go at once to Mac-e-do'ni-a. For Paul did what he had to do *at once*. I have read that he who puts off doing what he ought to do, loses time. He does indeed. He says he has "time enough, time enough." After awhile it is too late; he has no time left. Well, Paul concluded, as Luke says, that God had called him to preach the gospel over in Mac-e-do'ni-a. He took passage on a ship at Tro'as, and sailed away, straight to a city called Sam-o-thra'ce, and then to a place called Ne-ap'o-lis, or New Town, and pushed on until he came to Phi-lip'pi, and there took lodging. On the first Sabbath-day after he reached the place, he went down to the side of a little stream that flows by the town, where he expected to find a place set apart for prayer. And there, outside of the city gate, he saw a little group of women, one of whom was called Lyd'i-a, who was in Phi-lip'pi selling purple dye-stuff. Paul took a seat, and when he had shown that he was a friend, and saw that the women had faith in him and were willing to listen, he began to talk with them about his conversion. And he told his story so well that Lyd'i-a said: "I also believe!" She at once wished to show to every one about her that she had given up her old life and had become a new woman in Christ Je'sus. So she was baptized in the name of Christ, with her household.

At another time, when Paul was on his way to the same place, a young woman followed him, calling out as she walked along the streets: "These men are servants of the Most High God, who proclaim to you a way of salvation!" She was called a "soothsayer," or fortune-teller. It was thought that another spirit was in her, and that she could tell what would happen in the future, or where to find anything that was lost, or how to make money, or whom to marry. She made a good deal of money, the most of which went to some men whom Luke calls her "masters," who were very anxious that she



BELIEVE ON THE LORD.

should carry on her trade. But Paul, who cared more for her than he did for her masters, finally turned around and said to the spirit: "I charge thee, in the name of Je'sus Christ, to come out of her!" And at once she lost her strange powers, whatever they were, and, though she now believed in truth that Paul was a servant of God and did show a way of salvation, she was no longer a fortune-teller. When her masters found out that she had been freed from the control of the "Py'thon," as they called the spirit, they at once arrested Paul and his friend

Si'las, and brought them to the Ro'man officers, the prætors, and complained that they were Jews, and that they were teaching doctrines and customs that no Ro'man could either accept or observe. There was very much excitement, and a crowd gathered, making a noise in the streets, and calling on the officers to punish these disturbers, who were first flogged with rods, and then sent to jail where they were put into the stocks, as Jer-e-mi'ah had been long before; but, unlike him, they had a good time praying and singing. Here it was that they preached their

mighty earthquake sermon, after such a day of trouble and suffering. The jailer, as we have seen, at once believed in Je'sus—which is more than most people do now, though they hear preaching a long, long time—and his whole family, and all who were in the house said that, after such a wonderful thing, they also believed; and,

Je'sus. He at once became a friend of Paul, and took him to his home, and gave him his breakfast. Then Ro'man officers sent word to let the prisoners go; but Paul, who knew his rights as a Ro'man citizen, said: "No, we have done nothing wrong. We have suffered unjustly, as every one can see. If these officers want to let



MACEDONIANS PRESENTING GIFTS.

though it was late at night, they were all baptized right away.

I have often wondered whether Paul ever saw any one in Mac-e-do'ni-a who looked like the "man" in his dream; and I think that possibly this jailer was the "man," because he was one of the first, if not *the* first man, to accept Je'sus, although Lyd'i-a was the first person in all that country which we call Eu'rope to believe in

us out of prison, let them come and release us." This frightened them, for it was against the law of Rome for a Ro'man officer to whip a Ro'man citizen and put him in the stocks. But they came and let Paul out, and asked him to leave the city. He did so, after he had talked and prayed with the few people in the town who had believed in Je'sus, and then went sadly away. But he had founded a Church of Christ!

Shipwrecked.



It is in the latter part of August, in the year 60. On the wharf at Ces-a-re'a, in Pal'es-tine, is a little group of men waiting to take passage in a ship that will soon set sail for the city of Ad-ra-my'ti-um,—a group of prisoners in charge of Ro'man soldiers. One of them is Paul; another is Ar-is-tar'chus. Luke, a physician, is also in the group; but he is a companion of Paul, and not under arrest. The captain of the ship calls "All aboard!" the anchors are lifted, and the boat sails out into the Med-i-ter-ra'ne-an, and, after touching at several ports, reaches the city of My'ra. Here passengers for Rome change to a ship from Al-ex-an'dri-a, on its way to It'a-ly. Paul and Ar-is-tar'chus, under guard, make the change, and the boat sails slowly westward against a head-wind. Paul, seeing that the voyage would be dangerous, told the captain of the guard that it would be better to put into port; but the master and owner of the boat said they could manage it, and, having the promise of a good breeze, sailed close to the shore of Crete. But they had scarcely left the harbor before a storm arose. The ship was driven before the wind, and with difficulty saved from being thrown on the rocks of Clau'da or the sands of Syr'tis. The captain gave orders to lighten ship, and the crew threw freight overboard. On the third day the ship-furniture was cast into the sea; and still the storm raged, and captain, crew, and passengers lost hope.

Then Paul, though only a prisoner, became the real captain of the ship. He said: "Last night there stood by me an angel of that God whose I am, and whom I serve. He said to me: 'Fear not; thou shalt yet stand before Cæ'sar. God has given thee all thy fellow-passengers.' I believe in God. It shall be as the angel said. But we shall be cast upon a certain island."

In that same sea, long before, a ship and passengers had well-nigh been lost, because Jo'nah was on board—Jo'nah, disobedient to God's command to go to Nin'e-veh, and fleeing to Tar'shish—and only saved because he was thrown into the sea. Now, though a ship will be lost, the passengers will be saved, because a man of God is among them.

Two weeks of storm! No sun, no moon, no stars! The sailors sounded again and again, and, finding that they were coming near land, and fearing that they would be drowned, got ready to leave the boat and passengers to their fate. But Paul said to the soldiers: "Unless



SAINT PAUL'S BAY.

the men stay on the ship we can not be saved!" The life-boat was then cut off, and Paul again showed himself a leader among men by assuring all on board that not one of them would die; and, taking some food, he gave thanks to God, as if he had been in some quiet church; and, though the skies were still dark, and the boat tossing up and down, he began to eat. All followed his example. Perhaps they would yet be saved!

When the morning came the captain sighted land. He had lost his reckoning, and did not know the name of the place. But he saw a bay into which he thought he could run his ship.

The anchors were cut. The rudder-bands were loosed. The fore-sail was raised. The pilot took his bearings, and ran the boat ashore. And though it was destroyed by the sweep of the

waves, all the passengers, crew, Ro'man soldiers, and prisoners escaped safe to the land.

Shipwrecked! And Rome far away! And Paul in the midst of the "barbarians!"

Dionysius.

"Certain men believed: among the which was Dionysius, the Areopagite."—ACTS XVII, 34.



I-O-NYS'I-US is a name famous in the history of Greece; but of "Di-o-nys'i-us the Ar-e-op'a-gite," almost nothing is known, except that he was a member of the supreme court of Ath'ens, and one of the few who were converted to Christianity by the famous sermon of Paul's preached on Mars' Hill. When and where he was born we can not tell, nor when and where he died. His name is in the New Testament, to be handed down to the end of time; but the story of his life is only a guess. Two things, however, are certain: he was one of the greatest citizens of Ath'ens (he was an assessor of the court), and one of its bravest. The "Ar-e-op'a-gus," or "Upper Council," was an old, old court, or body of judges, appointed to try citizens who were charged with crime, and was made up of the best of A-the'ni-ans. It had been in existence for more than six hundred years, and though much of its greatness had disappeared, because the Ro'mans now ruled over Greece, it was still looked upon with great respect. As a member of it, Di-o-nys'i-us knew the history and the laws of his country, and, as a matter of course, was a worshiper of those gods and goddesses to whom statues and temples were built in all the streets of the city. He liked to talk about the golden days of Greece, when the Per'si-ans were defeated at Mar'a-thon and Ther-mop'y-læ; and he longed for their return, when the Ro'mans should be driven out of his native land. He studied the life and the laws of So'lon and Ly-cur'gus, and day by day, when the court was in session, went up the sixteen steps cut out of the

rock, and sat on one of the stone benches in the open air, and performed his duties as an assessor and judge. I have no question that his life would have gone on in this quiet way, and he would have died and been forgotten, like the rest of the judges, had it not been that Paul came to Ath'ens and began to preach about Je'sus, the King of kings. At first the apostle went to the market-place, where there were crowds of people coming and going, but always ready to tell or hear something new; and he excited such curiosity that he was invited to go up to Mars' Hill, where the court of Ar-e-op'a-gus sat; and so, up the sixteen steps he went, glad of the chance to preach a sermon, and the crowds followed, packing the top and the sides of the little hill. Luke has reported the sermon. Di-o-nys'i-us heard it, and was so convicted by it that he said: "If what this man says is true—and it is—I have been wrong. There is no Ju'-pi-ter, no Mars, no Bac'chus; there is only one God, and Je'sus, who has risen from the dead, is his Son. I believe Paul's story, and I will be a follower of Je'sus."

Paul probably told him how he himself had actually seen the Lord while he was on his way to Da-mas'cus, and, though Di-o-nys'i-us never saw Christ, and knew nothing about him except what he heard from the lips of Paul, he had no doubt that Je'sus lived and died and rose again, as Paul said, and that he would come again to judge the world. To confess this faith required courage, because there were many who, when Paul spoke about the resurrection of Je'sus, pronounced his doctrines so utterly absurd that

they refused to listen any further. In spite of all this, however, Dio-nys'i-us declared himself a believer in Je'sus Christ. He no longer went to the temple of Ju'pi-ter, the theater of Bac'chus, but worshiped with the little band of men and women who had accepted the doctrines of Paul, the servant and apostle of the Lord. Perhaps he lost his place as a member of the supreme court of the city of the Violet Crown, but he became the head of the Christian Church at Ath'ens, if we may believe the story that has come down to us, and his name has been kept alive, while all the other members of the court have been forgotten these eighteen hundred years. As we look back it seems a very easy thing for

him to be a Christian; but if we put ourselves in his place, we shall see that he was, as I have said, one of the bravest men in all Ath'ens; willing to be in the minority; willing to seem a traitor to his country, because a believer in Christ in those days was thought to be an enemy of Cæ'sar; willing to be cast off, because he could no longer go with his family and former associates to those altars dedicated to the names of no gods.

Luke thought that he deserved to be remembered by the whole Church forever, and so wherever the New Testament goes in all the world it carries his name, "Dio-nys'i-us the Ar-e-op'a-gite."

Paul, Apostle; Nero, Emperor.



AUL was born in the city of Tar'sus about six years after Je'sus was born in Beth'le-hem. Ne'ro was born at Au-ti'um in the year 37. They met at Rome in the year 63. Paul was an apostle of Je'sus. Ne'ro was emperor of Rome.

Paul went to school first in Tar'sus, and afterwards in Je-ru'sa-lem. Of those years we know almost nothing. He studied hard, attended the synagogue faithfully, and became a member of that Jewish court called the Sanhedrim. He heard about Je'sus, but instead of believing in him, tried to kill his followers. When Ste'phen was tried by the Jewish council, Paul voted for his death. He saw him stoned to death, and then started to Da-mas'cus to break up a Christian Church that had been founded there. On his way Je'sus appeared to him. He at once became a believer in him—having, perhaps, been before partly convinced by the words and death of Ste'phen—and became one of the greatest preachers that the world has known.

He was arrested for teaching false doctrines, and brought to trial; but he asked that his trial, instead of being held in Pal'es-tine, might be held in Rome before the Emperor Ne'ro.

Ne'ro had become ruler of the great Ro'man empire when a boy seventeen years old. He



TARSUS.

began his reign well; but he became one of the worst rulers that ever lived. He caused the

death of the boy who should have been emperor. He married Pop-pe'a after she had got a divorce, and kicked her to death. He commanded his servants to kill his mother. And if he did not cause the burning of Rome, he did cause the persecution of the early Christians. "Some,"

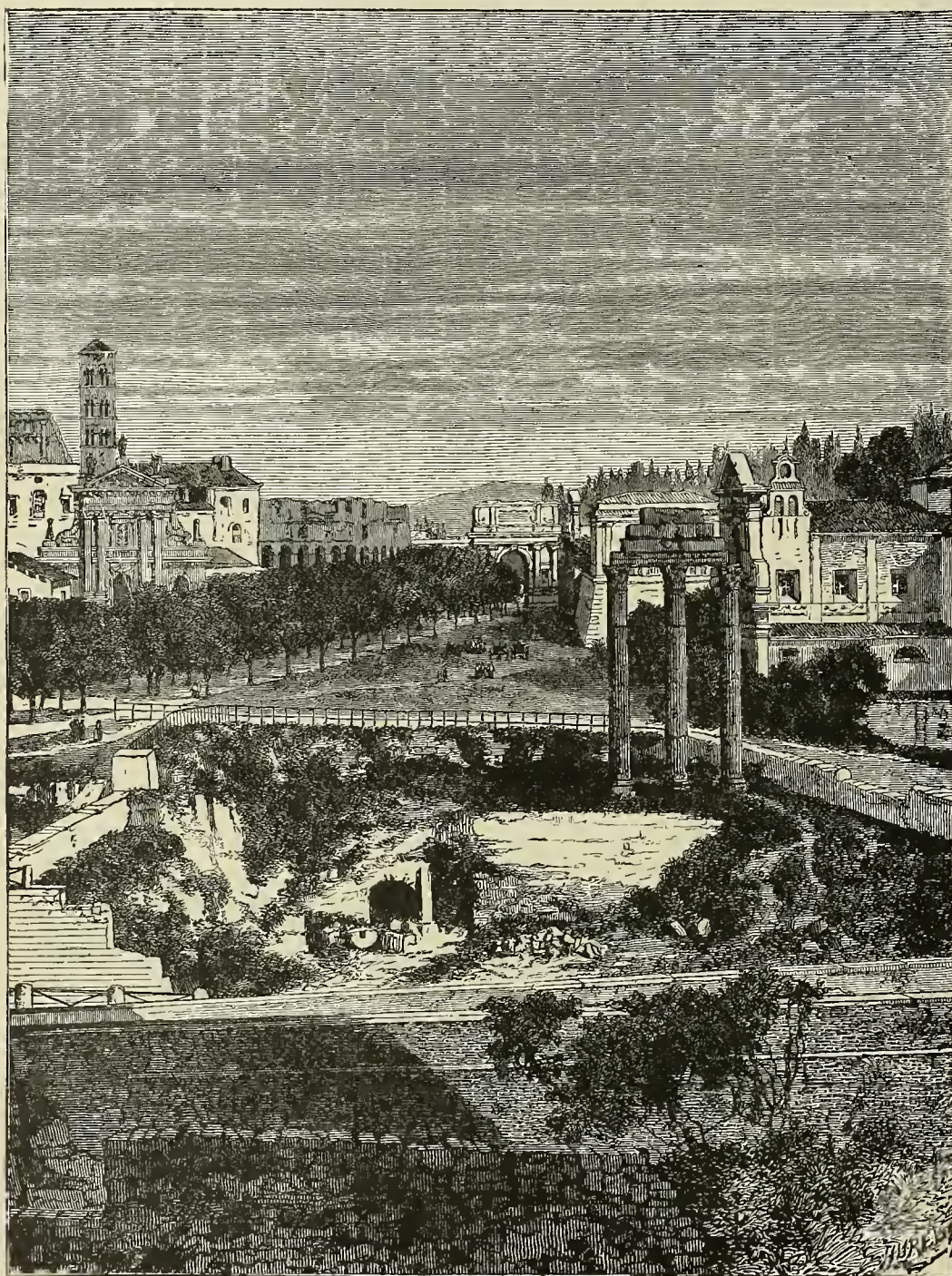
not so much to the public welfare as to the cruelty of a jealous tryant."

Tac'i-tus was a Ro'man, and no friend to the Christians; but, heathen though he was, he could not be blind to the wrongs done them by the monster on the throne. The meeting of two such men in the same room under the same roof is an event very important. All that was seen was a man of plain dress fifty-seven years old, perhaps gray-haired and wrinkled-faced, apparently without friends. No one stood with him. The emperor, in his purple robes, surrounded by slaves and men of the court, sits on the throne. Paul defends himself. Ne'ro says there is no reason why he should die, and the two men separate.

Paul goes out to preach in Mac-do'ni-a, A'si-a Mi'nor, Spain, and returns to Rome, there to die as a witness for Jesus.

Ne'ro went out to prolong a course of sin; but even Rome, bad as it was, grew tired of his shameful abuse of power. The soldiers rebelled. The Senate declared him an enemy to Rome. He fled from the city, and, holding a dagger to his throat, commanded a slave to drive it home, and so died.

Suicide! Martyrdom—death for Je'sus' sake! Ne'ro's suicide proved that his life was wrong. Paul's death proved that Rome was wrong. In killing Paul, Rome hastened her own death. To-day the emperors are forgotten, but the apostle is honored. The Forum, where Rome's



THE FORUM.

says the historian Tac'i-tus, "were nailed on crosses; others sewn up in the skins of wild beasts and exposed to the fury of dogs; others, again, smeared with combustible materials, were used as torches to illuminate the darkness of the night. *Those unhappy wretches were sacrificed,*

greatest senators once spoke, is now, as you see, in ruins; but, though a few of their names and speeches are still known, Paul's name and sermons are known and read where the Forum has never been heard of. The old Roman empire has entirely passed away, never to be restored.

That very city of Rome in which Christians were thrown into the arena and torn to pieces by lions and tigers, has *in* it and *under* it a great many, many things to prove that the history of the New Testament is true, just as it is written. There is that wonderful arch of

candlestick" was carried. There it is, *cut in the stone* on the arch. You may see it, touch it, and know that there was in Je-ru'sa-lem a temple, such as is described in the Bible. Did the Ro'mans wish to prove the religion of the Bible true? Not at all. Ne'ro did all that he could

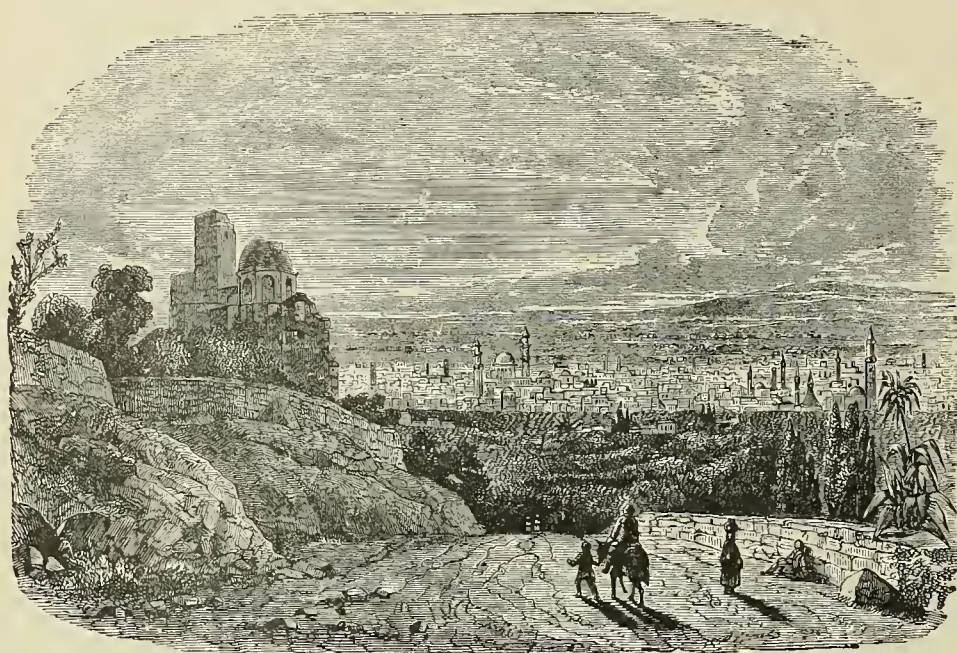


STONING OF STEPHEN.

Ti'tus, built in honor of the capture of Je-ru'sa-lem by the emperor of Rome, Ti'tus. There is no doubt that Ti'tus was emperor; no doubt that he besieged Je-ru'sa-lem; no doubt that he took the city, and had a big procession or "triumph" in the streets of Rome," in which the "golden

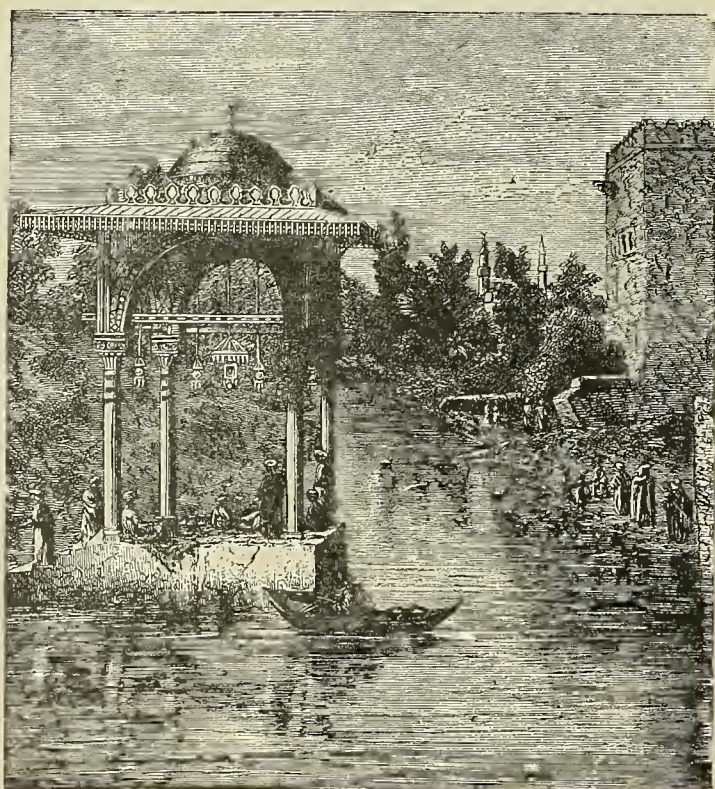
to destroy it; and other emperors tried to crush out the life of the Church of Christ. Could they succeed? No, never. Je'sus said: "My Church is founded on a rock; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Those words may now be seen on the base of the great dome

of St. Pe'ter's cathedral, and great choirs chant them,—all in the city where the emperors once



DAMASCUS.

ruled, and the early Christians died by hundreds for the gospel's sake. Isn't this one of the wonders of the world? more wonderful than the hanging gardens of Bab'y-lon, the light-house at Al-ex-an'dri-a, the Co-los'sus of Rhodes, or any or all of the famous "Seven Wonders." Think of



PUBLIC GARDEN, DAMASCUS.

it for a little. A mighty empire, stretching from Rome far out east of Pal'es-tine; millions of

subjects, slaves, soldiers, all under the rule of one man, the Cæ'sar; everywhere, throughout that vast stretch of country, law enforced without pity; and in this great empire a few men and women saying: "It is wrong to bow down before the gods, wrong to worship the Cæ'sar; we believe in Je'sus; it is wrong to live as the Ro'mans are living." No wonder they were hated!

I have said that *under* Rome, as well as in it, there are many things which prove that Christianity is true. Yes: away down below the streets of the city are the Catacombs—halls, corridors, passage-ways cut in the earth. In these are buried thousands of the early Christians, and on their graves are pictures and words which show that eighteen hundred years ago the story of Je'sus was known in Rome, and believed in just as firmly as in Gal'i-lee or Ju-de'a after the resurrection



CONVERSION OF SAUL.

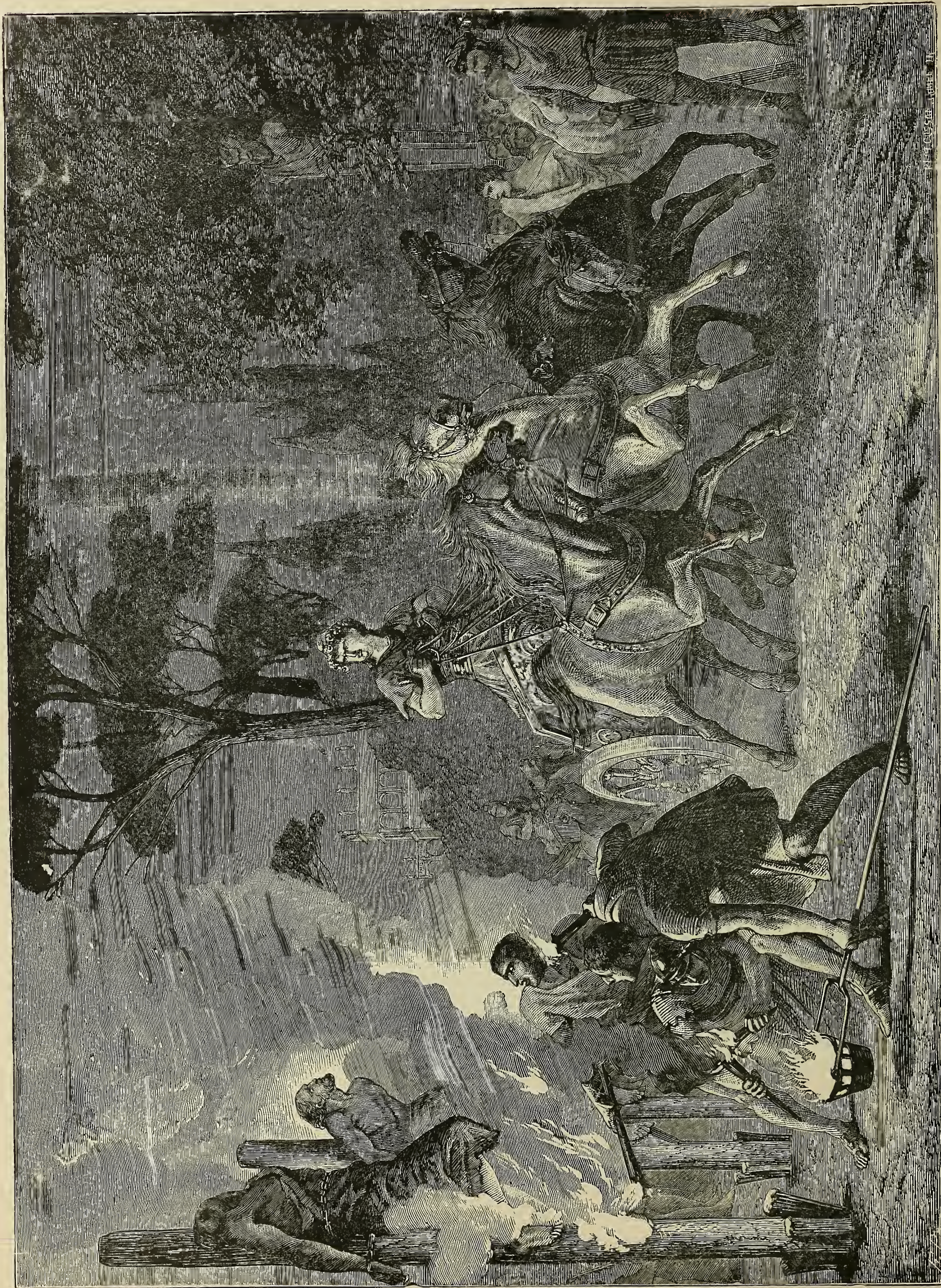
and ascension. Isn't that a wonder of the world, that *Ro'mans* should believe in Je'sus, and love him and die for him, though they had never seen him? But they heard the apostles preach, and they read the letters that came to them from the hand of Saint Paul, and they believed, just as if they had been in Pal'es-tine, and saw Christ's miracles and heard his words. Paul was one of the founders of this Church.



PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

What he did has already outlasted what Ne'ro did by fourteen hundred years. They called Rome "The Eternal City," and they thought that the emperors would rule forever, and that Rome would spread over all the land and seas.

And now, where is Rome? Dead, and in her grave. Christianity is living, growing, with the assurance that the knowledge of her doctrines shall yet cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.



NERO'S PERSECUTION.

No doubt many who saw Ne'ro and Paul—many who saw the first Christians—wished to be Ne'ro rather than Paul; Ro'mans rather than Christians. For Ne'ro was so powerful, he could do as he pleased; he was emperor of Rome. What splendid robes! What jewels and golden chains! What superb chariots! But Paul—a poor prisoner, no money, no friends, a preacher of a hated religion! He must be foolish, it was thought, who would wish to be Paul. And yet, now that eighteen centuries have passed, can we have any doubt as to our choice? You say at once that you would rather be Paul. Why? Because Paul was a grand, glorious, useful man, who, from the time of his conversion, did good, and nothing but good,—healing the sick, raising the dead, preaching the truth to men in error, helping the poor and suffering, caring for others rather than himself. Ne'ro lived only for himself, and, it may be said, did wrong, and nothing but wrong. Instead of raising the dead, he killed men and women; instead of teaching the truth, he taught errors of the worst kind; and instead of helping the poor and suffering, he brought poverty and distress upon thousands of his fellow-men. Perhaps there

thought and word and act. His memory lives; but it is the memory of a monster, so evil that, for a long time after his death, the Church was



MARTYRDOM IN THE ARENA.

in terror of him, and afraid that he would come back again to kill and destroy. No one could wish him back, but every one who loves what is good and true would wish that Paul might return, for the joy that he would bring with him, and for the sake of the joy that he himself would have in seeing how wonderfully the Church had grown since he was killed at Rome. Ne'ro would find no Ro'man empire—all gone. Paul would find millions of men and women through-

out the world studying his words, and reading the history of his great life. Instead of being regarded as the "least of the apostles, not fit to be called an apostle," he would learn that thousands of Christians think him the greatest. Surely, had he seen this, he would have been content to suffer and die. But he saw beyond this, and even more than this. He saw the day of the "appearing" of Je'sus, and the crown of rejoicing laid up for him, and he was very happy. It was this that



COLISEUM.

never was a man who did so much harm and such little good, and, certainly, there was never a man who was worse than he; so foul of

kept him so faithful, so that he could say that though "cast down, he was not destroyed," and that he had continual joy in Je'sus.

Paul's Foot-Prints in Italy.



At the west end of the Forum, in Rome, is a prison, known as the Mam'er-tine. It is very old, and may have been built by Ser'vi-us Tul'li-us, one of the old Ro'man kings. In it the general, Ju-gur'tha, one of Rome's enemies, was starved or strangled; and one of the great Gal'lic warriors with whom Cæ'sar fought met his death within its cruel walls. Here Saint Paul was imprisoned for preaching a gospel that threatened to overthrow the Roman empire. Cold, damp, dark! Such was the dungeon in which he was confined. But

he wrote letters to the Churches, and to his special friends and companions, prayed, and waited patiently for the time to come when he would give his life for the Lord Je'sus. The day came. Paul was led out to the road connecting Rome and Os'ti-a, and, on or near the spot where now stands the Church of the Three Fountains, he was beheaded. The story is that his body was buried by Lu-ci'na, probably one of the first converts to Christianity in the city of Rome, where the "Church of St. Paul Inside the Gates" now stands. And there, as one walks to and fro, he treads in Paul's footsteps.

The Christian Hero.

"Paul answered: What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

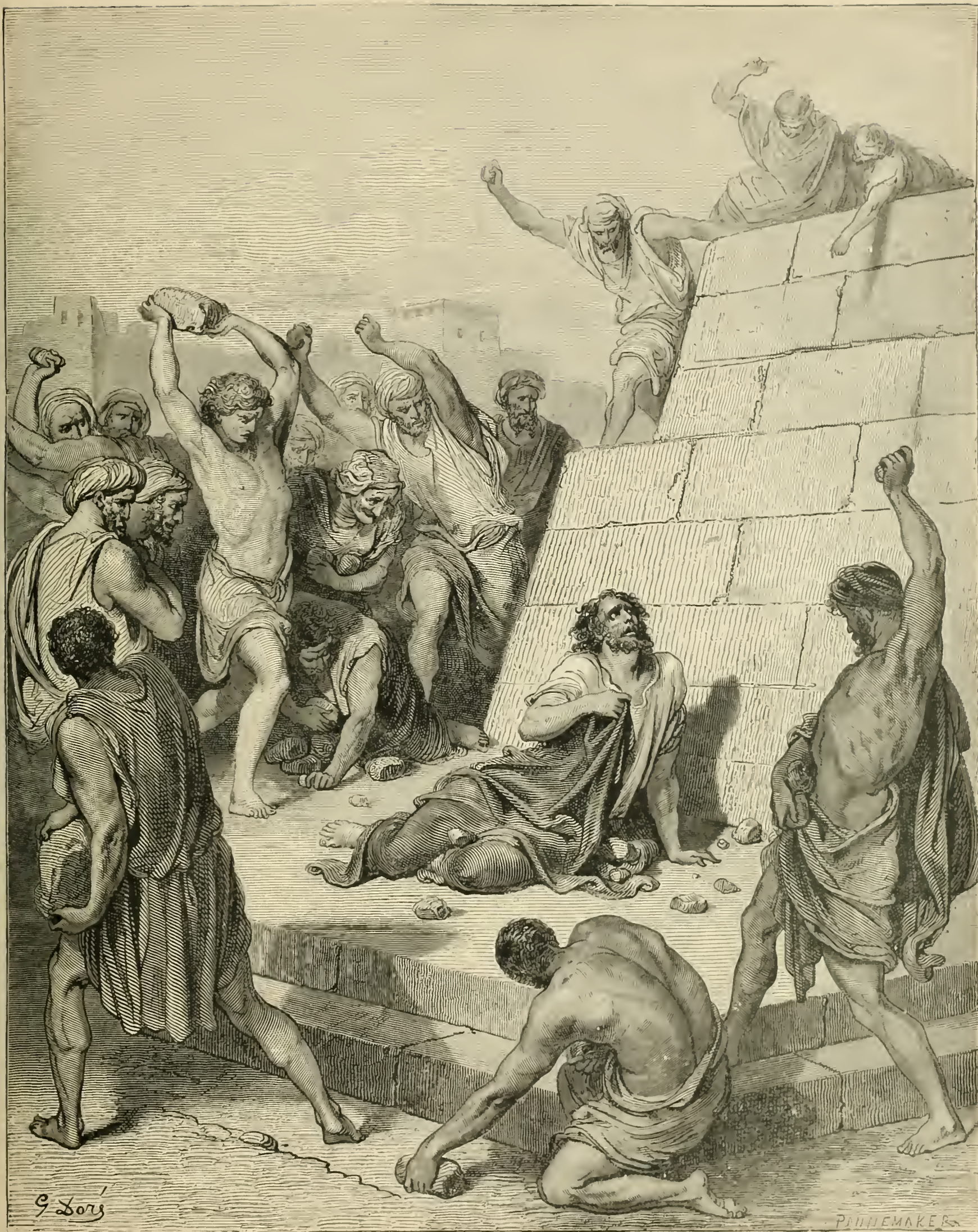
"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."



WE can not but observe, in passing from the study of the Old Testament to that of the New, how entirely different are the tone and temper of the two great divisions of Scripture. Battles, fierce and long; plots and counterplots; priests and princes, professedly serving the people in the name of God, but really obeying the word of the devil; stories of deep, dark crimes of man against his fellow; through all the warning voice of the faithful prophet,—all this may be found in the books of the Old Testament. In the New we have only the simple story of the life of John the Baptist, Je'sus, and a few of the disciples, with brief glimpses into the life of the early Christian Churches. But though we no longer have thrilling tales of great soldiers and powerful princes, we have stories of courage that are none the less fascinating that there is

no flashing of swords nor flow of blood. And we have the portraits of heroes well worth our study to the end of life; and brave, good deeds that we can not imitate too often, either for our own good or the good of others.

Je'sus himself set the example of moral courage—that bravery which sees danger and yet faces it unflinchingly, because it is in the stern, narrow path of duty. It would have been easier for our Lord, or Pe'ter, Paul, and John, to have dreamed their lives away, praying, thinking, singing, in some solitude, undisturbed by the presence of wicked priests and base princes, than to preach the truth of God; easier if they could have uttered only words pleasant to the ear and sweet to selfish pride; but they dealt with men's consciences, and, as a result, they soon found themselves surrounded by men too bad to repent—men who, rather than give up their sins,



THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

were willing to add another to the awful list, by killing those whose only offense lay in the wish to rid the world of the presence and influence of Sa'tan. Je'sus never ran from his enemies, though he sometimes hid from them. He never cowered before a mob, but faced it, and made his way, unharmed, through its very midst. During the last week of his life, how gloriously he dared his enemies in Je-ru'sa-lem, answering their questions, driving home his accusation, until the base Jews winced and planned revenge! In Geth-sem'a-ne, though he suffered the pains of death, and prayed that the cup might pass from his lips, he faced the Ro'man soldiers and the betrayer, and struck them down by the might of his majestic purity.

Paul entered into the spirit of his Master, and showed himself a man of the most magnificent bravery. When his friends urged him not to go into the lion-den of his enemies at Je-ru'sa-lem, what did he say? "I am ready to die for the name of the Lord Je'sus!" Ready to die! They were not hollow words, uttered in bravado. They were packed and solid with a noble bravery that afterwards showed itself in martyrdom—a bravery of a higher type than that of Pe'ter, who denied Je'sus, but was the first to preach him after his resurrection; who recanted at Rome, and then returned to die.

Pe'ter was brave *at the last*. He always ended well; but it was necessary for him to "screw his courage to the sticking-point." Paul was heroic from the first sign of danger. Indeed, the presence of danger seemed to stir him to effort, his first thought being, "Yonder is the foe; I must meet him; strike him down; defeat him, once for all."

Once, when the Jews in Je-ru'sa-lem, wild with a base and causeless hatred, threw him to the pavement, and would have trampled him to death, he uttered no sound of fear. The police of the temple ran to his rescue, and carried him up the stairs to the tower; but on the way he asked for another chance to speak. And on the ship, tossed up and down the angry sea, it was Paul who took command, and gave orders when

all seemed lost. He was master of the hour because he saw his duty and did it.

Ralph Wal'do Em-er'son says:

"So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must!'
The youth replies, 'I can!'"

Paul heard this whisper and said, "I can!" He paid the price of his heroism in suffering and a martyr's death; but at the heart of his life was a song of joy, a shout of victory, a deep peace in God. He was a soldier, and his life was a fight. When his last day cast its shadow over him he said: "I have fought a good fight." The last battle had been won. But, though the rewards of heaven lay beyond, he had enjoyed their foretaste in the very midst of the struggle.

A boy and a girl are playing together. Somehow the girl's dress takes fire. There is a shriek of terror as the yellow flames rise and wrap her body; but the boy, quick to see the danger, and as quick to see his duty, seizes the burning garment, tears it away, and saves his playmate's life. Perhaps he does not call himself a Christian; but surely he is a Christian hero, although he may modestly say that he only did his duty.

But there are boys who care more for their own safety than duty; like that boy who, when he saw the fire start in a factory, ran down stairs into the streets, rather than risk his life by warning the working-girls up-stairs. The hero thinks more of the welfare of others than his own, and devotes himself to guarding, protecting, saving, helping those in need.

He does not say, "Discretion is the better part of valor;" or, "He who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day." No; he takes his place on the battle-field of right, and, having done *all* that God commands him to do, he still *stands*. Young Ar'thur Stan'ley, who had been taught at home to kneel at his bedside and pray every night, knelt at his bedside in the dormitory at school and said his prayers, though every boy in the room laughed. But for all that he never stopped praying. He was a hero!

Herod Agrippa.



HER'OD A-GRIP'PA was the grandson of that Her'od called "the Great," by whose command all the children, two years old and under, in Beth'le-hem were killed in hope of destroying the infant Je'sus, and nephew of that Her'od An'ti-pas, who had imprisoned and killed John the Baptist. He hated the Church of God as intensely as his grandfather and uncle, and was a crafty, cruel, frivolous, and extravagant ruler. Luke says that he killed James, the brother of Je'sus, with the sword, and seeing that that pleased the Jews, arrested Pe'ter, no doubt intending to kill him too. But Pe'ter was delivered by an angel, which escape of the apostle so puzzled and angered him that he caused the death of the jailers. He then dismissed all matters relating to the new sect, followers of Je'sus of Na-za'reth, and went to the city of Cæs-a-re'a, on the sea-coast, evidently planning war against Tyre and Si'don. The people of those cities wanted to avoid war, because it would interfere with their business, and sent a delegation to talk with Her'od, and, if possible, persuade him to keep the peace. A day was appointed for the interview, and a platform, or "throne-like box," was built in the theater, where games in honor of the emperor Clau'di-us were being celebrated; and Her'od, dressed in royal robes, flashing with gold and silver, made a speech to the assembled people.

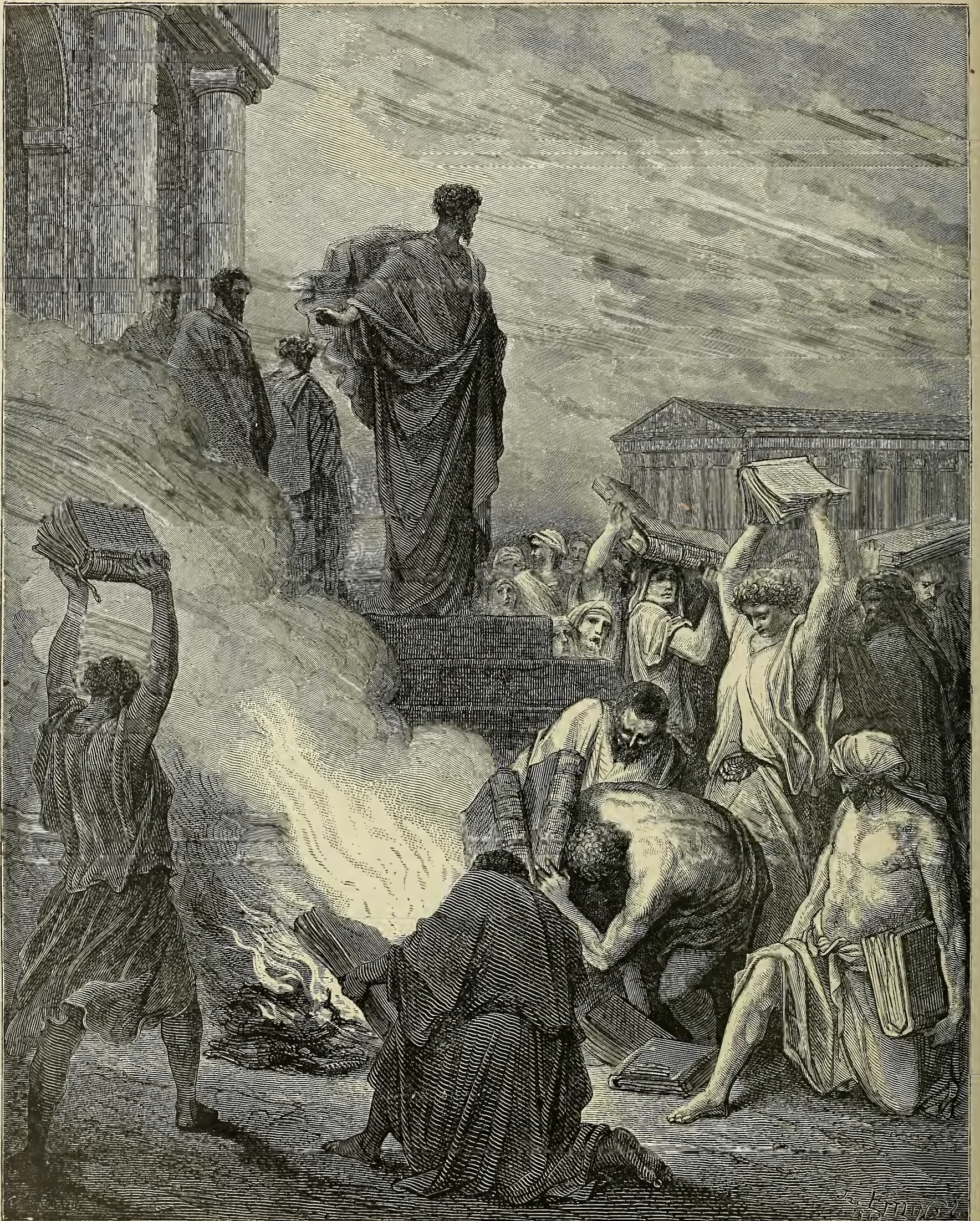
He was proud and haughty, and talked as a master might talk to miserable and helpless slaves. But as the poor Tyr'i-ans and Si-do'ni-ans were anxious to prevent war, they were glad enough to call him a "god," and tone down his enmity by flattering him. In those days Ro-man rulers not only claimed to reign like modern kings, by the grace of God, they claimed that they themselves were gods. Even the bad Ca-lig'u-la and Ne'ro declared themselves entitled to worship. When the crowd set up a

shout, "Her'od is a god! Her'od is a god!" the man swallowed the dose, but it killed him. He did not give God glory, and an angel smote him. He was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost. Well, gods never become food for worms, and never die. The people saw that, after all, Her'od was not a god, and the frightened inhabitants of the two cities by the sea were glad enough to get rid of their enemy.

Now, there are two ways of looking at this death of Her'od A-grip'pa. We may say that he suddenly took sick and died because no doctor could cure him. Or, with Luke, who wrote the Book of Acts, we may say that an angel smote him because of his blasphemy. Now, Luke wrote as a Christian. His view is the Christian view. If, then, we are Christians, we will not doubt that Her'od died "by the hand of God" as a direct punishment.

During the summer of the year 1889 a dispatch from a town in the State of Ken-tuck'y, published in a Cin-cin-nat'i daily paper, announced that a man who had blasphemed the name of Almighty God was suddenly stricken, as by paralysis, and suffered extreme pain. *Perhaps* it was only by chance! Isn't it more probable that he was smitten for his sin?

Her'od, finding that he must die, called the chief men of the Jewish nation to his bedside, and, although dying, cursed them, charging them with all kinds of crimes against the Ro-man State, and then sent them under guard to the circus, with command to hold them under guard, and kill them all as soon as he breathed his last. He seemed as if insane, and threatened to kill himself. This was the end of that infamous "king," who was guilty of the death of the holy James; that impious, blasphemous descendant of the Her'ods, every one of whom seems to have been a born enemy of good and true men, a foe of religion, a blasphemer of the name of God. They died as they lived.



ST. PAUL AT EPHESUS.

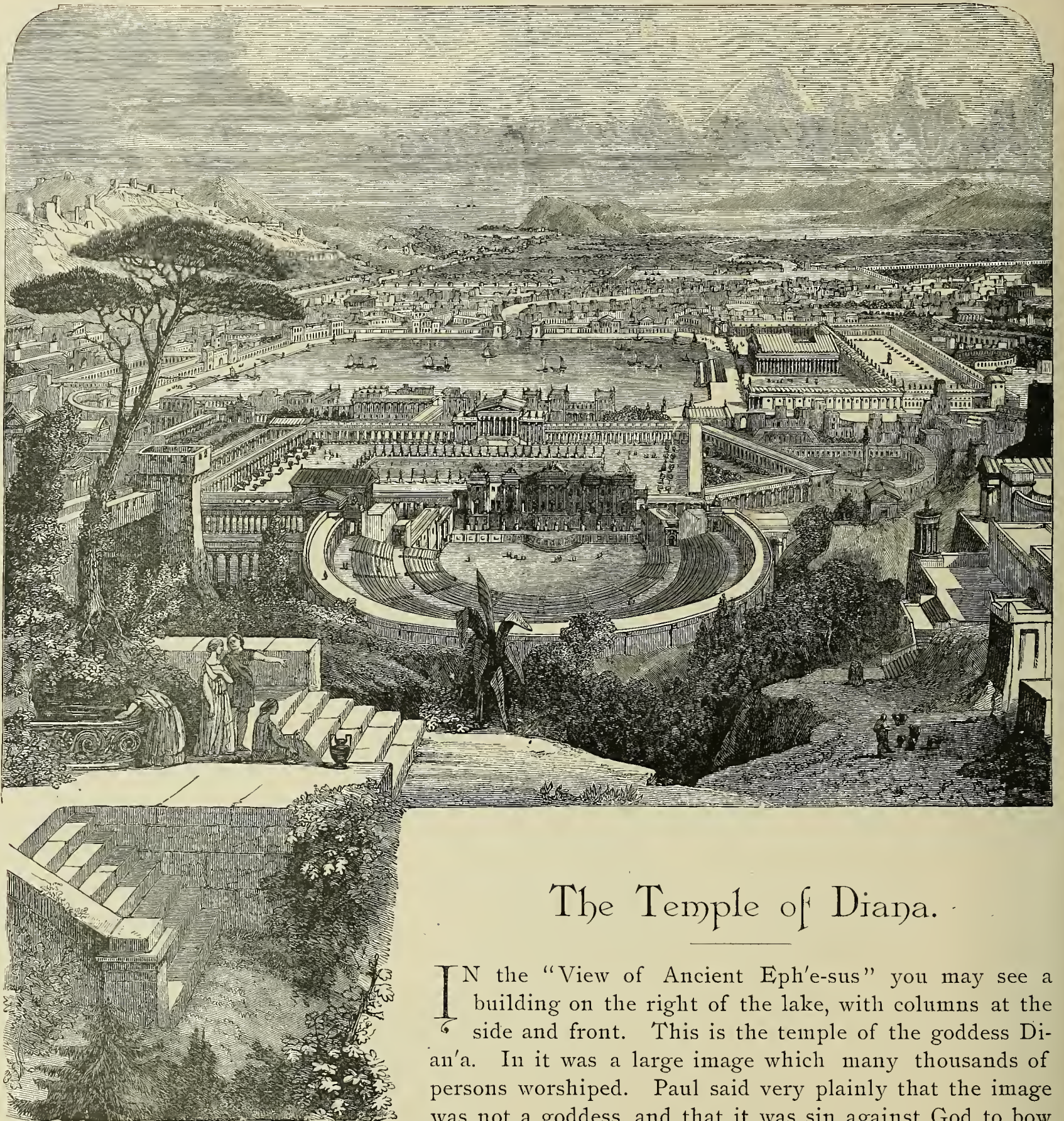
Miracles and Magic.



WHEN Mo'ses and Aa'ron stood before the Pha'raoh of E'gypt and demanded in the name of the Lord God of Is'ra-el that he should let the He'brews go, they showed a "sign" that God was with them. When the rod of Aa'ron was thrown upon the floor, it became a serpent. The magicians threw their rods on the floor, and they also became serpents. The water of the rivers and lakes of E'gypt was turned into blood at the word of Mo'ses; but the magicians also changed water to blood. Frogs in vast numbers came out of the rivers and pools at the word of Mo'ses; but the magicians also waved their rods and "brought up frogs." When "lice" appeared, the magicians said: "This is the finger of God!" They were jugglers. Mo'ses and Aa'ron worked miracles. We may not now be able to tell how the jugglers changed their rods to serpents and water into blood, but we may be sure that they resorted to tricks, while Mo'ses and Aa'ron only acted as the agents of God.

A scene somewhat like this took place in the city of Eph'e-sus. There were many magicians there who pretended to tell fortunes and heal disease. When Paul came among them he placed his hands on men who believed in Je'sus, and they at once began to speak in new languages, and even to preach, as if inspired! Handkerchiefs and aprons were placed on his body, and carried to the sick, who were cured by touching them. When the magicians saw this, they knew that he had gifts that they never had. They could not heal disease, and they could not tell what would happen even one day ahead. They confessed their sins, gave up their magical arts, and, to show that they had entirely left their wrong ways, brought the dream-books and other books that they used, and burned them all. As the smoke rose and rolled away, Paul thanked God. He had won a great victory in the name of Je'sus.

He had shown the difference between a miracle—which is always done in the name of God, never in the name of man—and magic, performed in the name of man, and never in the name of God. He said, not in words, but by his act: "You are from beneath, I am from above; you are of this world, I am not of this world." These were the words of him whom he preached, Je'sus Christ, the Son of God, who was a miracle-worker in his own name. And yet there were people who said that Je'sus did his miracles by the help of the devil himself! It was very easy for Je'sus to show how false this was. He said: "If Sa'tan casts out Sa'tan, his kingdom will fall. A house divided against itself can not stand." Is n't that true? The men who made such a charge against Je'sus must have seen how far from the truth they were. These "works" of Je'sus were "signs" of his power. Nic-o-de-mus was not the only one who saw and truly said that they proved that Je'sus had come from God, and that God was with him, because no *man* could do such wonderful things unless God gave him the power. Miracles show that there is another and higher world—a world of the power of God—which, when it is brought into the midst of this world, brings health, sight, hearing, life. When we read the story of what Je'sus did, the story of Him who "went about doing good," we see that God is not willing that his children shall be sick, and blind, and deaf, and lame, and that they should die and go to dust. He came among them to show that he *had* made man "upright," healthy, and holy, and that he *could* make him upright and healthy and holy, if he *would only believe*. Perhaps we can not expect to be cured of all our sicknesses now, or be saved from death; but we can be made new creatures in Christ Je'sus, and that is a kind of miracle. We see, then, that the miracle comes from God. Magic is of man, by man, and only for man—of the earth, earthy.



ANCIENT EPHEBUS.

The Temple of Diana.

IN the "View of Ancient Eph'e-sus" you may see a building on the right of the lake, with columns at the side and front. This is the temple of the goddess Di-an'a. In it was a large image which many thousands of persons worshiped. Paul said very plainly that the image was not a goddess, and that it was sin against God to bow down before it and pray. This kind of preaching stirred up a mob. Paul was in danger of being killed, because his teaching interfered with the "business" of hundreds of men, who made little copies of the image of Di-an'a, and sold them to those who came to worship.

If the people were led to believe that the Di-an'a doctrine was false, the sale of the images would stop. So a mob gathered, and a great cry was raised: "Great is Di-an'a of the E-phe'si-ans!"

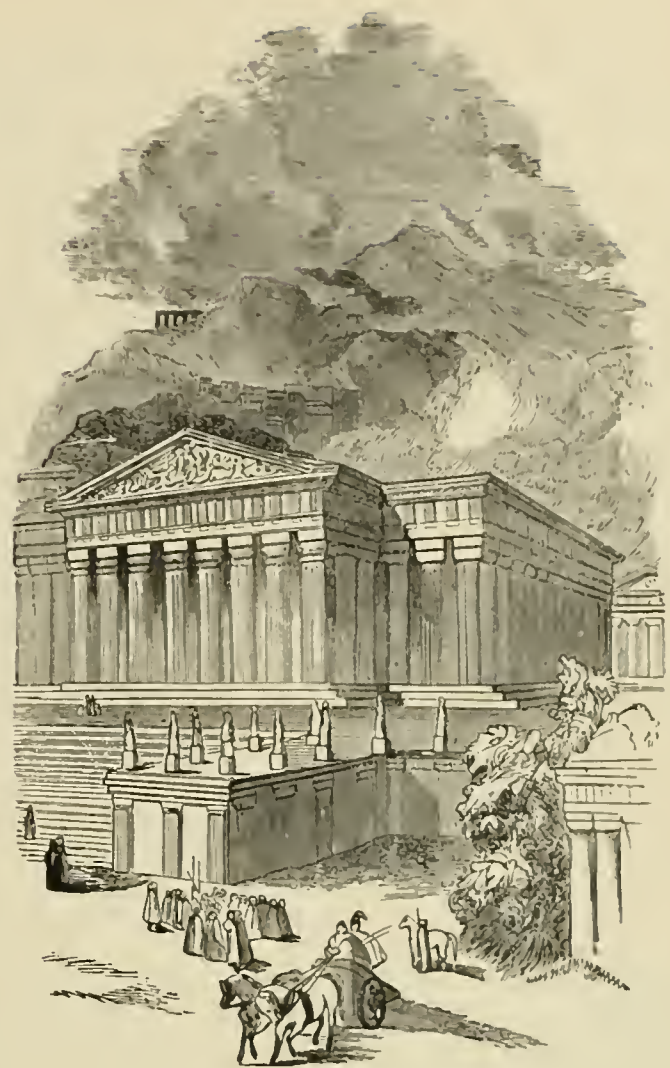
Great is Di-an'a of the E-phe'si-ans!" Paul left the city, and it seemed as if the image-makers had won the battle; but a Christian Church was founded there, and that wonderful temple has long been in ruins. Even the ruins were covered, and it was at one time doubted



DIANA OF THE EPHE-
SIANS

whether there ever was such a building; but an En'glish-man has found its site, and many remains of its columns and roof. He has written a big book about it, full of pictures, showing how the temple must have looked eighteen hundred years ago, and the story that he tells of the hard work he did to get the stones of the great building out of their hiding place is very interesting. What a great change!

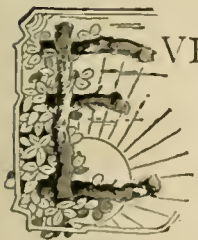
Once a great city, with thousands of people going to and fro in the streets worshiping Di-an'a; now ruins everywhere, silence everywhere, and the worship of Di-an'a ended long ago, and ended forever! Once Paul and John were hated, because they were Chris'tians; now nobody cares for Di-an'a, and millions of men, women, and children in all parts of the world say: "Great is the Apostle Paul—great is the Apostle John! But



TEMPLE OF DIANA.

greater than all is Je'sus—head over all forever; the King of kings and the Lord of lords, to whom we give glory and honor!"

An Enemy in the Wheat-Field.



EVENING came at last, and the farmers, having finished their day's sowing, went home. Twilight darkened into night, and the stars came out, one by one. All the farm-houses were still, except one. There a man was seen, getting ready to go out to the fields. He had a bag full of seed, that looked like wheat. Leaving the house, he walked along the paths in the fields, beyond the landmarks of his own farm, and began to sow on a neighbor's ground that had just been sowed in wheat. He looked this

way and that, to see that no one saw him. He was very nervous, and easily alarmed by the bark of a watch-dog, or even by the bleat of the sheep on the hill-side. But he went on with his work, emptied his sack of seed, folded it up, and slunk home. Weeks passed. The wheat grew to head; but, as the farmer and his hands went out to see how soon it would be ready to cut, they were horrified to see all over the field the wretched "tares," or darnel, a kind of grass or grain that *looks* like wheat, but *is n't*. How did it get there? That was the question. Evidently

not by chance, and certainly not by carelessness, because they all knew that good seed had been planted. There was only one way by which the thing could have been done: some enemy had taken this method of revenging himself, or making trouble for a man that he did n't like. You will agree with me that it was a very mean way, and deserving of the severest kind of punishment. It was a dark deed, fitly done in the night-time, and the man who did it deserves a place in that realm of outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. For the devil was in him as really as he was in Ju'das when he betrayed Je'sus; and he only did then what the devil is doing all the time, sowing bad seed where good seed has

already been sown, and making trouble of all kinds for those who are trying to do right. Especially does he like to produce a counterfeit Christianity, to get men and women to *seem* to be Christians, when they are not, and when they *know* that they are not. It is not for us, perhaps, to judge who they are; at least we have no right to decide between one person and another, and say which of them is real Christian and which is counterfeit. The Master says that the tares and the wheat must grow together *until the harvest*, lest, in pulling up the tares, the wheat should be uprooted too. And the Savior says that not until the end of the world will the children of the kingdom and the children of the wicked one be separated.

What Will Be, Will Be.



MUSTARD-SEED may not grow, and yeast may fail to "work;" but the kingdom of heaven will grow, and the doctrine of Christ will affect the whole of our life in this world.

"What will be, will be." *And this will be:* The Church of Christ will spread through all countries, and, some time in the future, all men will feel the touch of the words of Je'sus. Our Lord himself predicted this, and it will come to pass; but that is no reason why we should be idle, and say: "'What will be, will be,' and we need n't worry ourselves." Too many live in the spirit of those lines that A'bra-ham Lin'coln wrote in his copy-book, when he was a boy:

"A'bra-ham Lin'coln,
His hand and pen:
He will be good; but
God knows when."

They say: "What will be, will be," and do nothing to bring it to pass. Lin'coln himself afterwards learned that if he became good he must use his own will. If he got into the king-

dom of God, it would not be at some time when God chose to open the gates and invite him in. He must fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and take the kingdom of heaven by force.

True enough that "what will be, will be;" but what will be? That is the one great question. Paul says: "Whatsoever a man sows, *that* shall he reap. If he sow to the spirit, he will reap life everlasting. If he sow to the flesh, he shall reap corruption." That means, if man and woman live a good, pure, true, Christian life, they shall be, in the nature of things, happy and holy forever; but if they break the laws of God, and live a base, selfish, animal life, they shall bring disease and death, both on body and soul, forever. And that, too, in the nature of things. There is a fixed relation (God himself can't change it) between seed-sowing and harvest, between beginning and ending, between what a man does to-day and what will happen as the result of it to-morrow or the day after. "What will be, will be." It is for boys and girls, in their boyhood and girlhood, to say what will

be, *so far as their personal character is concerned*. They may not live in the White House, nor become famous as writers, orators, musicians, physicians, painters, inventors, business men; but they may determine that they will be Christians of the very highest and best type, and by the help of God they will succeed.

The following incident illustrates all that I want to say:

"An account has been published of the remarkable accident that happened on Lake George, in which the walking-beam of the steamer *Ticonderoga* was broken, when the vessel was in deep water in the center of the lake, off Catskill Bay, and though over two hundred passengers were on board, not a person was injured. Yet no mention has been made of the brave engineer, whose cool presence of mind and prompt action averted what might, and probably would, have been a serious casualty. He heard the crash above him, and quickly looking up, he saw the ponderous walking-beam break, and though knowing full well that the next instant it might fall with a deadly crash upon him, he stood at his post, and at once shut off the steam from the cylinders. Instantly the immense driving-bar lurched downward and crushed the cylinder heads. But for the prompt action of the intrepid engineer in moving the lever, the boat would the next moment have been filled with blinding steam, which would have tended to increase the confusion created, and no doubt caused many to have jumped into the water, and others would have been fatally scalded. As it was, the captain had great difficulty in calming the fears of the passengers until the relief-boats came. It was also very fortunate that no one was injured by the falling beam. If it had gone forward it would, quite likely, have crashed through the hull and caused a rapid sinking of the vessel. But its course was backward, crashing through the saloon, the main stairway, and the ladies' cabin. It seems miraculous that at the moment no one of the over two hundred passengers and crew were in or near those much-frequented parts of a steamboat. It is thought

that the accident was caused by an original flaw in the beam that had escaped detection."

Because this engineer had always been self-collected, cool, courageous, he was cool and courageous at this special time of peril; and because somebody had failed to examine the walking-beam *thoroughly*, a flaw escaped notice. It is always so—"What will be, will be;" but what will be, happens because something else has happened in the past. Ju'das will betray Je'sus, because he had been a thief. Pe'ter will die a martyr, because he had really loved Je'sus, in spite of his denial.

In New York City a schemer and trickster, obtaining money in large amounts from friends, began to speculate, and lost everything. What will be? Here is a picture drawn by one who was at Sing Sing penitentiary one Sunday:

"Hundreds of feet begin to shuffle and stamp, heavy doors open and shut with startling accompaniments of chain-rattling. Suddenly all the cell-doors in the five long, gloomy tiers are opened, and the whole thirteen hundred silent men step out and put their hands upon each other's shoulders as they form in line. — is there. He puts the tips of his long, thin fingers on the back of the sullen man ahead of him, and shivers as he realizes that his companion's hands have been red with human blood.

"The slow march begins, and the sound, as of the washing of the sea in the hours of the night, changes to the tramp of an army. — is at the end of the stove-mounters' gang. If he was in the middle his awkward attempts at the lock step would break up the line. Past hundreds of dark, yawning cells he goes, along the lofty tier, and then down, down, down four flights of iron stairs, and out into the open yard, with its soft, green lawns and its frowning walls. 'Ah, it is good to breathe the open air and to look at the sky, even if it is dark with clouds!' He turns his cold, gray eyes upward, and sighs.

"Into the great, dim mess-room, with its scores of benches and hundreds of tin-cups and platters, the long line of speechless prisoners go. At one end of the room are scampering cooks, and at

the other is the chief keeper, tall, grim, and keen-eyed, with one hand toying with his chain and the other grasping a heavy blackthorn club. There's a loud rap, and 1,075 men sit down with a suddenness that makes ——'s hair bristle as he stands alone. Then he sits down slowly and bends over a plate of hash. Daintily, as if dissecting the tender flesh of a young partridge, the whilom millionaire picks at the substantial but depressingly unheroic food. It's slow work; but finally the tin plate is emptied, and —— reaches for his quart-cup of steaming coffee and takes a gulp.

"Then his features writhe, as the plebeian 'bootleg' gurgles down his elegant throat. Burned bread mixed with the real bean does n't compare at all with the delicious draughts of fragrant Java furnished at Del-mon'i-co's and the

Lud'low Street jail. Still, coffee is coffee, and hunger is hunger. He chews loathingly at a slice of bread; then he looks pleased. The bread is sweet and good. He eats another slice, and then folds his hands and bows his peaked face upon his breast. All the low-browed, thick-necked ruffians in the room are glaring stealthily at him. When he becomes aware of this battery of glances he looks uneasy, and passes his hand wearily across his face.

"He empties his slop-bucket with the rest, takes his loaf of bread and three-quart can of apple-sauce on his bent arm, and shuffles back to his lonely cell. Such was the first Sabbath of the erst Na-po'le-on of finance in prison."

That is the harvest gathered from his seed-sowing of unprincipled desire to make "big money" in a short time.

Worth Living For.



COUNT L. N. TOL'STOI, a famous Russian writer, tells this story in his book, "What To Do:"

"I took a boy into my house, and lodged him in the kitchen. Could I possibly bring a lousy boy out of a den of depravity to my children? I considered that I had been very kind in having put him where he was, among my servants. I thought myself a great benefactor for having given him some of my old clothes and fed him; though it was properly my cook who did it, not I. The boy remained in my house about a week.

"During this week I saw him twice, and, passing by him, spoke some words to him, and, when out walking, called on a boot-maker whom I knew, and proposed the boy as an apprentice. A peasant who was on a visit to my house invited him to go to his village, and work in a family. The boy refused to accept it, and disappeared within a week.

"I went to Rzhan'off's house to inquire after him. He had returned there; but when I called,

he was not at home. He had already been two days to the zoological gardens, where he hired himself for thirty kopeks a day to appear in a procession of savages in costume, leading an elephant. There was some public show on at the time.

"I went to see him again, but he evidently avoided me. Had I reflected upon the life of this boy, and my own, I should have understood that the boy had been spoiled by the fact of his having tasted the sweets of a merry and idle life, and that he had lost the habit of working. And I, in order to confer a benefit on him and reform him, took him into my own house; and what did he see there? He saw my children, some older than he, some younger, and some of the same age, who not only never did anything for themselves, but gave as much work to others as they could. They dirtied and spoiled everything about them, surfeited themselves with all sorts of dainties, broke the china, upset and threw to the dogs food which would have been a treat to him. If I took him out of a den and brought him to a

respectable place, he could not but assimilate those views of life which existed there; and, according to these views, he understood that, in a respectable position, one must live without working, eat and drink well, and lead a merry life."

I give this story a place here because it shows what at least one boy in the world thinks is a life worth living—a *place in a circus procession, dressed like an In'di-an, and leading an elephant*. You will, no doubt, say that he made a very poor choice; that the pay was poor, and, besides, there is nothing either good or great in a circus, and you will be right; but did you ever ask yourself what is your idea of the highest good in life? the thing that is really worth living for? the thing for which you would give up everything else?

Je'sus tells about two men, one of whom found a box of money and jewels in a field, and

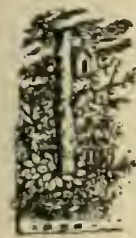
sold everything else that he had and bought the field; and another who sold all that he had to buy a fine pearl. They thought that gold and jewels were the only things worth living for, and they were willing that the success or failure of their lives should be measured by their wealth. But is wealth worth living for? Was Je'sus rich? Was Paul or Pe'ter or John rich? Did they even try to be rich? Grant that it may not be sinful to be wealthy, it *is* sinful to set one's heart on riches, and aim to have plenty of money for money's sake, and to excite envy.

There is, after all, only one thing worth living for, and that is, *to please God by doing his commandments*. It may cost a struggle, and one may have a hard time, but the end in view is worth gaining, and the rewards that God will give are everlasting.

Among Thorns.

"And some seeds fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up with it, and choked it out, and it yielded no fruit."

"And these are they which are sown among thorns; such as hear the word, go forth, and the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word and it becometh unfruitful."



IF it is true that "all's well that ends well," it must also be true that "all's ill that ends ill." Because we are not to judge either ourselves or others by the beginning, but, after all, by the ending and by the *fruit*. Here were seeds that had every promise of life and growth and good grain in them, but they chanced to drop into the ground that hadn't been well grubbed; and so when the thorns grew, the grain-stalks had but a poor chance, and matured no berries. Why the soil wasn't cleaned of its thorn-roots and seeds of thistles, I don't know; but I can guess. And I guess that some farmer's boy thought he would have an easy time, and get home early, and so only cut the bushes level with the ground, instead of digging the roots all out, and killing the thistles before they went to seed. So it happened that when the farmer went out with

his bag of seed and scattered grain over the soil, he didn't know that his field wasn't ready. Some of the seed, as it always does, found good soil, and gladdened the farmer's heart by fine growth and a full head; but part of it had a hard time, and finally gave up the struggle altogether. The thorns were too much for it. They grew and grew so fast and, withal, so full of life and strength, and took up so much room, both in the soil and in the sunlight, that the wheat which had such small roots and such a slender stalk, was stunted and starved. Of course, the wheat did as well as it could *under the circumstances*. It wasn't *its* fault that it fell among thorns, and it wasn't its fault that it couldn't get away from such a poor place into better soil and more congenial surroundings. *Wheat always does as well as it can*; but that is more than can be said of those who become "unfruitful"—the men and women who lose their life in

God because of the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches and the lusts of other things. With them it is not a mere matter of chance that they have the roots of thorns and the seeds of thistles in their hearts, and fail to fulfill the fair promises and sacred vows of their conversion to Christ; not a mere chance that they shrivel and wither, lose faith, hope, love, ardor, aspiration, energy—in a word, become “unfruitful” in the Christian graces. No; they are not left to grow helplessly in the midst of the bad influences that choke out their good life. They can root out the “cares” and the love of deceitful wealth and the desires of wrong things. In this they differ from wheat; and they can’t, therefore, say that they could n’t help it at all. The cares and anxieties wore all their faith and good feeling away; and they could n’t bear to be poor when so many were getting rich, and they saw so many good things and wanted to enjoy them like everybody else. They *can* help it. Every boy and girl who reads this can grow up free from cares of this world, free from the wish to be rich, free from those desires that lead to the broad way to hell. Can, and therefore *ought*; though it will require a great deal of faith in God, with everything that that means. Now, I do n’t want to preach, but I *do* want to show that a life among thorns is a lost and wasted life; and so I call your attention, if you please, to a man by the name of De’mas, who was once a good friend and faithful companion of the great apostle Paul. De’mas became a Christian—at least he assured Paul that he believed in Je’sus—and, therefore, was baptized and admitted to the society of the Christian Church. Paul seems to have had no doubt about his sincerity, and made him his associate in the work of teaching and preaching the gospel. He even joins his name with his own in some of his greetings to the Churches; but there were thorn-roots in the heart of De’mas, and the seed of God’s truth germinated in the midst of cares and love of the world and the desire for a good time. Paul was so free from eating cares because he had such perfect faith in the goodness

of God, and he had such contempt for money, and was so devoted to the Church, that he could not understand how anybody else could be anything but a whole-hearted disciple of Je’sus. Whether or not he suspected De’mas of being like seed among thorns, we don’t know; but there came a time when De’mas could n’t live with him any longer. He forsook Paul, when Paul needed him so much, and went off to buy, sell, get gain, live at ease. I suspect that he left without bidding Paul good-bye. How could he have the courage to tell Paul that he was tired of being a missionary? Paul would have made him ashamed of himself. And so, perhaps, as I think, he packed up and slipped away. Then Paul wrote for Tim’o-thy to come, because only Luke was with him. “De’mas, having loved this present world, had left for the city of Thes-salo-ni’ca.”

That is the last we hear of De’mas. John Bun’yan had this “dream” about him. He thought he saw a hill called Lu’cre (a word from the Lat’in, meaning gain in money or goods), and not far from it, a little off the road to the Celestial City, a gentleman-like man named De’mas, who invited travelers to come and see the silver mine that had been opened. “If you will come,” he urged, “with little pains you may richly provide for yourselves.” Hope’ful, who was with Chris’tian, was in favor of taking the risk of waiting long enough to get rich; but Chris’tian warned him against the dangers of the place, and gave De’mas some very plain and wholesome talk, which, however, De’mas did n’t take kindly. Chris’tian said to him: “I know you; Ge-ha’zi was your great grandfather and Ju’das your father, and you have trod in their steps; it is but a devilish prank that thou usest. Thy father was hanged for a traitor, and thou deservest no better reward. Assure thyself that when we come to the King we will tell him of this thy behavior.” Chris’tian and Hope’ful then passed on; but By’ends came up, and, as soon as De’mas called, went over to him, attracted by such a good offer. And that was the last seen of By’ends on the straight and narrow path to

the Ce-les'tial Cit'y. Bun'yan says: "Whether De'mas and he fell into the pit (the shaft of the silver mine), or whether they went down to dig, or whether they were smothered in the bottom by the damps that commonly rise of these things, I am not certain; but this I observed, that they

were never again seen in the way." And then Bun'yan adds this rhyme:

"By'-ends and silver De'mas both agree:
One calls, the other runs, that he may be
A sharer in his lucre; so these two
Take up this world, and no further go."

On One's Knees.

"Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees."—I KINGS XVIII, 42.



HAT a strange sight! A man on a mountain-top, kneeling, with his face bowed to the ground! Nothing could be more abject; and yet this man is E-li'jah, and he is praying to Al-mighty God, and his prayer will be answered. I do not say that he will be able to bring rain by kneeling; but I do say that there is no position which a man can take that brings his soul so close to the soul of God; and I do say that unless one prays, life can never be what it ought to be. He who prays becomes holy; and he who is holy has that help from God in many ways which no one else ever gets. Wash'ing-ton prayed to God as, it is safe to say, no Brit'ish general ever prayed; and Lin'coln, it is known, was often on his knees before the Almighty. These were great men; but they were greatest when on their knees. They did great deeds; but they never did anything that was so great as to pray.

This incident is told by the famous elocutionist, James E. Mur'doch:

"I had once been spending three weeks in the White House, as Mr. Lin'coln's guest. One night—July, 1861—just after the first battle of Bull Run, I could not sleep. The hour was past midnight—indeed, it was near the dawn—when I heard low tones proceeding from a private room near where the President slept. The door was partly open. I instinctively walked in, and there I saw a sight which I shall never forget.

It was the President, kneeling before an open Bible. He cried out: "O thou God that heardest Sol'o-mon in the night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me. I can not lead this people, I can not guide the affairs of this nation without thy help. I am poor, and weak, and sinful. O God, who didst hear Sol'o-mon when he cried for wisdom, hear me and save this nation!"

In Bris'tol there once was, and may still be, a great grocery, one of the greatest in all England. It bought by the cargo and sold by the ton, and hundreds of men and boys worked in it. The head of the house was Sam'u-el Bud'gett, who had once been a very poor boy; but he had succeeded so well in business that he had become very rich, and being a kind, Christian man had done great good with his money, and was very much loved. He was, I say, a Christian, and, being a Christian, he felt that he ought to make his business a subject of prayer; and more than that, he ought to bring his men together every day to pray. So a daily prayer-meeting was held; and every year, when the members of the firm examined the books, there was prayer in the office—Mr. Bud'gett on his knees! That was a noble sight. It told how he had gained such success; or it was at least one of the ways in which he was prepared to use rightly the gifts that God gave him when he was born. Not all of us can be Wash'ing-tons, Lin'colns, Bud'getts; but, whatever we are, and wherever we go, we may pray to God for help.

Does not the Bible say that if we draw near to God he will draw near to us, to give us strength to do what is right? So it ought not be necessary for fathers and mothers to say to their children: "You *must* say your prayers." Tom and Ma'ry ought to be very glad to go to God every day and speak to him, and then listen for his answer. They ought not feel like that

is everywhere." "Well, I'll say my prayers, then; but I do n't see why God should follow us everywhere." Of course, his "prayers" that night did not rise very high; and I think, indeed, that God did n't hear them at all; but being good, he was merciful to the little fellow who fancied that God is only in churches, and not everywhere. This is enough to convince us



ARTHUR AT PRAYER.

little boy who went with his family and friends to spend a part of the summer in the country. The first night he got into bed, without kneeling, as usual, and praying for His blessing on everybody. His mother, calling him by name, said: "Have n't you forgotten something?" "No," he guessed that he had n't forgotten anything. "Have n't you forgotten to say your prayers?" "Why, is God out here?" "Yes, he

that not every one on his knees is really praying. But we may be sure that whenever a man, woman, boy, or girl kneels down, especially when alone, he or she is at least trying to pray. That boy, kneeling there alone at his bedside, while his room-mates make fun of him, is praying to God, not only because his mother told him before he left home that he ought to pray, but because he felt it to be right.

Afterward; OR, THE PATIENCE OF JOB.

" 'Tis one thing to be tempted;
Another thing to fall,"

SAYS An'ge-lo to Es'ca-lus in Shake'-speare's "Measure for Measure." And An'ge-lo is right, else all who have been assaulted by the devil or his agents, even though they gained the victory, would be guilty of sin. Je'sus was tempted in all points as we are tempted, yet without sin. And Job was tempted, but did not sin, either in thought, word, or act. One whole book of the Old Testament is given up to the story of his conflict with evil and the evil one, so that you can see how important it is to know how a man may win the victory over all his spiritual foes.

Job, or I'yob, as he is called, was "perfect and upright." He "feared God, and shunned evil," which proves that his great wealth was honestly gained and held, not for the enjoyment of himself and family, but for all who were in need.

"He delivered the poor who cried,
The fatherless also, and him that had none to help.
The blessing of him that was ready to perish came
upon him,
And he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Besides, he offered sacrifices to God for himself and his children, and in every way seems to have been a holy man. But this, while it pleased God, aroused the hatred of Sa'tan, who, with the insinuation that Job was religious only because he secured the favor of God, and was rich and in good health, and never had any "bad luck," had the chance given him to test him. So Job had trouble enough, and all at once. He was at home one day, contented and happy, at peace with all men, and looking calmly towards the future, when a messenger, almost out of breath, came running up to say that the Sa-be'ans had made an

attack on the plowing party at his eldest son's place, killed the young men, seized the teams, and got off with the booty. He had n't finished his story before another man came running in with the report that all the sheep and the shepherds had been killed by the "burning wind." And he had n't yet told how the hot wind rose and



JOB HEARING OF HIS RUIN.

smothered the sheep and their keepers, before another servant came rushing in to say that the



Chal-de'ans had made a raid and driven off the herds of three thousand camels. And before he had reached the end of his message, the saddest story of all was brought. Job's children were having a feast at the house of the eldest brother—a good time eating, drinking, singing, telling stories—when a tornado, sweeping in terror across the desert, buried them all in its ruins.

Stunned and overwhelmed by these tidings, Job only bowed low before God, and uttered no word of complaint.

"O," said Sa'tan, "he does n't complain now, but let me smite him with black leprosy!" This was done, and Job was soon covered with "a burning sore," and suffered most intensely. So loathsome was he that he could not touch his body with his hands. But even then, poor, bereft of his dear children, and smitten with the awful leprosy, he did not sin, even though his own wife tried to persuade him to curse God and die.

Job had three friends, who, hearing of his troubles, came to give him some comfort. Job

appreciated this; for, though they could n't restore his sheep, and oxen, and camels, and children, they could at least suffer with him. But, instead of suffering with him, they began to condemn him, and hint very broadly that he could not have been as good as he thought himself, or God would n't have permitted him to fall into such troubles. Job denied this, and so there was a long discussion about God's dealings with men. All of which is given in sublime language in that book called "Job." At last God himself cut the discussion short by declaring Job righteous and the three friends wrong. They were commanded to offer sacrifice for sin, and Job prayed that they might be forgiven. And so it happened that when Job prayed for them, his troubles came to an end, and he lived afterward a hundred and forty years, and had twice as much as before. He had also seven sons and three daughters.

From that time to this, whenever any one wishes to refer to an example of patience, he has only to mention the name of Job.

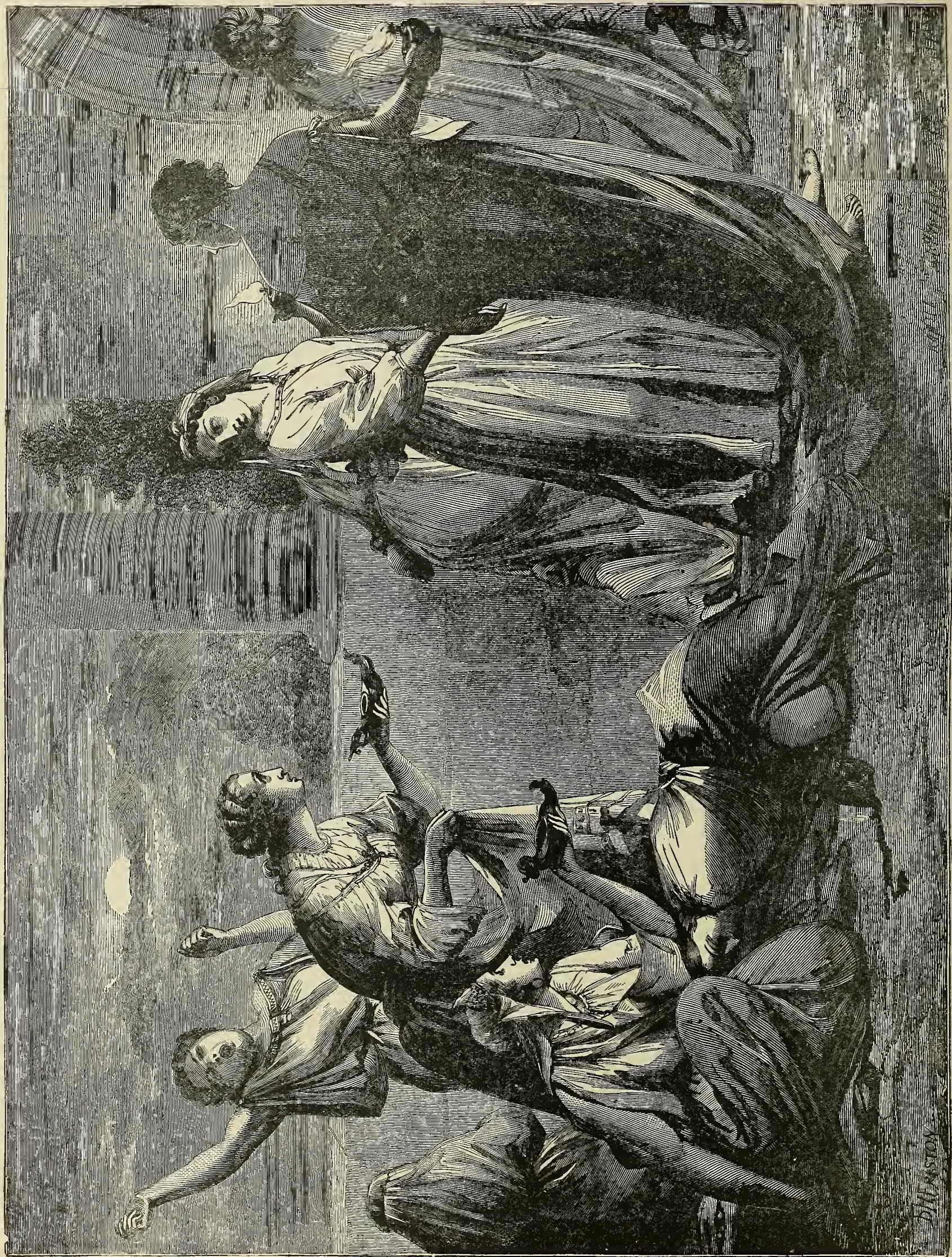
"Put Off"—Forever.



It is such a very easy thing to "put off," to say: "Not now; after awhile." And because it is so easy, half the world or more "puts off," and says: "Not now; after awhile." It is so easy to "intend;" and because it is, half the world or more "intends," but does nothing. I suspect that there are boys and girls, like men and women, who "put off," "intend," and say "Not now; after awhile;" who never do what they intend to do, and put off until it is too late; to whom "after awhile" never comes. If there are such boys and girls anywhere in the homes of the world to-day, there is a story for them in one of the parable pictures that our Savior drew.

There was a wedding in the village, and the villagers were divided into two classes—the invited, who just then thought life was good, and

the uninvited, who felt themselves slighted, and were not a little envious of those who were numbered among the friends of the bride and groom. The groom had gone to the house of his betrothed, where the marriage ceremony was to take place; and, according to custom, invitations had been sent out, requesting friends to be ready to take part in the marriage procession from the bride's home to the home of the groom—henceforth to be the home of the husband and wife. This marriage procession, which took place in the evening, was a kind of gauge, or standard, by which the wealth and social position of the bridal pair was measured. A small procession meant a poor groom; but a long procession, with its many flashing torches and songs, meant wealth and high social position. For some reason the bridal party was late. Hour after hour



THE TEN VIRGINS.

passed—ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, and still no signs, no sounds of its approach. Among those who had been asked to greet the newly married pair and sit down at the feast was a bevy of young maidens—ten in number—all the best of friends, and happy in each others' company. Each had her torch—a simple iron rod attached to wood and wrapped in rags saturated in oil or grease, and each had her little oil-vessel. While the wedding party delayed they all fell asleep. And while they slept midnight came, and voices were heard: "The bridegroom is coming! The bridegroom is coming!" At once, all excited and eager, the "virgins" arose and began to fix their torches, pouring on fresh oil. But five of them found that their torches were going out, and they had n't any more oil. It was very natural that they should appeal to their friends, the other five, for oil, and very unnatural that they were refused. But, natural or unnatural, they were denied, and told to go at such a time to the oil-seller and buy. Late as it was, they went; but while they were gone the wedding procession came on, and the five who had been thoughtful enough to furnish themselves with sufficient oil took their places in the line, and went in with the guests to the wedding-feast. Then the door was shut. Inside, the happy, favored guests; outside, five of the invited

ones who were not ready—five who came knocking and pleading, but were not admitted.

In a poem by a Per'si-an is this stanza:

"A thousand years did a poor man wait
Outside of heaven's gate;
Then, while a moment brief he dozed,
It opened—and closed."

And he was shut out, because he had dozed! The five "virgins" were shut out, because they had not made every preparation for the wedding festivities. It seems hard, very hard, that the door was n't opened to them; but the master of ceremonies had been instructed not to let any one in; and he was only obeying orders. I won't say that we understand all that Je'sus meant by this parable; but this much certainly is quite clear—it is possible to miss life's opportunities, possible to make an utter failure by putting off. For there can be no doubt that the five virgins who were shut out from the marriage feast intended—"fully intended"—to get oil. They had no other thought than that they would be among the guests; and to find themselves barred out, and told by the door-keeper that they were not known—could there be for the time a more bitter disappointment? *Too late! Too late!*

The Restoration of Dorcas.



DOR'CAS was dead! The little Church of Christ at Jop'pa was very sad, because she was one of its very best members. She was so kind and charitable, sewing day and night to make clothes for poor children, and visiting the sick and suffering. Everybody in the town knew her, and, I hope, loved her, though there may have been some who were jealous and envious; and there were many who missed her visits very much indeed when she was taken sick, and were overcome with grief when she

died. They felt that they would never again have such a true friend. The body was washed and laid out in an upper room of the house where she lived, and arrangements were made for the funeral.

Saint Pe'ter was at the town of Lyd'da, not many miles away, and the people at Jop'pa sent for him to come and comfort them in their sorrow. The apostle was very willing to do this, and came at once. He was taken to the house that Dor'cas had made so sacred by her loving life, and the body, all ready for burial, was

shown. Widows came to him, and, with tear-filled eyes and trembling voices, told him how good Dor'cas had been to them, and they showed him the coats and dresses that she had cut out and sewed. Pe'ter was very much touched by this, and thought that Dor'cas was such a beautiful example of what a Christian woman ought to be that, God helping him, he would bring her to life again. So, asking that all would leave the room, he knelt down at the side of the corpse and prayed, as only an apostle could pray, and then called: "Tab'i-tha, arise!" He called her Tab'i-tha because it was more like his own Hebrew word than the Greek Dor'cas, though both names have the same meaning. His call woke the dead. Dor'cas opened her eyes just as if she had only been asleep, and seeing the apostle, whom she knew, arose; when, taking her by the hand, Pe'ter presented her alive again to the members of the Church and the widows who had received so many gifts from her. We can imagine the wonder that there would be in the minds of all, and we can readily believe that all who knew the marvelous facts would become Christians; but some did n't believe because they

had n't seen the miracle, and because they could n't think that a dead person *could* be brought to life again.

After Dor'cas was restored to life, she began her work again, and lived, how long we do n't know, to bless the Church at Jop'pa by her good works, which would be all the more appreciated that she had been the subject of such a wonderful miracle. I think that those who knew her loved her after that all the more because she had died and was living again. They found out how much they needed her; and I have no doubt that they told her very often how much good she was doing for the folks in Jop'pa. They were very kind and thoughtful, for they thought every day, "She will die again some time—how soon or how suddenly we can not tell; so we must not say or do any thing that will give her pain, or for which we will be sorry."

Now, would n't it be a very good thing for us to remember that the best thing for us to do is to obey Christ's Golden Rule—do to others what we wish them to do to us? Then *they* will be happy, and *we* will be happy too, with nothing to sorrow over.

The Power of God.



THE following incident affords such a clear illustration of the fact that "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," that I thought it might be of interest to you: "I called at the house of Rev. L. P. the other day, who lives on the waters of Kin'ney, and he gave me an account of his Christian experience, about as follows: 'Do you remember coming to a man on Crooked Creek about eight years ago, as he was chopping down a tree, when the man told you, with an oath, that if you did not look out you would get killed? And do n't you remember, too, you came on up and gave him a small Testament?' I told him I did not

have any remembrance of it. 'Well,' said he, 'you did; and I am the man. I then worked out by the day, and I spent nearly all my earnings for whisky. It was then my greatest delight to drink whisky, and gamble, and fight, and to do almost everything else that was bad. I was frequently carried home to my family in a state of beastly intoxication. But I commenced reading that little Testament. For about two months I read and prayed almost constantly, day and night. I thought there was no salvation for me. But God pardoned my sins; I joined the Church, and I have been telling about that little Testament ever since.' " Only a little book, but it changed his whole life!

The Three Crosses:

OR, CHRIST AND THE CRIMINALS.

"And there were also two others, malefactors, led with him to be put to death."



MALEFACTORS, that is, wicked-doers, criminals who had been arrested, tried, and sentenced. They had broken the law of the land, and at last, after a sowing of bad seed, were reaping the harvest of punishment. Society was getting rid of them, as they well enough deserved; but society was also trying to rid itself of Je'sus. On the one hand, two men were being killed because they were too bad to be allowed to live; and on the other, Je'sus was being crucified because he was too good, although the priests and Ro'mans gave a very different reason for taking the life of Christ. The priests charged him with blasphemy, and the Ro'mans were afraid that he would excite the Jews to rebellion. So that his enemies had charges enough!

When the three crosses were at last lifted up, and the figures of Je'sus and the criminals hung full in view of the great crowd that gathered on Cal'va-ry, that Friday so long ago, there was suffering of the severest kind, *for two causes, and with three different results.*

The criminals were punished because they were guilty. Je'sus gave himself up to die that he might show men the great sinfulness of sin, and bring them by his sufferings to repentance and faith.

Born in different places, differently surrounded from birth, these three had been coming along different paths to the crosses on Cal'va-ry. Je'sus had been good and holy from the beginning of his life; had never broken a commandment of God or a law of man; had never done anything but help men and women; while the thieves had been wild boys and bad men, stealing and robbing, and perhaps killing, a perfect terror and dread. And they were all brought to

execution! The cruel soldiers and the brutal executioners drove the nails through the hands and feet of Christ as if he had broken every law and done nothing but wrong. I fancy that the thieves said: "It does n't matter whether a man



JESUS BEARING THE CROSS.

is good or bad. Here is Je'sus, suffering like the rest of us. There's no justice in the world!"



The people went to and fro on the hill, gazing curiously at the three men on the crosses, and sneering at them, especially at Je'sus. One came near and said: "If thou art the king of the Jews, come down from the cross, and we will believe. Thou hast saved others, save thyself!" The criminals took up the cry; but one of them, as he looked into the sad face of Je'sus, became suddenly sorry, and, turning to the other, said: "Dost not thou fear God? Thou art suffering the same punishment; thou oughtest to be silent. We are suffering justly. This is the due reward of our bad deeds; but this man has done nothing wrong." After this speech he turned to Je'sus and said: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" His punishment had done him good. He had come to see how bad he had been. And the face of Je'sus, his tender, loving glance had inspired him with the feeling that he might even yet be forgiven.

The other criminal was as hard and bitter as ever. Nothing touched his heart; and so, cherishing nothing but the wildest feelings of revenge and rebellion, he died. Je'sus, after suffering untold agonies of body and spirit, racked with pain and burdened with grief, died, while the earth trembled, the skies grew dark, and the temple curtain was torn from top to bottom. Why did he die? Paul says that he commended the love of God for us, in that while we were sinners, by dying on account of our sins. May I illustrate this by an incident? A boy was once sent by his mother to perform a little task, easily done; but he was stubborn and careless, perhaps sulky, and, as a result, caused an accident, resulting in damage and loss. His mother soon hastened to him, and, seeing what had been done, without a word, burst into tears. She had borne so much that she could n't bear any more. She seemed to say: "I can only suffer!" Her boy looked on ashamed, and more ashamed because his mother did not rebuke him nor punish him in any way; but he was so sorry, so sorry! He vowed that he would never, never do so again. And I think that he was a better boy afterwards.

In the same way Je'sus showed his sorrow for men's sins. He suffered on account of them and instead of men, to show how dark and base the violation of God's laws really is. His suffering on the cross is more effective to bring tears of repentance and excite the heart's best love, than a thousand warnings or punishments. He suffered on account of our sins more deeply and keenly than we can, because he was so holy and pure. He was pained to the heart, and his heart broke—perhaps literally—because he suffered so much.

His cross meant suffering on account of the sins of others; the crosses of the criminals meant punishment; but of these two, one meant a heart renewed, the other a heart hardened in sin. You may do as Je'sus did, give yourselves for others, so that they, seeing how much you suffer on their account, will live better lives; or, if you do wrong and suffer for it, you may repent and be forgiven; or you may hate those who punish you, and become worse than ever. Which cross is yours? Can you pray, when others wrong you, "God forgive them?" Can you say: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom?" Do you wish to enter the kingdom of Je'sus, and be with him, where he is, to love what he loves, and hate what he hates? If you do, then from your cross where you learn the great sinfulness of sin, you may go with Christ into that paradise where you shall enjoy the happiness of holiness forever.

It is in this way, if I may say so, that God gives every man a "chance." The criminals might have said that they were not to blame, because they were born bad and had had so many temptations all the time. But Je'sus comes to them and says: "If you repent, your sins may be forgiven, and you will become new men in me, just as if you had been born again and were commencing life all over again." And that is the gospel of grace and good-will that is being preached in the world every day, that unless one has committed the sin that can not be forgiven, he, though a criminal, may become a "man in Christ,"—old life ended, new life begun.

“You Said it Was a Shadow.”



URING many years of military service in In'di-a I was quartered far away from large garrisons, the duties of an executive engineer in the department of public works frequently leading him to pitch his tent for months together in the jungles; but upon receipt of orders to take charge of the Nag'pore division, I proceeded at once to Kamp'tee, a very large military cantonment in those days—and it may be so still—to make it my head-quarters.

One night I had been taking Psalm xxiii as the subject of my address. The prayer-house was full of soldiers. When I came to the fourth verse, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,” I said, “The *shadow* of a serpent can not bite, the *shadow* of a sword can not wound.” I then went on to say that the Lord Je'sus Christ had bared his breast to receive the deadly wound (Zech. xiii, 7), and that at the same moment he had bruised to death the head of the serpent (Gen. iii, 15). Weeks afterward I was passing through the Eu-ro-pe'an hospital on duty, when I saw a group of doctors and dressers standing around the bed of a man apparently in the last stage of cholera. I was going to pass by, feeling that it would be intrusion on my part to approach

the bed at such a time; but as I was passing I thought I saw a wistful look in the eye of the dying man, and something impelled me to go up to him. The poor fellow tried to raise his hand to his brow to salute me. I took hold of it, and as I did so he drew me towards him till my ear was close to his mouth, when he feebly but distinctly whispered, “You said it was a *shadow*; and you're right.” I did not recognize the sufferer, and for a moment I thought he was wandering in delirium. Suddenly the recollection of the prayer-house and the twenty-third Psalm flashed across me, and once again I thanked God for the Bible.

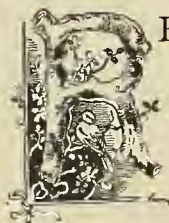
This precious Book has a word for our needs in every circumstance of life. Are you under any special temptation? Consult your Bible, and you will find a way of escape. Is sorrow your portion? I know no such comforter as the word of God. Are you approaching the dark valley of death? It is but a *shadow* to those whose eye of faith can see the glorious Sun of righteousness shining on the other side. There can never be a shadow without the sun beyond it, and in a little moment he who trusts the word of God shall pass from the shadow into the sunshine, from the hospital into the palace of the King.

—W. D. C., in *Gleanings for the Young*.

With All His Might;

OR, SEEKING AND FINDING.

“Until he find it.”



READING the parables of the Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin, you will observe, if you read carefully, that there are two expressions in them which teach that there is nothing good in this life but is to be obtained by the most patient, persistent seeking—seeking until the sheep is

found; seeking until the coin is found. In the parable of the Lost Sheep, Je'sus says that the shepherd looked for the sheep, lost among the dreary mountains, *until he found it*; and the woman who lost one of those ten coins from her head-dress, which was the sign of her marriage, did not rest *until she found it*. And in the parable

of the Prodigal, which is directly connected by Luke with these, is it not taught that the prodigal determined never to rest until he reached home again, *until he found it*? Perseverance,—that is what God wishes us to learn; to begin nothing that is not worth ending, and to bring to an end every thing that is worth beginning; to seek until one finds. Especially does he wish us to seek the kingdom of heaven; to take it by force, never resting until we are sure that we have really found the pearl of great price.

To illustrate this, and to show how the children of this world are often wiser in their generation than the children of light, let me tell this story.

Thirty years ago a boy went into the counting-room of a big manufacturing establishment in the city of Glas'gow, Scot'land, and asked to see one of the firm. Going to the desk of a partner, he asked if he might get work as an errand-boy. He was bare-foot, and so the partner said that the house needed an errand-boy, but an errand-boy must wear shoes. The poor little fellow choked down his feelings, and went out of the store into the streets and set himself the task of getting a pair of shoes. He worked hard at odd jobs in the market, and slept in the market-house at night, because he had no home and could n't afford to pay for a lodging. At last he had enough money to buy a pair of shoes. He thought that now his position as errand-boy was sure. No; the man at the store told him that the "house" could n't employ a ragged boy. If he wanted the place he must dress better. So

he determined to dress better; but it was six months before he was able to buy a good suit of clothes. When he went to the store at the end of that time, thinking that his good shoes and

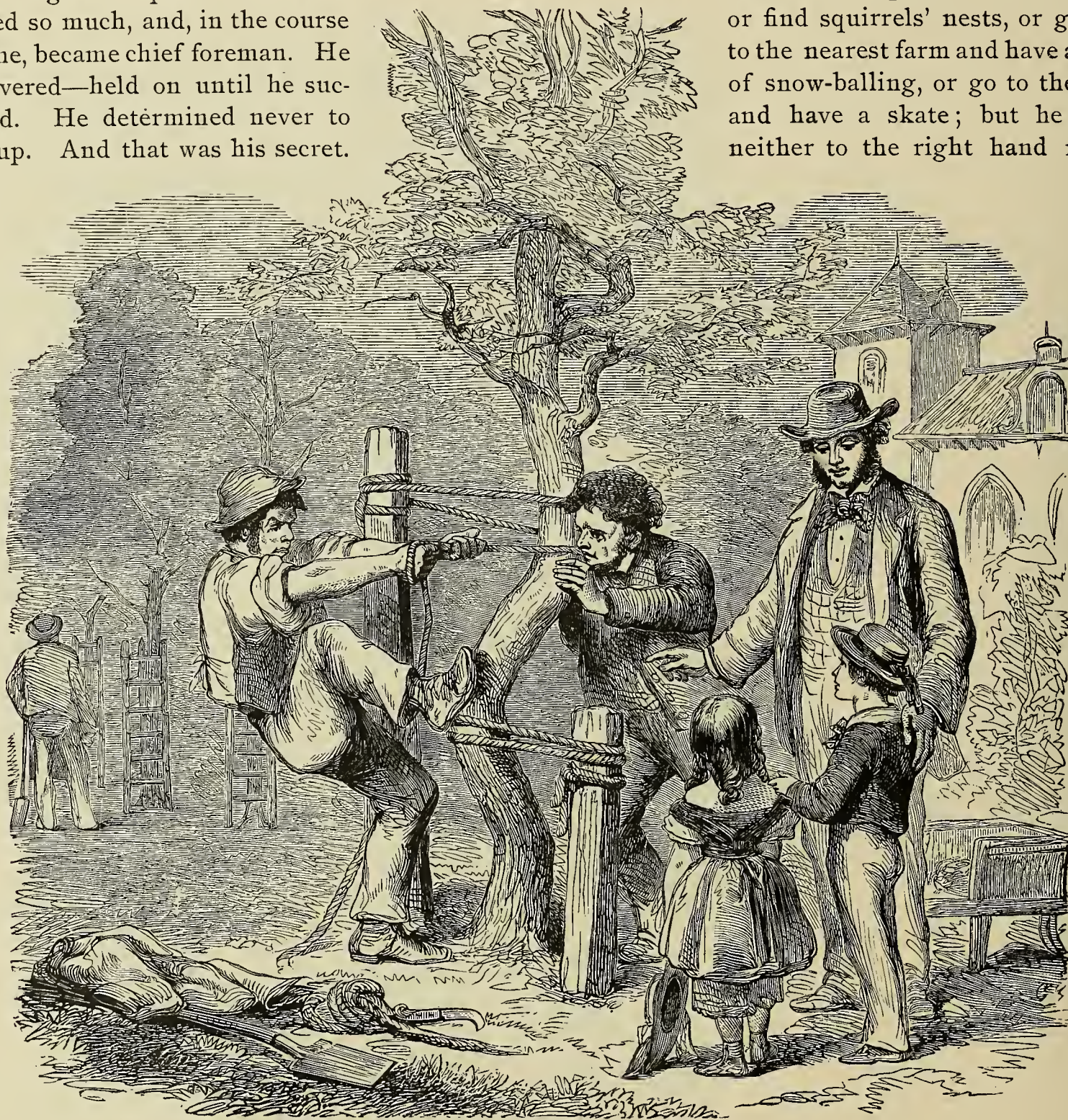


"A BOY'S NEW LEAF."

new clothes would surely get him the place, he was told that it was n't enough to dress well, he must know how to read and write. He resolved to learn how to read and write. But it was a long year before he again went to ask for the

errand-boy's place in the Glasgow house, having during the twelve months worked in stables during the day and attended school at night. This time he got the position that he wished so much, and, in the course of time, became chief foreman. He persevered—held on until he succeeded. He determined never to give up. And that was his secret.

has to pull the sled, but he has to force himself down to hard work; to say: "Now, don't give up! Don't stop until you get home!" He would be tempted to hunt rabbits, or find squirrels' nests, or go over to the nearest farm and have a game of snow-balling, or go to the pond and have a skate; but he looks neither to the right hand nor to



STRAIGHTENING THE TREE.

The boy, pulling his sled-load of fagots through the heavy snow of the winter woods is, I fancy, a brother of his, sticking to his task, in spite of all obstacles. And, if we may judge, this is especially difficult, because he has been in the habit of giving up too soon. He not only

the left, and goes straight on. That is his only safety, to go straight on. He has turned a new leaf, formed new resolutions. Let us hope that he will keep his resolutions, and that his new leaf, when it becomes old, will be found to contain a record of good and noble deeds; because

when once a tree has grown crooked it can't be straightened; when a man has grown old in bad habits it is morally impossible for him to reform. "Morally" impossible, I say, because, though he may reform, it is not likely that he will change his whole life conduct at such a late hour.

Boys and girls need to learn this early, and I know of no better way to teach the lesson than that which the father in the picture has taken. There is the crooked tree—all gnarled and snarled—and the strong "hands," with their posts and ropes, trying to pull the tree straight. Will they fail? As a matter of course. You can transplant trees—if they are not too large—but after they have grown to a thickness of six or eight inches you can't straighten them, if they are bent like a bow. It is now at least a quarter of a century since I first saw this picture in a Sunday-school paper, and I have never forgotten it. I hope that some who see it here will at once learn its lesson and practice it.

Don't be like that young man who was taken sick at his lodgings, and when told by his doctor that he could n't live, asked so piteously: "Is it possible I have to die so young!" "Yes, you have to die." "Well, I have missed it at last!" "Missed what?" asked the doctor. "O sir, I have missed heaven!" Then he told how he had been urged again and again to live a Christian life, but had always put it off. He would at some time, but not just yet. And now he was dying, dying. His last words were: "I have missed it!" What did he mean? This: The tree had grown crooked, and he could n't straighten it.

The proverb that "it's never too late to mend" is not true. It may become impossible to repent, to believe, to pray. It *may* become too late to bend the tree back. Too late; though the mercy of God endureth forever!

As this book is designed for boys and girls, and these stories are intended to be read, not only by the boys and girls themselves, but also by fathers, and especially mothers, I have copied here a bit out of John Rus'kin's story of his life to show how a mother may teach a boy to do with

his might what his hand finds to do, and how a boy may be taught to seek and find the truth, as God teaches it in his Word:

"As soon as I was able to read with fluency she began a course of Bible-work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternative verses with me, watching at first every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly and energetically. In this way she began with the first verse of Gen'e-sis and went right straight through to the last verse of the A-poc'a-lypse—hard names, Num'-bers, Le-vit'i-cal law, and all—and began again at Gen'e-sis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better the lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length), the first thing after breakfast (and no interruption from servants allowed; none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay up stairs; and none from any visitings or excursions, except real traveling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound."

Mr. Rus'kin prints his mother's list of the chapters "with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life." It is as follows: Ex'-o-dus, chapters xv and xx; 2d Sam'u-el, chapter i, from the 17th verse to the end; 1st Kings, chapter viii; Psalms, chapters xxiii, xxxii, xc, xci, ciii, cxii, cxix, cxxxix; Prov'erbs, chapters ii, iii, viii, xii; I-sa'iah, chapter lviii; Mat'thew, chapters v, vi, vii; Acts, chapter xxvi; 1st Co-rinth'i-ans, chapters xiii, xv; James, chapter iv; Rev-e-la'tion, chapters v, vi. "And truly," Mr. Rus'kin says, "though I have picked up the

elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of all my education.”

If you want to get thorough knowledge of the Bible, that is the best way; read and read

over again and again; learn by heart, and then, when you are old, if you live to be old, I think you will find that the words which you read and studied in your childhood and youth will be fresh and clear in your mind, to be thought over when much else is forgotten. Read and study the Book of books with all your might. In it is the wisdom of God, the truth that can never change nor pass away.

Love for Love.

“We love Him, because he first loved us.”



PHAR'I-SEE by the name of Si'mon invited Je'sus to dine with him at his home. This was regarded by the people as quite a favor, because the Phar'i-sees were very “high up” in the Jewish Church, and Je'sus was very low down, being, as was supposed, the son of a Gal-i-le'an carpenter, and a teacher of religion who had no right to teach, that the Church was bound to treat with any respect. The invitation, however, was accepted, and Je'sus went to Si'mon's house and took his place at the table. During the meal a woman came into the dining-room. Without saying a word, she stood behind the Savior as he reclined at the table, and began to weep. Her hot tears fell on his feet, and she stooped down to wipe them with her long, beautiful hair, and, then, opening the alabaster vase that she had, poured oil on them. It was a strange act, so strange that as Si'mon saw it he thought: “If this man, Je'sus of Naz'a-reth, were a true prophet, he would know at once what kind of woman this is, and that in allowing her to show him such attention he is exciting the suspicion that he is no better than she is; for everybody knows that she is a sinner and an outcast.”

While Si'mon was thinking all this and half wishing that he had n't invited Je'sus to his house, he was startled by hearing Je'sus call his

name: “Si'mon! I have something to say to you!” “Rabbi, say on,” he replied. And Je'sus gave this little parable: “A man had two debtors; one of them owed him five hundred pence, the other only fifty. The debts were due, but the debtors were both unable to pay. The creditor, not wishing to send them to jail, as he might have done if he wished, did a most un-business-like thing, he forgave both his debtors. Which of the two will love him most?”

Si'mon thought that a very easy question, though he did n't clearly see the meaning of it or how it applied, but he answered: “I *suppose* that he to whom the greater debt was forgiven, the man who owed five hundred pence.” “Rightly judged,” said the Savior. “Do you see this woman?” Si'mon had seen her, of course, and all that she had done, and he was so disturbed by it that all the pleasure of his dinner was gone, and what faith he had in Je'sus as a prophet sent from God was almost lost. “I entered your house, but instead of being met by a servant with a basin and a towel ready to wash the dust from my feet, as you know is the custom everywhere, I was treated as if I were unworthy of such attention. But this woman has done what your own servants failed to do. You invited me to be your guest, but you did n't greet me with the guest's kiss. This woman has kissed my feet again and again. You did n't

anoint my head with oil, as you do the heads of those whom you regard your friends; but this woman whom you call a "sinner" has anointed my feet. Now, I forgive her sins!" Turning, then, to the woman, who was listening to his words addressed to Si'mon, he said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee!"

By this time Si'mon began to think that Je'sus was, after all his suspicions, a genuine prophet, because he proved that he not only knew what kind of a woman anointed his feet, but *what kind of a man had invited him to dinner!* He felt himself judged and condemned under his own roof, and he knew that he deserved all that the Savior had said; for he now saw that he did n't love Je'sus as much as the woman did, although, if the stories are true, he had even greater reason than she, for he had been cured of leprosy.

The "sinner" understood the whole principle of the Christian life. She loved Je'sus with a pure and holy affection, because she saw that he loved her, sinful as she had been, with a God-like love, and she was purified by her love. She gave up her sinful life, and lost her fear of coming into the presence of him who knew what she had been. Love for love. That is the order of the Christian life. "We love him because he first loved us." "God commendeth his love for us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." There is no religion without love, and where there is love there is religion.

Professor Hen'ry Drum'mond tells of a young girl of a very sweet and gentle spirit, whose life was so good that no one could question her Christianity. It was noticed that she wore a little locket about her neck, which, however, she never opened before others. There was great curiosity to see what it contained; but she would not unlock it until being taken dangerously ill and likely soon to die, she gave permission, and the locket was opened. And what do you think was in it? Only a text of Scripture! But it was this: "Whom having not seen, I love," words taken from the first letter of St. Peter. She had not seen Je'sus, but she loved him with

all her heart, and because she loved him she became like him.

Here is another incident which shows how "love for love" is the law of the Christian life: The champion wrestler of Lan'ca-shire was converted. He had lived such a wild life that many doubted if he could be a Christian at all, and it was a hard task for him to find honest employment; for, of course, he could n't go on wrestling and fighting after he had declared himself a believer in Je'sus Christ. One day, however, the minister, whose preaching had brought him to Christ, met him, and asked how he was getting along. "Very well," he replied. "That's right. How are you doing in soul matters? Are you keeping near to Je'sus?" "Yes sir, I think so; but I have a lot of opposition; it is sometimes hard work." And then he went on to tell something like this:

"The devil troubles me, sir, a good deal. You see, I have to be a good deal alone, walking up and down at night by myself, and he is a great coward, and says plenty of things to me in the dark that I'm sure he dare n't say if it was daylight. But I'll tell you what I do. I've bought a pocket Bible, and I have turned down the pages against those texts which tell me of the love of God to sinners, and the power of Je'sus to save, and when the devil comes along and says: 'Think of all your past sins; you are a pretty fellow to speak in the class-meeting, and say you are a child of God. Did you not do this? Did you not do that——?' I stop and pull out my little Bible, and turning to one of the places that is turned down, I turn my bull's-eye lantern full on the page, and I say: 'It's all true about my sins; but here it is written: "The blood of Je'sus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Can you read that?' He is soon gone then; he can't stand that, sir; and since I have found out that way of dealing with the enemy, I am no longer afraid of him—not a bit."

He loved Christ, because Christ first loved him. And so he understood what the apostle John taught when he said that he who loves God, dwells in God, and God in him.

Can't Please Everybody, but You Can Please One.



E'SUS made a great many enemies, and succeeded in displeasing a great many people, who, while they were not willing to be called his enemies, were unwilling to be called his friends. John the Baptist had come in the spirit and power of the mighty E-li'jah, and because he would not drink wine, attend big feasts, and go into society, people said that he had a

he were insane. Others, however, thought him a prophet, and were not afraid to say so. So, while he seemed to be a very powerful and popular preacher, he did n't please everybody,—especially he did n't please Her'od and He-ro'di-as, and had his head chopped off because his sermons were too personal. Je'sus differed from John in the spirit and form of his whole ministry, although he too liked to be alone in the

wilderness and on mountain-tops, and preached very personal sermons. But he often attended feasts, and kept himself close to the common people, who heard him, for the most part, very gladly. He was a guest at weddings, and on one occasion turned water into wine—"good" wine, the best at the feast—and, I suspect, drank of it. He dined out when invited, and, though in no sense a man of society, he did n't shut himself out from the world. Far from it. This was so different a life from that which many thought that the Mes-si'ah, the Son of God, ought to live, that they sneeringly called him a tippler, and a friend of the publicans, whom the Jews despised, and sinners, whom they shunned in contempt, on account of their wicked life. "Now," said Je'sus one day, "to what shall I compare the people of this time? They are like children who meet for play in the market-place, but can't get along with each other. Some of them want to play wedding; but, though they make music on their little flutes, the others won't dance.

Some want to play funeral; but, though they imitate the long, sad wail of the hired mourners who attend real funerals, the



"THY FACE, LORD, WILL I SEEK."

devil, he was crazy; because no sane man would cut himself off from the pleasures of life unless

though they imitate the long, sad wail of the hired mourners who attend real funerals, the

others won't mourn. Peevish, and hard to please, nothing could satisfy all of the children. It is just so among you grown-up folks. John did n't please all of you. I can't please all of you. Nobody can please all of you. But though neither John nor I can please this generation, we can please One; that is God. I do always those things that please him. Wisdom is justified of her children." That makes life easier and simpler, to know that though we can't please everybody, we *can* please God. Saint Paul said: "If I please men, I should not please God." And so, though he was all things to all men, if by any means he might save some, he aimed, first, last, and always, to please his Father in heaven. Mat'thew, the publican, understood this when Je'sus called him from the tax-gatherer's stand to be his disciple. Je'sus said: "Follow me!" And that was all that Mat'thew had to do from that day to the day of his death: to follow Je'sus, to do what Je'sus told him to do, to go where Je'sus told him to go, to say what Je'sus commanded him to say. He had only to obey the orders of his Lord. Can't you see that that made his life simple, free from dread or anxiety? What difference did it make to him that he was n't liked by Phar'i-sees or Sad'du-ces? He was called to be an "apostle," and that meant, first, that he was to be a friend and companion of Je'sus; second, a preacher of good news to men; third, a miracle-worker, casting out devils and healing the sick. What life could be greater and better than that? He was very willing, I am sure, to give up, if need be, every other friend and companion, if he could only be regarded by Je'sus as *his* friend and companion. And it was a great delight to tell men that God is a friend of sinners and a forgiver of sin, and go from place to place, casting the devils of insanity out of people, and

restoring them to their right mind; or healing the sick, whom the doctors could n't cure.

He was an apostle, and though he could n't hope to please all who heard him preach, he knew that if he preached the truth, and worked miracles, always in the name of Je'sus, and never in his own name, he could please his Master. He did n't care if he displeased every one else.



CALLING OF MATTHEW.

It is well to keep this in mind, and say, with the girl in the picture: "*Thy* face, Lord, will I seek!" Which means, I will seek to please thee, to do, every day, what I would do if thou wert near me, watching all that I do, and hearing all that I say.

Did you ever read or hear of that servant-girl who applied for membership in a Christian Church, and when she was asked how she knew that God had forgiven her sins and accepted her

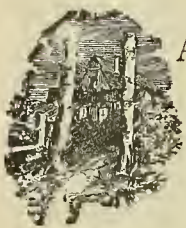
for Christ's sake, she said: "For one thing, I sweep under the mats?" It was such a strange answer, and so different from the answers usually given to such a question, that the examiners looked surprised. "What do you mean?" they asked. "Well," she replied, "before I was converted I used to sweep all the dust under the mats, where the mistress would n't see. Now, I sweep under the mats and in the corners—everywhere." Why? Because she was now trying to please Je'sus, her Master in heaven. His eye was on her, and though she could n't please everybody, she could please him.

The same principle is illustrated by a little thing that once happened in a railway depot at Chi-ca'go. The passengers were crowded about the gates on a cold winter's evening, anxious to get to the cars, but the gate-keeper required every one to show his ticket as he passed. Many were restless and fussy, but the gate-keeper

stood unmoved. Some one remarked: "You are a very unpopular man to-night." His only reply was: "*I only want to be popular with one man!*" his superintendent, to whom he was responsible. That made his duty clear. He had only to do his whole duty, and he could keep his place, even though he did not please those passengers who wished him to break the rules and regulations of the road.

Everywhere and always it is the same. You can't please everybody, but you can please One. President Gar'field used to say that there was one man whom he could n't afford to displease, one man whose respect he must retain, and that was "the man who wore Gar'field's clothes." No easy task you may be sure, because it is hard to satisfy one's own self; and yet if one listens to conscience and obeys its voice, which is the true voice of God, it will be easy; for to satisfy conscience is to satisfy God.

"Keep Yourself from Idols."



HAVE you ever seen an idol? No? Well, even if you have never seen one, you know that it is an image made of wood, stone, or other material, and used as an object of worship. Or it may be only a stick, or a bit of black rock, perhaps a meteoric stone fallen out of the skies. There are little idols and big idols, and to-day they are worshiped in many parts of the world, in spite of the commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven [or carved] image, nor the likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow thyself to them nor serve them;" and in spite of all that prophets and Christian missionaries have said and done to get people to worship Him who is a Spirit. Away back in the days of A'bra-ham these images were made, set up, and people prayed to them when they were in trouble, and thanked them when they

had good times, and did everything that priests told them to do in order to get and keep the god's favor. It is said that Te'rah, the father of A'bra-ham, had twelve idols in his house, one for each month, and that he not only worshiped idols, but made them and sold them. A'bra-ham was taught to worship them too, and, not knowing any better, bowed down before them as he saw his father do. But when he became a man, he lost faith in them, and determined to show his father that the images were no gods at all, *only images without life*. So, when Te'rah went away from the idol-shop one day, he asked A'bra-ham to wait on those who might come to buy. A'bra-ham didn't prove to be a very good salesman, for when an old man came in he asked him how old he was, and when he replied, "I am seventy years of age," he said: "Well, then, you are very much older than your god. You say that you are seventy years old? *This idol was made yesterday!*" The story does n't tell

whether or not the man bought; but I should n't think that after such a statement he would wish to put his money into such a god, much less worship it.

At another time a woman came with a dish of meal, and asked that it might be placed as an offering before the images, as they stood on the shelves. A'bra-ham did as she asked, only after she had gone, he broke all the images but one, the largest, and put the dish into his hands. When his father returned, he was surprised and horrified to see the pieces of the images scattered all over the floor. It was such a loss! How did it happen? A'bra-ham made up a story for answer. He said that when the woman brought in her bowl of meal all the gods wanted it, and began to quarrel about it. The big idol, however, being the strongest, took a stick, broke the other idols into fragments, and seized the dish for himself; on the ground, I suppose, that "to the victor belong the spoils." But Te'rah, who was very willing that people should buy his images and call them gods, did n't believe any such story; so he said: "How can you mock me? Idols can't think! Idols can't act!" At once A'bra-ham saw his chance, so he turned on his father with the question: "Do your ears hear what your own mouth speaks? You call these images *gods*, and yet when I say that they talk and that the big image is strong, you say that idols can't reason! How, then, can they be *gods*?" And he had the best of the argument, don't you think?

Long after, I-sa'iah said: "The carpenter cuts down trees—the cedar, the holm, and the oak—and burns parts of them, warming himself at the fire, or roasting meat, or baking bread in the oven. The trunks of the trees he uses for idols. He cuts and carves an image like a man, and then says: 'Thou art my god!'"

It has eyes, but it can't see; ears, but it can't hear; hands, but it can't handle; feet, but it can't walk. "*They that make them are like them.*" They too have eyes, but they can't see

the true God; they too have ears, but they can't hear the voice of the Lord; they have hands and feet, but they can't walk in the ways of right, nor receive what God offers them.

Let us fancy one of these idol-makers at work. We will call him Fuh. He goes into the woods on a bright day, and fells a tree. The branches are all cut off, and a piece of the trunk is sawed off and hauled to the shop in the village. Fuh sharpens his chisels, and begins to cut away on his block of wood. Day by day he



INTERIOR OF SHINTO TEMPLE.

makes the chips fly, until he has carved a figure like this. He takes it to the priest, who puts a drop of vermilion on its eyes, blesses it, and it then becomes a "god." But, while Fuh was at work, wonderful changes were taking place in him. His eyes appeared as they always did; but he did n't see anything of God. Men said to him: "God made the heavens and the earth, and they are *full* of his glory." But he said: "I don't see it. To me there is only sky, sun, moon, stars, earth. The day comes and the night comes; but *I* can't see any glory of God anywhere." They said: "Fuh, can't you look

for awhile; fix your eyes on this glorious landscape. Surely you will see, if you will only look." "I see hills, and water, and houses, and men, and women; but I can't see *God* anywhere." Then they said: "Fuh, can you hear the voice of God?" "No," he answered; "I hear birds sing, and the wind among the trees, and the splash of water in the streams, and the



GREAT IMAGE OF DAIBUTZU.

voice of men and women and the little children; but I can't hear the voice of God." They asked him to receive the Bible, which tells about Him who is without body or parts—the Spirit—but he replied: "I can't take it." And when he was urged to walk in the straight and narrow path that leads to heaven, he could not even enter it. From carving idols so long, and looking so steadily at them, *he had become like them!*

That is why Saint John says in one of his letters: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." He knew that no one can worship them without becoming like them. Well, perhaps you say: "We live in a Christian country, and there is no danger of our worshiping images." True, there are no idols here like that in Si'am—the beautiful Emerald Idol—with the crystals, topazes, sapphires, rubies, onyxes, amethysts, and diamonds flashing in the gold hair of it; but there are many people, even in so-called Christian countries, who, though they do not bow down before the Emerald Idol, are worshiping the gold and the sparkling gems, who care far more to get gold than to know God, and would give more for a diamond than a Bible; who would much rather be on 'change than in church; who would rather know the "prices" than offer prayer. And the danger is that boys will grow up to forget God, because they are thinking all the time how to make money fast; and the girls may forget him, because they listen more to the voice of fashion than the gospel of faith. The question of the boys being: "How can we make dollars?" and of the girls: "How shall we dress?" Dollars may be the idol, or dress. Whatever we *think* more about than God is our idol, whatever it may be; and it is as true now as it was three thousand years ago, that those who make idols and worship them become like them. Think of a man becoming like a dollar bill, or of a woman becoming like a piece of jewelry or a costume! It is a legend, that a rich man died, and when his money-box was opened, *his heart was found in it!* Do you say that that can not be? That all depends on what you call a man's "*heart*."

Je'sus says that where a man's treasure is, there is his "*heart*" also. Surely he knew what a man's "*heart*" is; and when he said that it was where his "*treasure*" is, he told the truth. The chief question that we have to put to ourselves, then, is: "Where is our treasure?" What do we value most? What has cost us most of time, energy, and faith? Have we an "*idol*?"

Obey Orders.



EL'LING-TON, the Iron Duke, as he is sometimes called, once said that he had succeeded in making his army like a perfect machine. Every soldier obeyed orders without waiting to ask questions, and without fear, except the fear that if he didn't obey he would be shot. And the most of the men didn't even have that fear, because they loved the British flag so much, and had such hatred of the French, that they were as determined as the duke to win every battle that they fought. This great duke being asked what he thought about sending missionaries to the heathen, asked what Christ said, and when he was told that he said, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," he replied very briefly: "Obey your marching orders!"

That is what Au'gus-tine did a long, long time ago. He went to Eng'land in the days when Eth'el-bert was king, and told him about Je'sus. If he had any fears about going among the Sax'ons he didn't tell any one, so far as we know, but crossed the straits, and entered the country that the people at Rome thought very far off and very dangerous. He built a church where the cathedral of Can'ter-bur-y now stands, and had the pleasure of seeing the king and his court and many of his subjects coming to the service. He was not the only one who went out under orders to preach the gospel. If I were to give the names of them all, I could cover many pages, and not even tell what brave things these men and women have done who have preached the gospel of Christ in "the uttermost parts of

the earth." If you want to read stories of adventure, you will find enough of them in the lives of missionaries, beginning with Paul and ending with Will'iam Tay'lor, or Father Da'-mi-en, who went to the Lepers' Island in the Pa-cif'ic ocean, to preach to the poor lepers who had been sent there to die.

After living among them for about ten years, preaching, teaching, caring for the poor outcasts, and trying in every way to comfort them in this



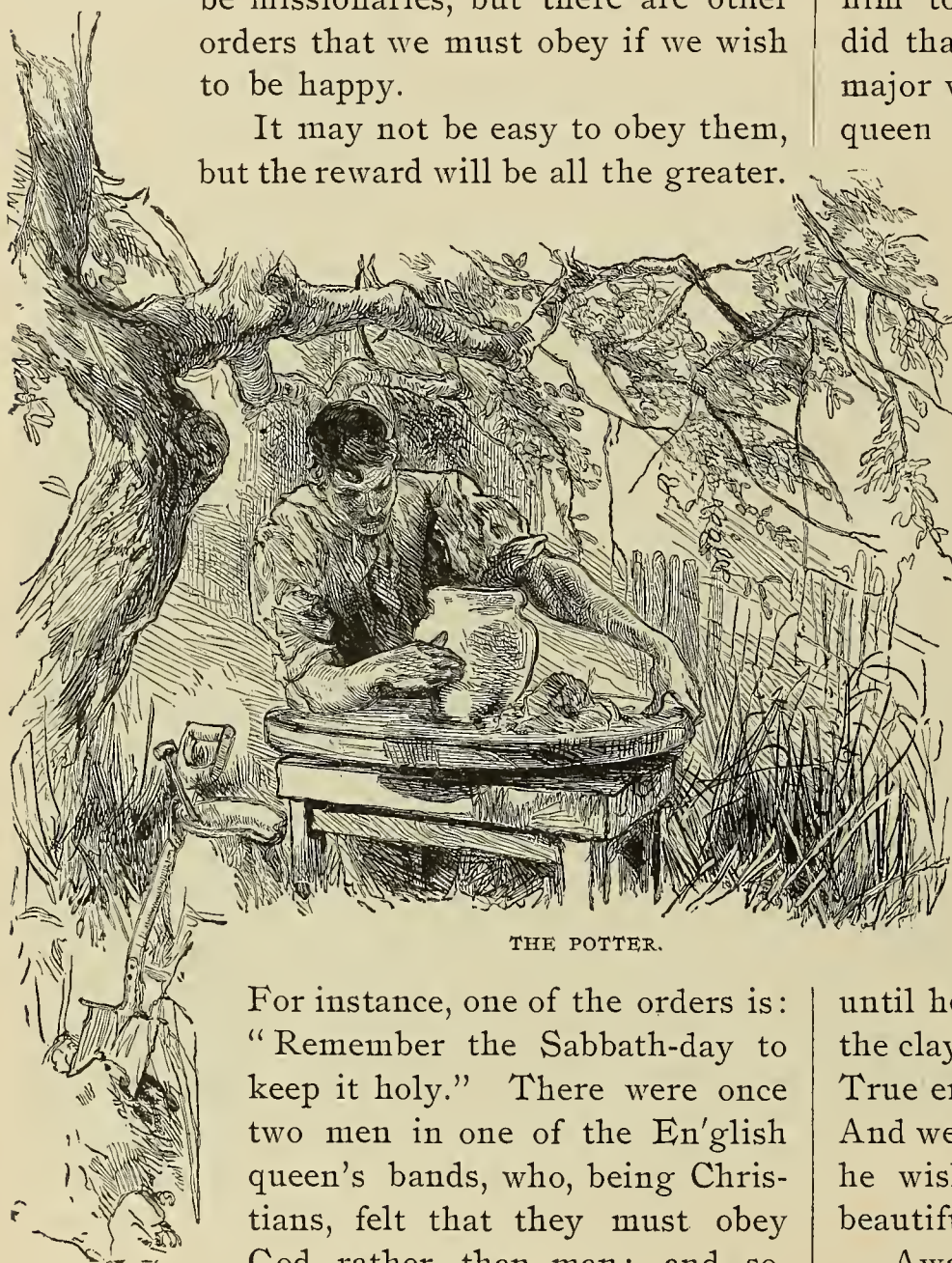
AUGUSTINE PREACHING TO ETHELBERT.

life, and prepare them for heaven, he himself became a leper. The doctor examined him and said, "Yes; you have leprosy," and there was no hope of curing him. He must stay and die.

A lady sent him a letter in which she said: "You have given up all earthly things to serve God, to help others, and I believe that you must have now that joy that nothing can take from you, and a great reward hereafter." He told those who were near him that it was true; he *did* have that joy, because he had obeyed orders.

There was no doubt in his mind that God had sent him to the lonely island to live and die with the lepers who needed him so much. He could n't be happy anywhere else. "I would not be cured," he said, "if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work." Not all of us are commanded to be missionaries, but there are other orders that we must obey if we wish to be happy.

It may not be easy to obey them, but the reward will be all the greater.



THE POTTER.

For instance, one of the orders is: "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." There were once two men in one of the En'glish queen's bands, who, being Christians, felt that they must obey God rather than man; and so, when the drum-major said, "The queen wishes us to play at Wind'sor Castle; it will be necessary to meet on Sunday and prepare the music," they went to him at once and told him that, being Christians, they could not be at the rehearsal. "That does n't make any difference," the drum-major said; "you must come." But they went to church as usual. The next day they went to the place where they had been in the habit of playing,

but they were told that they were not wanted. They were sad enough as you may guess, having no other way of earning a living, and walked away, very much disheartened. The bishop of Lon'don happened to be driving by in his carriage, and they signaled to the driver to stop, and told the bishop how they had been treated, and asked him to speak to the queen, which the bishop did that very day, and before evening the drum-major was called into the queen's presence. The queen told him that she had heard about the dismissal of the two men. Yes; the drum-major had discharged them because he did n't propose that any man should disobey him because his "religion" was in the way. The queen at once said: "I will have no persecution in my service for conscience' sake, and I will have no more rehearsals on Sunday." And the two men went back into the band, and there are no more rehearsals on the Lord's-day.

The two men obeyed orders. What else could they do and be Christians? They were like clay in the hands of a potter. They wanted to be made just what God wanted them to be. Did you ever see a potter at work? How skillfully he molds the clay on the whirling wheel, this way and that, in and out, until he has made a vase of beautiful shape! And the clay never says a word. "It can't," you say. True enough; but even if it *could*, it *ought* not. And we ought not say a word against God when he wishes to mold our minds and hearts into beautiful obedience and love.

Away back in the days of the prophets, God one day said to Jer-e-mi'ah: "Go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words." Jer-e-mi'ah went at once, and "behold," he says, "the potter wrought his work on the wheels. When the vessel that he made of the clay was marred, he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to him to make it." Then the word of the Lord came to him: "O house of Is'ra-el, as the clay in the potter's

hand, so are ye in mine hand." There was only one right thing for the Jews to do—obey orders, keep God's commandments, worship him, and shun all idols. And there is only one right thing for us to do, and only one right way to heaven, with its holiness and happiness. The old prophets were good soldiers of God. They knew how to obey.

Among them all there was no bolder, braver man than A'mos, who lived during the reign of Jer-o-bo'am II, in the eighth century before the time of Christ. He was a shepherd, living at or near Te-ko'a, a few miles south of Beth'le-hem. Being very poor, he not only tended flocks, but gathered sycamore-figs and sold them in market. While he was out on the hills with his flocks one day, he was called by the Lord to go to Beth'-el and tell the king and all the people that they were committing great and grievous sins by worshiping idols. He obeyed at once, and making the journey as soon as he could, went among the crowds, and began to warn the people in the name of God. He even told the bad king to his face that he was more guilty than any one else, because he was the leader of the people; that instead of being a good shepherd, guiding the sheep to good pastures, he was leading them into dangerous gorges, where they must die. He was n't dressed well—only a poor shepherd-farmer—but he was so earnest and so brave that the people could n't but look and listen. He was so wise, too; for he began by talking about the enemies of Is'ra-el, whom God would surely punish on account of their bad and cruel treatment of his people, and other sins of which they were guilty. His sermons have been written. You may read them in that Old Testament book called "A'mos," but you will not feel their beauty and force unless you fancy the shepherd living his quiet life among the hills of Ju-de'a, and then suddenly starting for Beth'-el, and preaching to the people there, *just because he had received orders to go, and he dared not stay at home.*

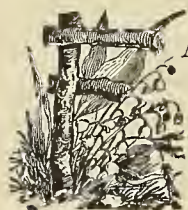
If any body asked him where he was going, and why, he had only to say that God had given

him his orders, and he could not even *think* of disobeying. He had it in his power to go to Bab'y-lon instead of going to Beth'-el, but he had such faith in God, and such hatred of the idols, that I suspect he was really glad to leave his flocks and go on his mission. Don't you think so? For he felt that God could trust him; that he was on the right way, or God would n't have spoken to him at all. And though his task seemed a hard one, he had the same feeling about it that a soldier has when his general summons him and says: "I have a very difficult post which I wish you to hold. It is in great and constant danger, but it is very important that it should be ours. You have been mentioned as a brave, true man. We can trust you. Will you go?" Any soldier who would n't be proud to go on such a mission as that, would hardly be worth calling a soldier. The greater the danger, the greater the glory. A'mos saw the danger, but he saw the glory.

In our own times there are many such men, who are preaching because God has commanded them to do so, and they dare not disobey orders. In Eng'land, on the days of the races at Ep'som, when immense crowds of people gather to see the horses run, a hundred Christians go there to preach. "It is a curious sight," some one writes, "to see the groups of workers among the crowds of idlers—elbowed by prize-fighters, jeered at by the rowdy ruffian—singing with strong and well-trained voices, that sound far and wide, their tuneful, lively hymns. Every now and again one of the singers jumped lightly on a stool, and thence gave a two or three minutes' sermon, earnest, simple, and very cheerful withal. Then there was more singing, and occasionally the sun looked down upon the small band of men kneeling on the grass, and faces turned to the earth, calling upon their God. A strange sight, indeed, on the race-course on Derby-day!" The men were "obeying orders," just as A'mos did long ago, and were just as noble heroes as he, though they were not in danger of being killed because they called upon men to turn away from their sins and live in obedience to God.

In the Holy Mount.

"When we were with him in the holy mount."—2 PETER I, 18.



AR away from Je-ru'sa-lem, and yet not so far that its snow-capped summit may not be seen, is Her'mon, nearly ten thousand feet high. On its slopes Je'sus was "transfigured" in the presence of Pe'ter, James, and John. John, who is the only one of these three that wrote any account of his life, does not make any mention of it, and James does not refer to it; but Saint Pe'ter says, in his second letter: "We were eye-witnesses of his majesty; for he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. *And this voice, which came from heaven, we heard when we were with him in the Holy Mount.*"

Mat'thew tells the story of this voice and this vision in the seventeenth chapter of his story of the life of Je'sus. He says that Je'sus took Pe'ter, James, and John, and went to a "high mountain apart." For a long time it was thought that this "high mountain" was Ta'bor, in Gal'i-lee; but it is now known that Ta'bor had houses on it almost to the very top, and would not be, on that account, quiet enough for Christ to go for prayer; for Luke says that he went up into the mountain to pray. But while he was praying, his face began to shine like the sun—as the face of Mo'ses shone when he talked with God on Si'nai—so that the disciples could n't look at him without being blinded. And his clothes became white, like light, flashing and glistening as if they had been studded with diamonds, and all touched by the sunbeams into brilliants. A most glorious sight! It was so wonderful that the three men must have asked: "What kind of man is this, that as he prays such marvelous changes take place in him?" While they bow before him, two men

appear. One of them is Mo'ses, the other E-li'-jah. Mo'ses had died nearly fifteen hundred years before; E-li'jah had ascended nearly nine centuries before. And they are here with Je'sus; but in the midst of the light and glory they are talking about the death of Je'sus at Je-ru'sa-lem. One would like to know what was said; but neither Mat'thew, Mark, nor Luke tells us. But they *do* tell us what is far more important; they tell us what *God* said. A voice was heard, speaking from a bright cloud that descended on the mountain: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Once before, at the baptism by John in the Jor'dan, this same voice had been heard, speaking the same words. It is of this that Saint Pe'ter writes when he says that in the Holy Mount he saw the majesty of Je'sus, and heard the word of the Father bearing testimony to his Son. Was there ever such another scene as that on Her'mon? Did any other man ever become so glorious *while he prayed*? No. In all the history of all the prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, saints, and founders of religions, there is not another such account. The Gospel writers did not invent it. They only told in very simple words what they saw, *as they saw it*. If they could have painted a picture of the scene, it would have been one of the most remarkable in all the galleries of the world. The great master, Raph'a-el, has painted a picture of the transfiguration; but though it is very wonderful, it is very, very far short of the glory of the real scene, which so affected the three disciples that they fell prostrate on the ground, overcome by fear. Afterwards, when John was on the isle of Pat'mos, years after Je'sus had ascended, he saw his glorified Lord again, even more glorious than he seemed on Her'mon. His head was white, like flashing light from the sun; his eyes shone like fire; his

face was like the noonday sun; he carried seven stars in his right hand. Before him John fell, as if smitten by sudden death; and, as at Hermon, Je'sus came to him and touched him, saying: "Do not be afraid!" These

stories were written to prove that Je'sus was not a man, *like other men*. He was "one with God." He showed God *in* man, and the glory of God shone forth out of his body. If he had been only a man, the transfiguration never could have happened; and though the disciples might have believed in him as the Christ, the Son of the living God, the king of Is'ra-el, they would have had but a poor idea of his real majesty. And so Je'sus let them see what he really was. He showed him his glory, as a promise of what they would see when they should be forever with him in heaven. He also showed himself to Paul on his way to Damas'cus, and Paul was smitten to the ground; for he saw a light, brighter than that of the midday sun, blinding and terrifying him. He heard a voice, saying: "I am Je'sus!" The vision changed his whole life. "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," he said in one of his speeches. No, he could never doubt it, long as he might live; and he liked to talk about it. When Bar'na-bas took him to the Church, he told how he had seen Je'sus "in the way;" and he claimed to be a true apostle of Je'sus, not because the disciples chose him, as they did Mat-thi'as, by lot, but because Je'sus himself had appointed him to preach, especially to the Gen'tiles.

Taking this account of Paul's vision near

Da-mas'cus (not far from that very mountain where Je'sus was transfigured), and reading it together with the story of the transfiguration and John's story of his vision of Je'sus on Pat'mos,



TRANSFIGURATION.

we may not doubt that Je'sus had in him the Holy Spirit of God. He was the Light of the World, veiled for a time by the life of man, but once and again showing to his disciples the glory that was really in his spirit.

Until He Comes.

"The Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."



VERY Sunday morning the scholars in a certain Sunday-school recite in concert the following motto, or pledge:

"I am but one,
But I *am* one.
I can't do much,
But I *can* do something.
What I *can* do I *ought* to do;
What I *ought* to do,
God being my helper, I *will* do."

A very good pledge, it seems to me, worth taking, and by all means worth keeping; because in the keeping of it there is surely a very great reward, both in this life and in the life which is to come.

In the first place, I want you to think about those first two lines:

"I am but one,
But I *am* one."

"But one" in the world's population of fourteen thousand millions of human beings. That makes you feel very little, doesn't it? You say: "I might die and very few people would miss me." And that is very true. Even if you were President of the United States, or a king or a queen, your death, while it would be talked very much about, would not break up the order of things. The world would go on its way very much as before, though a great "one" was taken out of it. There was a time, however, when that great "one" was a very unknown and unnoticed person, but even then he was "one," and had "rights" before he was able to perform the duties that always go along with one's rights. To illustrate this, I give this incident in the early life of a famous Englishman, of whom the world has heard a great deal, and of whom it will hear a great deal more. This was when he was a little boy, living with his father, mother, brothers, and

sisters in a little village called "Ep'worth." It so happened—nobody knows just how—that the house in which he lived, called the "rectory," took fire one night. There was a ringing of bells in the church tower, and a shouting of "Fire, fire!" along the village streets, and people came running from all parts of the town with their buckets. Furniture was carried out, water was drawn from the well and the cistern, and everything was being done that could be done to put out the flames that were eating up the house like a great hungry giant, when it was found that one of the children was missing—little "Jack." Then the excitement became greater than ever, and Jack's father and mother were very much alarmed as they begged the men to save their boy. Soon "Jack" was seen at one of the windows. "There he is! There he is! Save him!" As there were no ladders, some brave, strong, men stood close to the side of the house, while others stood upon their shoulders, reached up, and taking the boy handed him safely down to his parents, who were as glad and grateful as if he had been their only child. The fire was put out at last, and little Jack looked upon the smoking ruins with thanks to God and the men who had saved his life. People talked about that for a long time; and Jack grew up, went to Ox'ford University and became quite a scholar; then went to A-mer'i-ca as a missionary, but returned before long, and began to preach here and there out of doors, producing a great deal of stir all through Eng'land, and even into Scot'-land, Wales, and Ire'land. When he died at last, an old man of eighty-eight years, he was known as "John Wesley, the founder of Methodism." Millions of people have been glad to call themselves "Methodists," and delight to honor the name and memory of "this brand plucked from the burning."

He was only one of many children, for the Wes'ley family was large; but he *was* one, and had the great right of "life;" so that it would have been one of the gravest of all crimes if the Ep'worth men had said: "He is only a little boy — only one; we need not risk our lives for *him*." No; he has

He said: "I ought to love God with all my mind, heart, soul, and strength. I ought to love my neighbor as myself. I can't do much, but I can do something." So he employed his time very carefully. He thought it as wrong to waste time as to waste money. Every minute, every hour was used to



RESCUE OF WESLEY.

one—but one. Yet he had rights that God gave him. When he became older he said, "I am but one, but I *am* one;" and so he began to think, not so much about his rights as his duties.

some good purpose. As a result, he became a great writer, giving a great many useful books to the world. The money that he made he devoted to the good of others, keeping only enough to supply him with what was actually necessary. He acted always according to the motto: "What I *can* do, I ought to do; and what I ought to do, God being my helper, I *will* do!" So thoroughly did he carry this out, that when some one said to him, "Mr. Wes'ley, if you knew that the Lord would come to-morrow, what

would you do?" he replied: "Just what I now intend to do." And he told what were his plans for that day and the next day. Surely that is the kind of life that the Lord himself would have us all live, watching and praying always—working while the day lasts, remembering always that the Lord is surely coming.

No one could have any doubt at all as to what his master wished him to do. The servants were not set to watch the gate, neither was the porter appointed to get the meals. Each man and woman was assigned one place and one kind of work, and the master asked each to fill *that* place and do *that* piece of work.



HE HEAPETH UP RICHES, AND KNOWETH NOT WHO SHALL GATHER THEM.

Je'sus said: "Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, *and to every man his work*, and commanded the porter to watch."

Now, says Je'sus: "*Watch*, for, as those servants do not know when the master will come back, so you do not know when the Son of man is coming. Watch, lest, *coming suddenly*, he find you sleeping, when you ought to be working or watching."

And he told a story once about a very rich man who had such "good luck," as all the neighbors said, that everything he touched became gold. His crops were good, his money yielded large income, he had a fine house, and his barns were the largest in the whole neighborhood. As he thought about his wealth, he became very proud and very selfish. Instead of saying, "Are my neighbors in need?" he only said: "My crops are so large that it will be necessary to have larger barns and granaries. I will pull down those that I have and will build larger. That will give work to the builders, and there are many men who will be glad enough to work during the harvest. Then, when I have done all this, and secured my money, I will take my ease. I will eat, drink wine, and be merry with my friends, who will be happy to accept my invitations."

But while he was thinking and planning, he was startled by hearing a voice, as if it were in the very room where he was sitting: "Fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be that thou hast provided?" What could he say? He had never thought, except in a very vague way, that he would die, and that others would live in the house that *he* called *his*, and others would walk over the fields on which he now paid taxes, and call them theirs. *He had planned for everything but death and what comes after death.* And the question, "Whose shall these things be?" had never come to him before. The question soon changed, and became, "Whose are now these lands, these barns, this house—my body, soul, and spirit?" He died that night very suddenly. It was noised all abroad the next day that he had seemed in such good spirits the evening before, and that he was laying plans for many years to come. Now he was dead, and his property was passing into other hands. The servants were robbing the money-boxes, and one of them took off a gold ring from one of his cold, ghastly fingers as he lay cold beneath the white sheet. "Whose shall these things be?" He had thought that they would always be *his*,

and that his *will* would be recognized long, long after his death.

But his "will" had n't been made, for he had n't expected to die so soon, and the "law" would now take its course, whatever that might be. And the "law" *did* take its course, according to the order of the courts and the order of custom, and another law also took its course; for it is written: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him." He *had* withheld his corn, and now the people were cursing him. Instead of selling or giving, he had hoarded his harvests, waiting for a "rise in the price." He could afford to hold over, he said. He was in no hurry to sell. He could wait until the markets were better. So prices went up and up, and the poor talked of "hard times," but he had plenty to eat, and his granaries were full. He had only to wait, and when prices had reached their very highest, he could say the word, and his barn-doors would open to buyers for cash. And they came with their "cash," but there were curses with it. They said: "He took advantage of us. We had to have bread, and he forced us to pay dear for it." When he died, all this was remembered. The servants, whose wages had been so low that they were scarcely more than slaves, now revenged themselves by stealing all that they could carry away, trying to satisfy themselves by saying that they were only taking what by right belonged to them. And those who had paid high prices and high rates of interest had their curses to cast at the rich man. "So," said Je'sus, "is he that layeth up treasure *for himself*, and is not rich toward God." He knew the inside life of that rich man who, for these long centuries, has been known as "The Rich Fool." I wonder who he was, and what was said at his funeral, and what was cut on the fine monument that was built over his bones? I will warrant that he was n't called a "fool" by the speaker at the burial, and that the monument-maker was not ordered to cut the words "Rich Fool" in the marble. But, for all that, he was what God called him—a "fool," a man who did not do what he knew that he ought to do.

This reminds me of the story of the court-jester, the man who used to be employed by kings to say and do funny things for the amusement of his majesty, her majesty, the prince, the princess, and the lords and ladies in waiting, who, being too often dull of mind and weary of

and gilded rod, and told him to keep it until he met a greater fool than himself. The jester gravely took it from the king's hand, bowed very low, and went on with his jests, jokes, and odd tales, until he was one day told that his majesty, the king, was very ill, and that it was doubtful



"HE THAT WITHHOLDETH CORN SHALL BE CURSED."

life, needed some one to crack jokes and tell good stories. There was once in a certain palace a "jester"—called, like all the members of his class, a "fool"—who was so good a jester and such a capital story-teller that the king, in his good-humor, one day handed him a beautiful carved

whether he could live very much longer. At this, the jester looked sad enough, and asked leave to see the king. His request was granted, and, going to the royal bedside he inquired as to the feelings of the king, and then said: "Sire, they say that you can not live much longer." "No, fool!"

"You are about to go on a long, strange journey," said the jester. "Yes," answered the king. "Have you made preparations for your journey?" again asked the jester, who by this time was through his joking, and was talking almost too seriously for the king's peace of mind. "No; I am afraid that I have not," answered the king. "Then," said the jester, as he placed his rod on the king's couch, "you are a greater fool than I am! You say that you are going on a journey, and yet you have made no preparations for it. You are a greater fool than I am!" And he told the truth.

Shall we ever forget the words of Je'sus, "Lest coming suddenly"—the sure prophecy that, even as the Son of man ascended, he should come again?

Luke, in his Book of Acts, says that Je'sus was with his disciples for forty days after his resurrection, showing himself alive by many proofs, which nobody could doubt, and that at the end of that time, gathering them around him, he walked out to Beth'a-ny and beyond, and there, not far from that grave out of whose death-darkness he had called Laz'a-rus into life again, was "taken up" into the air, high and higher, until a cloud enveloped him and hid him from sight. The disciples strained their eyes as they stood gazing into space, hoping for another glimpse, and feeling withal very lonely as they thought that he would not be seen again until they saw him in heaven, when they were surprised by seeing two man-like figures in beautiful robes, shining like the sun, standing near them, who spoke, saying: "Why do you stand here gazing up into heaven? This same Je'sus, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven!" Had not Je'sus also said that he would come again in the glory of his Father and the holy angels in the clouds of heaven? And does not Paul say that, when he shall come, those who are alive shall be caught up with him in the air? Whatever these words may mean, there can be no doubt that the Lord will come again in glory, and that he will judge all men. He is coming,

more surely than the Master is coming back to his house; more surely than death itself, for to some death will never come.

Is it not, then, the true wisdom of life to be ready, and waiting, and working, until the Lord comes, so that, like that faithful old Christian who lay dying, apparently unconscious, suddenly lifted himself and called out, "Ready!" then fell back dead, we too shall be ready at his coming? Or, like the sentinel who stands guard, wide awake and watchful, lest the captain go the rounds and find him off duty or asleep, we too shall be wide-eyed and watchful, quick to see approaching friend or foe? Je'sus once said, indeed, that his coming would be like that of a thief in the night. Nobody expects him. He comes because it *is* night. So our Lord shall come *when not expected*. Not because he wishes to catch his disciples napping, but because, *come when he will*, there will be some unprepared, in spite of all warnings. I have no question but that many people in Her-cu-la-ne-um and Pompe'ii intended to have everything all ready in case of another eruption of Ve-su'vi-us; but the awful day came, and found them with good "intentions" all unfulfilled. Their gorgeous homes, with the bad pictures on the walls (so bad that many of them are not shown to *ladies*), and the foul writing on the streets, were all buried in the lava that flowed down from the fiery crater of the burning mountain, and preserved until this century, when the pick and the spade opened them again to our curious eyes. If they had known, those men and women of the far back days, surely they would not have painted such pictures or written such words. Did n't they know their danger, and did n't they run the risk? Do n't we know that the Lord is coming, to judge the living and the dead? Are we acting as if that were really so, as if *we*—you and I—would one day give account of ourselves to the king? Are we watching and waiting for the great day—so often foretold by the Lord himself and by his prophets—that day for which all other days were made, the day when the King himself shall come in—the great and terrible day

of the second coming of the Lord? I hope so, and I give you this motto:

"I am but one,
But I *am* one.
I can't do much,
But I can do something.
What I *can* do I *ought* to do;

What I ought to do,
God being my helper, I *will* do,
UNTIL HE COME."

I ask that to the motto, "In his name," you join this: "Until he come." If you make them the guides of your life, you will not be found wanting "when the King comes in."

The Holy City.

A STORY OF WHAT IS AND WHAT IS TO BE.



CHRIS'TIAN, whose journey from the Cit'y of De-struc'tion to the Ce-les'tial Cit'y, has been told in a dream-story, by John Bun'yan, had a very hard time of it most of the way, fighting the

devil in the valley of Hu-mil-i-a'tion; arrested and brought to trial at Van'i-ty Fair, because he could n't and would n't have anything to do with the Fair (which, after all, instead of being fair, was false as false could be); imprisoned in a cell of Gi'ant De-spair's big, dark castle; and caught in the meshes of Flat'ter-er's net; but he came at last into the country of Beau'lah, where the air was very sweet and pleasant—pleasant with the singing of many birds and the tender coo of the turtle-dove; sweet with the scent of many beautiful flowers. The sun shone all the time with a glorious light; there were no shadows of death anywhere, and when Chris'tian turned to look

back over the road that had led him to such a beautiful place, he was so happy, that though he saw the "straight way"—"straight as a rule could make it"—he could not see Doubt'ing Cas'tle any more, which only made him more glad

than ever. He was in sight of the city towards which he had been traveling so long, and he met some of the people who lived there; for they came over the river to meet him. They talked with him, and told him many beautiful things about the place which they called "The New Jeru'sa-lem." They said: "It has the glory of God through all the homes and the streets of it, and that glory never fades away. It has no need of the sun nor of the moon, for the glory of God drives away the dark. There is no night there.



CHRISTIAN IN HIS ARMOR.

The city is built of gold. Even its streets are gold; its twelve gates are made of pearls, and its foundations are gems of the most costly and beautiful kind."



LAND OF BEULAH.

Chris'tian was very greatly delighted with this account, as you may imagine, and became anxious to cross the Dark River that flowed between Beu'lah and the Ce-les'ti-al Ci'ty; but he found that he could not travel very fast, only as the Lord of the Way permitted him to go.

The "shining ones" who had come over also told him that, while the Ce-les'ti-al Ci'ty is so beautiful, the way to it lies through many glorious places. "Indeed," they said, "the earth is full of the glory of God. The heavens declare his glory day by day and night by night. That sun, shining in his strength, is God's light-giver and life-giver. What would the earth be without it? It would soon become only a ball of death. That moon, giving its soft light in the night is the handiwork of the King. The stars, too, are his. They all move according to his holy will, and the unseen paths along which

they journey are marked out by him. You have only to--open your eyes and keep your heart pure," they said, "and you will see God, not only in the New Je-ru'sa-lem and the Land of Beu'lah, but everywhere." Chris'tian wished that he had known all this before, but the fact is he had known it all, but he had n't thought so deeply about it as he should have done. He was still in his armor. His loins were girt about with truth. He had on the breastplate of righteousness, and the shoes on his feet were the preparation of the gospel of peace. He carried a shield of faith, and on his head he wore a helmet of salvation. In his right hand he carried a sword of the Spirit, called the Word of God. For him this world had been, for the most part, a field of battle; the darts of the Wicked One were flying so thick through the air, and evil spirits were whispering so often in

his ear, that he could not see the glory of God, nor hear the voice of the King. Now he was in the Land of Peace, where the rewards of his victories were coming to him; and he had a better chance to see the glories of the world.

Indeed, the "shining ones" could only say that the Heavenly City is like the cities on the earth, only more glorious. They said that the streets are gold. Well, gold lies in the earth,

the rocks of the high mountains. What does all this mean, but that if you wish to get any true idea of what is to be, you must first get a true idea of what now is before your very eyes? Perhaps you never saw pearls, and diamonds, and topazes, and amethysts; but you see the sun, the moon, the stars, the trees, the flowers. And so the "shining ones" told Christian that there is a tree of life in the city, bearing its fruits for

the healing of the people. There is nothing beautiful and good on this globe of ours that may not lead us to think of the Heavenly City. But we must keep our thoughts very pure by prayer and study of God's Word if we are to see these things at all. If we don't, we shall be blind, and the wonderful heavens and earth will be dark to us. We shall not see the angels that are sent out from God to take care of his little ones.

Do you ask if angels really come into this world? Do they come to the cradles of the children, and can we see them if we look? Well, that depends on what you call "angels," and what you mean by "seeing." For we can see some things without eyes, and can't see them at all with eyes. You can't see love with your eyes, but it is in your mother's heart when she leans over your cradle and calls you pet names, and takes every kind of



THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

to be had for the digging. It is God's. He made it in the making of the earth. The pearl-gates are beautiful, but the many-colored gems of the ocean, for which men risk their lives by diving, are supremely beautiful. One can see the glory of God in them, if he will only look. And all the twelve gems that lie in the foundations of the city, their names are the same as those which men give to precious stones that they find in the sands, the streams, and among

good care of you. You can't see hope, and yet it is in your father's soul when he goes out in the mornings to earn the "living;" when he looks at you and thinks of your future. O, how he hopes that you may be good and strong to do right! But you can't see "hope!"

Then, too, angels are messengers sent by the King to do his will. Men may be angels, and boys and girls, when God says to them: "Go and do this good thing for your fellows; sing

this song for their comfort; tell them this good story." One of the New Testament writers, indeed, tells us not to turn away those who ask

breath with the cowardly crowd that only looks on. If you are a girl, you are to be a helper in your home, a real angel of good to all about you.

for food and lodging, because it sometimes happens that angels come unawares. Don't you remember that A'bra-ham invited three men to take dinner at his tent, and they proved to be three angels sent to tell him what God was about to do for him and Sa'rah, his wife? So, instead of looking for figures with wings, look for the good that there is in people; listen for their good words; and, more than that, instead of looking for angels, *be angels yourselves*.

When there is a fight on hand in the street or the school-yard, act as a peace-maker. Je'sus says in one of his beatitudes: "Blessed are the peace-makers, because they shall be called the children of God." God himself is a peace-maker, and though he is sometimes called the God of Battles, I am sure that he hates war and all kinds of fighting. If you are to be his children, you must try to make this life like the life of heaven, full of peace and quiet and holy friendships. This will demand courage, more courage by far than is necessary to fight. That boy who goes in to separate the two who are punching and driving at each other with their fists is a braver boy than either of the fighters, and not to be mentioned in the same



BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS.

Two such little girls I once met in a church on a Sunday. They looked so pure and good, with their long hair, large eyes, and pure faces, that I said to their mother: "I never see such girls

without thinking of those words of our Savior: 'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven.'" And the mother gave me such a beautiful answer, while her face shone with a happy smile. "They *are* angels in the home," she said. All this is meant by me to show that what is and what is to be may not be far apart, and that heaven, instead of being far, far away, beyond the farthest shining star, may be right here where you are living. The Land of Beu'lah may be under your roof, on your farm, in your house, if you will only be as good as God wants you to be. There have been many Christians who have been in that beautiful country. Instead of living in the shadows of death, they walked in the light of life. They had no doubts at all, but lived a life of perfect faith and rest in God. They had that peace and joy which God gives to all who love and obey him. They have a "heaven" to go to heaven in; with them the heavenly life has already begun. How much better is such a life than that lived by the heathen, who have such sad, dark thoughts about the next world! A missionary says that he once went to a great festival held on the banks of the Gan'ges River, and saw the people making little boats of reeds, in which they put lighted lamps, and set them

afloat. He asked one of the priests what it all meant, and was told that the lights were for the dead; that when their bodies were buried their spirits went out over the water into darkness, and that the lamps were floated out to them so that they might have light on the narrow path through the dark valley. At another place, the missionary saw a priest bowing before a lamp, and said to him: "Brother, what is this little light?" "That is *my* light," the priest replied. "But what are you doing with it?" "I am worshipping it, sir." "But, brother, why do you worship a little light like that?" "O, sir, it is all so dark on the other side, and we must all pass over, and we all want light. Hence while we are sending out the lights for those who have gone, I am worshipping my little light, hoping that when my time comes to go I may get a little light by the way."

How sad are such words! How dark and hopeless! But God, no doubt, will have mercy on those who speak them, for they know no better; and though they know nothing of the Land of Beu'lah, even they may come into the Celestial City, and see the King in his beauty, and that glorious place where the light shines forever, and where life never ends in death, that holy city in the heaven of heavens.

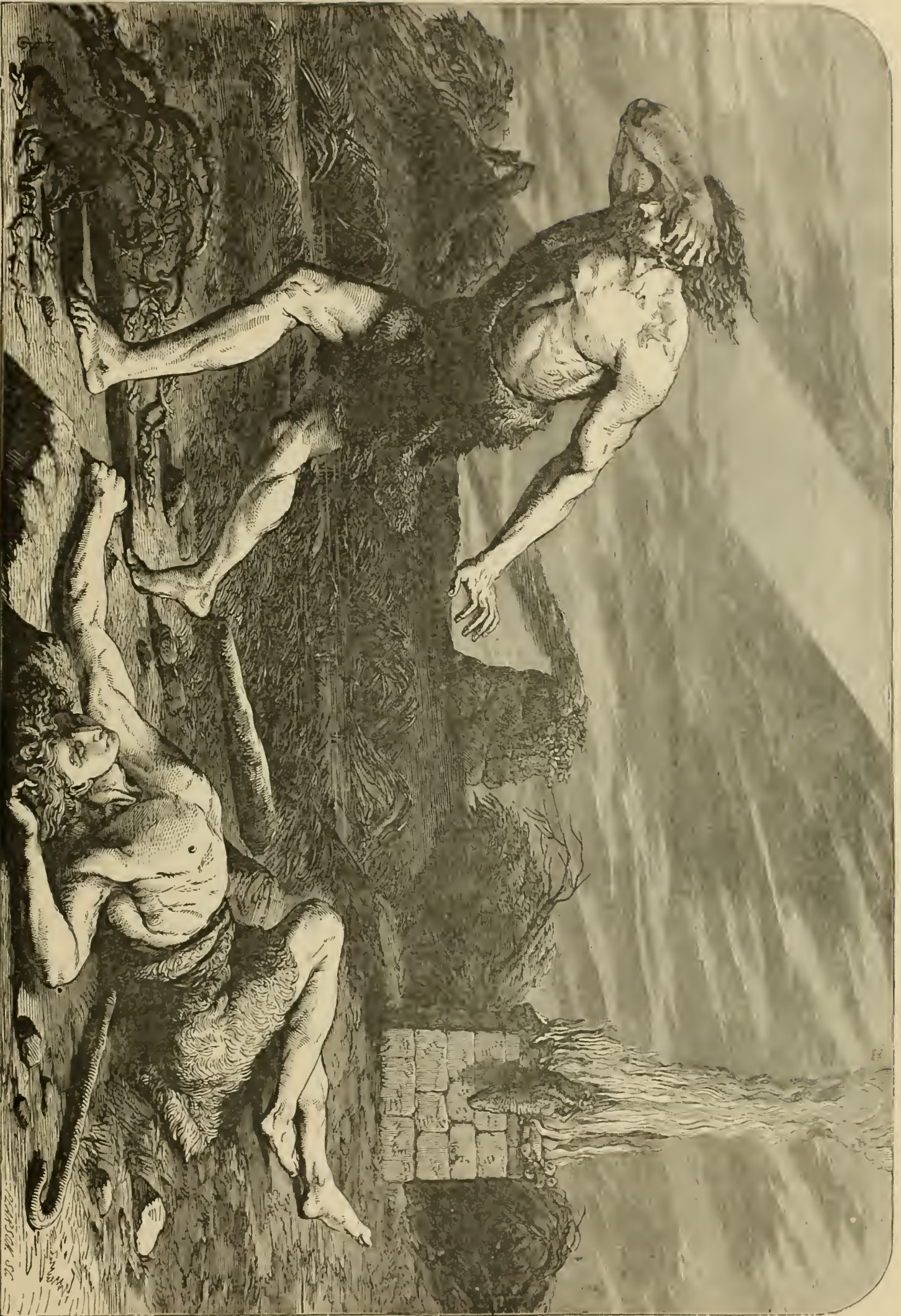
Murder Without Blood.

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."—1 JOHN III, 15.



ONE of the first stories in the first book of the Bible is about a murder. No one saw it but God, and there was no trial of the guilty murderer. Yet the story, though very brief, like a painter's first quick sketch for a picture, is full enough for us to imagine what happened so long, long ago, more than four thousand years before the days of our Lord. We must first imagine the beautiful world—beautiful, though thorns and thistles were growing in

it and a curse had been pronounced upon it by the Maker of it. The sun shines in glory, and the quiet nights are lit up by the moon and the stars, that never go out. Flowers bloom, and trees bear fruit in the gardens. Altogether it is a good world, and a place in which men may love and worship God. Ad'am and Eve are living in it—though cast out of the garden—and their sons, Cain and A'bel, obeying the command to work, are tending sheep and tilling the ground. A'bel is the shepherd, and Cain, the



DEATH OF ABEL.

elder brother, is the farmer. Both of them worship God; at least, each has an altar on which he places his offerings in the name of the Lord. But, for some reason, Cain's offering of the products of the soil, fruits and grain, is not accepted; while A'bel's offering of the lamb is just what God desires. It is likely that Cain made no confession of his sins, while A'bel, who was a better man, acknowledged himself a sinner in the eyes of the holy God, who sees the heart.

Instead of asking why his offering had not been accepted, Cain became very angry and envious, and "talked" with A'bel, instead of kneeling before God, and asking him for forgiveness. What was said we do not know; but the longer Cain talked the more bitter he became, until, finally, he could not control himself, and struck A'bel to the ground, and killed him! What he did with the body is n't told; but we may suppose that he buried it, or covered it all over with boughs of trees, and then went on with his work; but all the while thinking of poor A'bel. He couldn't think of anything else, though he tried very hard to do so. At last he heard a great voice, so loud, so close, that it seemed as if it were in his very soul. He gave a start, for he was terribly frightened, and he felt as if he must die. "Where is A'bel, thy brother?" the voice asked. "I do not know," said Cain; "am I my brother's keeper?" Having committed murder, it was easy for him to lie, and talk to God in a make-believe, bold way, as if he were right and God wrong. But the voice spoke right on: "The voice of thy brother's blood cries to me from the ground!"

Has blood a voice—blood on the ground? Can God hear it? Yes; and having cursed the earth for the first sin, he will curse a man for the second sin. Cain complained of his punishment, instead of asking that he might suffer for his sin's sake, and find his way back to God through repentance; and at last God took pity upon him, and marked him, so that instead of being killed, he might live as an awful warning to his fellow-men. He was altogether unhappy—he was, as he knew, the first murderer.

It would have been well for this world of ours if it had never seen another such crime; but there have been thousands of murders since the days of Cain, thousands of men who have become fugitives and vagabonds, hiding from the officers of law, because they had taken the life of a fellow-man. Many of them have been seized and put to death; more have escaped all punishment, and died as if they had never done anything wrong in all their lives. But though the murderer may escape the gallows, he can not escape God. He will give an account of himself in a court where he can not enter a plea of "not guilty;" and he will be punished as the Great Judge wills.

But there are other murders than those committed by ball or knife, murders without blood; and there are other murderers than those who have "killed their man." John, the apostle, speaking in the name of God, says that "he who hates his brother is a murderer." That being true, there are many murderers whose hands have never shed a drop of blood. They are not followed by man-hunters, nor looked upon as suspicious characters; but in their hearts they are afraid of God, afraid that their hate will be found out, when it has become too late for them to love their enemies or pray for those who have wronged them; too late to love those who have never wronged them, and have been hated only because their own deeds were evil. These are the murders without blood, committed in the heart, *murders that kill the murderer*; for John says: "Ye know that no murderer hath eternal life in him." He loses life by his hate. He kills no one but himself. He is his own destroyer.

I have told elsewhere the story of the boy who went away from home, and, after living a very bad life, perhaps in Bab'y-lon, came back again, when he had made himself so poor that he could no longer have a "high time;" but I did not tell the story of that elder brother who staid at home, and thought himself so much better than the runaway, that when the poor boy came back, he became so envious that he wished him

dead. No doubt of it. He hated this brother who had spent his own share of the property, and had returned to eat up part of his too; for, of course, his father would take part of what he had set apart for *him* and give to this "son" who had died and was alive again. Would that

worse than his wretched brother, because the prodigal was as sorry as he could be, while this elder brother was n't at all sorry for what he was saying and doing, and could only condemn his father for being so kind, and denounce every one who was doing anything to make this



"SHOULDEST NOT THOU ALSO HAVE HAD COMPASSION ON THY FELLOW-SERVANT, EVEN AS I HAD PITY ON THEE?"

he *had* died! Why must he come back when everything was going on so well? As he stood outside, refusing to sit down at the same table with the prodigal, he was committing murder without blood—he was killing himself. And though he thought himself good, he was actually

unexpected home-coming a glad, good time for one who had had sad and bad times enough, of which he never wished either to think or speak.

Murders without a drop of shed blood, committed every day, everywhere! There is only one way to avoid them, and that is by obeying

the command of Christ to do to others as you would have them do to you.

One of our Lord's parables is in point. He says that the kingdom of heaven is like a certain king, who called his servants before him, and commanded them to render accounts of all that they had been doing. One of the servants had fallen so deeply into debt to the king that he had no hope whatever of paying what he owed, the amount was so large. At first the king ordered him and his whole family to be sold into slavery; but the poor servant was so frightened at the thought of being separated from his wife and children, that he fell down before the king and begged him to have patience with him, and in time he would pay every penny that he owed. The king, being more kind-hearted than he seemed, forgave the whole debt, to the surprise of the servant and every one else.

It so happened that the servant had a debtor in the person of a fellow-servant, a man who owed him a small sum of a hundred pence. As soon as he saw him, he seized him by the throat, and glaring at him as if he would kill him, said in a loud voice: "Pay me at once what you owe

me!" Not knowing anything about what had taken place, the servant begged for time, and promised to pay every penny that he owed. But the servant who had just been forgiven had no pity, and sent his brother-debtor to jail until his friends would pay for his release.

No sooner did the king hear of this than he ordered the pardoned debtor-servant to come into his presence again. There had been a great change. The king was evidently very angry. "Didn't I forgive you all your debt?" he asked. Yes; the servant must admit that the king had forgiven him, because he had asked him to do so. "And yet you have gone out and sent one of your debtors to prison because he owed you a hundred pence! Should you not have had pity on him, even as I had pity on you?" He then sent the servant to prison until his original debt should all be paid. In this way the servant, who had been guilty of committing a bloodless murder, killed himself. His debt that had once been forgiven was charged against him as before, and he was given over to the "tormentors," to suffer in jail until it was paid, which served him right.

Caught in a Trap.

"Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed."—JAMES I, 14.



WHEN you read the English Bible, you are always to remember that though in a very true sense God made it, it is only a translation from the Hebrew and the Greek languages, the Old Testament having been written in the Hebrew, and the New in the Greek. To understand it thoroughly, and see all the beauties of it, one must read the original words. I ask you, therefore, to have in your mind the image or picture that was in the mind of Saint James when he said: "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust [evil desire], and enticed." What does he see? *A bird or beast*

in a trap! If he had written out all of his thought, he would have said something like this: There are many men and women who, when they fall into sin, say that God tempted them. In this way they think that they can escape punishment. But the fact is, God tempts no man, and can not be tempted.

A man is tempted when he is led by his own evil desire to do wrong. He takes the bait with which the devil sets his trap. If he had n't liked the bait, he would n't have been caught. Here, then, is the whole process of temptation and sin: First, there is an evil desire; then the devil tries to excite that, and urge men to gratify

it; then comes either the struggle and the victory, or the bait is taken, and the man is caught in the devil's trap, perhaps never to get out. Or the desire itself may be good, and the devil and bad men try to get men to gratify it in wrong ways, and under circumstances that make it wrong. The desire for food is natural and right; but if bread can not be got except by stealing, then it would be better to starve than to steal. The desire for power is, I suppose, right; it is natural to us all; we all like to show what we can do. But if, to show our power, we are urged to do something wrong, then it were better that we should seem to have no gift whatever, no strength, either of body or brain.

The temptations of Je'sus were not temptations in the sense that he had any evil desire, but that Sa'tan urged him to gratify good desires in bad ways. For instance, Je'sus was hungry; he had fasted for forty days and nights, and was faint. Now was Sa'tan's chance, so he whispered: "Turn these stones into loaves." But Je'sus refused, because to do it would seem to doubt the power of God to sustain him, even without bread, until his trial should be ended. Je'sus wished that all the Jews might see and know that he was the true King, the Son of God. This was a right and true wish; but when Sa'tan suggested that he throw himself from the temple walls, he refused. Je'sus saw that that would be wrong. Then, too, when Sa'tan promised Je'sus that he would give him the whole

world, he was appealing to a right desire for rulership, the feeling that he was the true King, who ought to reign. But Je'sus would not pay such a price for power.

In one sense he was not tempted, because he had no evil desire, and he was not entrapped. The devil came to him, but found nothing wrong in him. He goes to others, however, and finds in them the appetite which he hopes to excite by the right kind of food. He sets his trap with great cunning, and waits very patiently to see if his intended victim is caught. Sometimes he fails; but history abounds in records of his success. He goes to men who hold public office, and he says: "You are poor. I will tell you how to get rich. You have only to vote in favor of a bill that will be presented. There is nothing wrong in it. If there is, this offer will never be known." Many men are caught by such tempting bait, and find themselves, after awhile, struggling in a trap, the devil and bad men leering and sneering at them, because they'd got caught at last. Business men are tempted to get money dishonestly; employers are tempted to cut down wages, to get as much work as possible for little pay; employees are tempted to do little work for large wage. And so it goes. Everywhere are traps, with men and women in them; and everywhere, too, are baited traps, open, but *empty*. The bait does n't attract. Let us hope that it never will; that no one will ever be fooled by it.

Cities Turned to Ashes.

"Turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes."—2 PETER II, 6.



BEFORE telling about that beautiful city, New Je-ru'salem, of which Saint John writes in the last book of the New Testament, I wish you to know something about two cities of a very different kind, called Sod'om and Gomor'rah. You may travel to and fro all over the

globe to-day and you will not find them, though you should examine every square foot of land in Eu'rope, A'si-a, Af'ri-ca, North and South A-mer'i-ca, and the islands of the sea. But they once stood, as we have very good reason to think, near the northern part of that strange body of water called the Dead Sea. They were known

as "The Walled City" and "The City in the Cleft," and their names show what they were—one of them surrounded by high, strong walls, and the other built among the mountain recesses, or in a deep chasm made in the earth during the long ages that preceded the creation of man. If this were all that we know about them, it would be interesting enough, but not very important. The writers of the Bible did n't care very much whether a city was walled or not, or where it was built; but they *did* care a great deal about what kind of people lived in it. And so Mo'ses says that the men of Sod'om were exceedingly bad, so bad that God determined to burn the place down to the ground, and Go-mor'-rah, not far away, along with it. Having formed this purpose, he told A'bra-ham what he intended to do. This alarmed him very much, because his nephew, Lot, lived in Sod'om, and he was very anxious that the city might be spared for his sake. So he began to pray that God would not burn Sod'om if there should be fifty good people in it. That was a very small number, and God promised that if there were fifty good people he would spare the city for their sake. Afraid that there might not be even fifty in Sod'om whom God would judge righteous, A'bra-ham prayed that he would not burn the city for the sake of forty-five. He lowered the number little by little until God told him that if there were only ten good men and women in So'dom he would not destroy the city, but would be merciful for ten's sake. Hoping that this would at least include Lot and his family, A'bra-ham stopped praying, and "the Lord went his way," and A'bra-ham went back to his tent at Mam're.

The same evening, I think it was, Lot was sitting at the gate of Sod'om when he saw two angels approaching. They were two of the three that had just been with A'bra-ham and told him the promise of God that he should have a son. Lot arose, bowed down before them, and welcomed them to his home. He made a feast for them, and was very glad to see them and talk with them; for he could not find any one in Sod'om whom he wished to make a friend,

and, besides, having so often talked to the Sod'-om-ites about their sins, he had become unpopular, and was denounced as a "spy" and a "judge." While he and the angels were eating and drinking together, a mob gathered about his door, and he went out to argue with the men that they were doing wrong; but they only became the more angry, and threatened to kill him. This frightened him, as we may suppose, but just then the angels drew him into the house and the door was shut. And while the mob, smitten blind, were groping here and there in the dark, the angels told Lot that Sod'om would soon be turned to ashes on account of the awful sins of the people, and that he must escape for his life. Hurrying out of his house, he went to the homes of his children who had married into Sod'om-ite families, and warned them of their danger, but they paid no heed to his words. The next morning the angels urged Lot to get ready at once and leave the city, lest he should be destroyed with the men who had so shamefully broken the laws of God. Still Lot lingered. He had lived in Sod'om twenty years or more, and his children were there, and as yet there were no signs of fire. Perhaps the Lord might be merciful. He did n't know that A'bra-ham had been praying for him, and that if there had been only ten good men in Sod'om the city would have been saved. *There were not ten righteous men within Sod'om's walls.* The city was almost wholly bad.

Seeing that Lot seemed loath to go, the angels seized his hand and hurried him along the streets together with his wife and daughters, and did not wait until they were safe beyond the gates. They then pleaded with him to go to the mountains, but Lot asked that he might find refuge in a little town not far away. This was granted; but as he and his family moved slowly away from the doomed town, his wife looked back, perhaps in doubt whether the angels had told the truth, or curious to see how the cities would be burned, and became a pillar of salt! She was, perhaps, stricken down by the brimstone and fire that was falling from heaven, and her body



DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

covered with the bitumen thrown up by the eruption of the ground.

In the meantime the lightning had struck many places in Sod'om, setting fire to the pits of bitumen, and houses were burning in all directions. Men, women, and children were running here and there, vainly trying to put out the raging flames or save something from the destruction. There were piercing shrieks, groans, and loud curses as the hot tongues of flame reached out and touched the forms of men who, but a short time before, were planning guilty pleasure. Stifling smoke rolled in black masses along the streets, hiding houses and city walls from view, and bewildering the crowds of

frightened people who were trying to get out to the hills and mountains beyond the city gates. Still the fire burned on and on, until all the inhabitants of the sister city were killed. This seems such a terrible fate, that, as we think about it, we often ask if God could n't have punished the Sod'om-ites in some other way? Instead of judging *them*, we judge *God*.

A'bra-ham, who knew both God and the Sod'-om-ites, had not a whisper to utter against either the justice or the goodness of God. He rose early in the morning after his long prayer, and looked anxiously off towards Sod'om to see the column of smoke hanging in the sky, and he knew that there had not been enough good men

in Sod'om to save it. Mo'ses adds no word; so we may suppose that A'bra-ham said in his heart: "The Judge of all the earth has done right. Sod'om has fallen; has fallen because of its sins!"

Naturally enough, he was very anxious to find out what had happened to Lot; and Lot, I suspect, was just as eager to let A'bra-ham know that he was safe at Zo'ar, the little town to which he went on the day that the Lord rained fire on sinful Sod'om. The two men talked about the angels and the warning that they brought. A'bra-ham told about his prayer, and Lot told of that shameful night when the mob of Sod'om-ites gathered in the street before his house, and together they may have gone to see the ruins of the two cities. What a sight! Heaps of ashes, with blackened ruins rising here and there. Yonder a human body, and there, and there! Crowds came, too, from all the country round about to see the ruins, and then went back to their homes, saying to each other: "God, the great and terrible God, has surely done this!" They would have many questions to ask of A'bra-ham, who could only answer by saying that the will of God had been done,—Sod'om's sin had been visited upon itself; and he would warn them not to break the holy laws of life.

This awful event made such a deep impression on the minds of the people that the prophets I-sa'iah, Jer-e-mi'ah, E-ze'ki-el, A'mos, and Zeph-a-ni'ah referred to it hundreds of years after, and our Savior also speaks of it in a way that leaves no room to doubt that he believed the story told by Mo'ses of the two cities turned to ashes nineteen hundred years before.

Saint Pe'ter not only wanted to teach that God would punish the wicked, but that he would save those who believe in him. The story of cities turned into ashes is, therefore, also the story of a man led away from them to a place of safety; for, as the apostle says: "The Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of temptations." Sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, the Lord shows that he does not forget his people in danger, and saves them.

Luke tells a story about Saint Pe'ter's escape from the Je-ru'sa-lem jail which proves this. You will readily believe that the apostle was in prison for no fault of his. He had n't broken any law of God or man; if he had, God would not have let him out. But Her'od, being very unpopular, because he was so shamefully cruel, had had him arrested because he wanted to do something that would please the Jews, Pe'ter being very much disliked by them on account of his saying that Je'sus had been killed by their "wicked hands," but had risen again, and would come in glory, and judge them as they justly deserved. To gain the favor of the Jews, therefore, he sent the soldiers and the police after Pe'ter, and had him carried off to a cell, intending to bring him out to the people after the Passover feast, and give him up to their will, as Pi'l'ate had brought Je'sus out to the people, and asked them what he should do with him. Her'od was quite content, if it would only make the Jews think well of him, to turn the apostle over into their hands for death, either by stoning or crucifixion. But the "best laid plans of men" fail when they are not according to the will of God; and it was the will of God that this disciple, who had preached at Pentecost, should be delivered. Pe'ter, however, was kept in jail until the night before the day when Her'od wished to bring him out, in chains, before the crowds. He had it all fixed in his mind. He saw himself standing before the people, pointing to the apostle, and saying: "Here is this ringleader of the new sect, who charges you with killing the Mes-si'ah, the Son of the living God; who says that you are guilty of the greatest crime ever committed! What will you do with him?" In fancy he heard the cry: "Crucify him! Crucify him!" To make sure that Pe'ter could not escape, he had all the doors and windows of the jail carefully guarded by soldiers; and Pe'ter himself was chained to two soldiers in the inner cell. Before evening came on, Her'od asked if everything was right at the jail. Yes, everything was right. The Christians were quiet, apparently afraid to make any attempt to rescue



PAUL LET DOWN BY THE WALL IN A BASKET.

their leader. Her'od was satisfied, and went to sleep.

Pe'ter also went to sleep; but he was soon awakened by feeling a hand on his side, and hearing a voice saying: "Get up, quickly!"

He did so, quickly and quietly, though the clanking chains fell off on the stone floor, making a noise that he feared would arouse the guard. But no; nobody stirred, and he stooped down, put on his sandals, threw his cloak about him,

and followed his guide through the passage-ways, until he came to the iron gate in the outer wall. Wonder of wonders! It opened without touch of hand or turn of key, and he passed through into the streets. You can fancy how glad he was, and how he hurried to the home of Ma'ry, the mother of John Mark, knocked on the door, and when Rho'da came to ask who was there, answered, "Pe'ter!" The girl was so glad, that instead of letting him in, she went back to tell the Christians who had met for prayer that Pe'ter was at the door. Instead of believing her, they thought her insane, and told her so. When she persisted, they said: "It can't be the apostle himself; it must be his ghost!" Pe'ter, in the meantime, continued to knock, and at last was let in, to the astonishment of all in the house. He told his story, and then went away,—out beyond the city walls, into the country.

Luke also tells another story of an escape.

Saul of Tar'sus had been converted. Instead of trying to kill and imprison believers in Je'sus, he himself had become a believer, and had begun to preach in the Jewish synagogues at Da-mas'cus that Je'sus is the Son of God. This exasperated the Jews very much; so much so, that, being unable to prove Saul mistaken, they laid a plan to kill him. They watched the city gates day and night, all ready to strike him as soon as he should appear. But Saul and his friends knew the plan, and, to defeat it, laid a little plan of their own. They said: "Paul must

leave the city, that is sure; and he can't get out through the gates, that is also sure; but there is more than one way of getting out of Da-mas'cus. If Paul can't go through the gates, he can go over the wall."

This being agreed upon, a big wicker-basket, or hamper, was obtained, ropes were tied to it, Saul got in, and was let down to the ground outside the city walls.

An apostle in a basket! How carefully the strong men lowered him to the ground! How sad were their good-byes when he walked away in the darkness! I suppose that the people of Da-mas'cus were as much puzzled to know how Saul had got out of their city, as the Roman soldiers were afterwards when they awoke to find that Pe'ter had gone.

So, for these many, many years, God has been turning cities into ashes, though not always by fire from heaven, and saving good men from the wreck and ruin of them. Side by side, these two signs of God's power are being shown in the world; and though it often happens that good men suffer and die in prison, and the bright sunshine comes upon bad men as well as good, yet it may be said that this is God's order. Sod'om and Go-mor'rah will always be turned into ashes, and Lot will always be saved. Especially will that be found true at the end of the world, when the fire-flood shall sweep over all, and the holy ones shall be saved in heaven forever, in that city whose builder is God.

The Way of Balaam.



AFTER Je'sus had gone to heaven he came back again—once, to call Saul of Tar'sus to be his apostle to the Gentiles, and afterwards to show John the glories of heaven. He also sent messages to Churches in A'si-a Mi'nor. To the Church in the city of Per'ga-mos he said: "I have a few things against thee, because thou hast

there them that hold the doctrine of Ba'laam, who taught Ba'lak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Is'ra-el." When this letter or message was taken over the sea and up the river, and given to the minister of the Church, I suppose that he knew all about Ba'laam and Ba'lak and the "stumbling-block;" but there must have been a great many persons in Per'ga-mos who had never

heard about Ba'laam, and wondered what his "doctrine" was, which Je'sus looked upon as so dangerous.

Pe'ter also speaks in his second letter about the "way" of Ba'laam, who loved the wages of unrighteousness. And Jude says that there were in his time bad men who ran greedily after the error of Ba'laam for reward.

Who was Ba'laam? perhaps you ask. When and where did he live? Pe'ter says that he was a "prophet;" but, though some of his words are printed in the Bible, he was not like Sam'u-el, E-li'jah, E-li'sha, I-sa'iah, and the other Bible prophets. What kind of a prophet was he, then? Well, this story will be, so far as I can make it, an answer to that question, which is not, by any means, an easy one, as you will find if you try to answer it for yourselves.

To begin, then: Ba'laam lived in the year 1452 B. C., in a city called "Pe'thor," in a country called Mes-o-po-ta'mi-a, which means, "the land between the rivers"—the rivers being the Ti'gris and the Eu-phra'tes. He was at home one day, in this city of Pe'thor, when men from Mo'ab came to him with this message: "Behold, there is a people come out of E'gypt: they cover the face of the earth, and they abide over against me. Come now therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people; for they are too mighty for me: peradventure I shall prevail, that we may smite them, and that I may drive them out of the land: for I know that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed."

A very important message! And Ba'laam was a very important man, or such a message would n't have been sent to him—Mo'ab being five hundred miles to the west; and the sender of it, Ba'lak, a king. Why he didn't send off for an army, I can't tell. Perhaps he didn't want to lose any of his men, and thought that Ba'laam's curse would kill off his foes without a fight.

The circumstances were these: The children of Is'ra-el, having come out of slavery in E'gypt,



BALAAM RECEIVING THE MESSENGERS OF BALAK.

were on their way to Ca'naan. They had driven the Am'o-rites before them, and had gained a battle at Ed're-i, over Og, the king of Ba'shan; and, having pushed their way northward, had come into Mo'ab, which lies east of the River Jor'dan, opposite that part of Ca'naan in which Jer'i-cho is situated. Ba'lak was frightened, for the Is'ra-el-ites had won every battle that they had fought; so, having heard of Ba'laam, he sent him the message that I have already given.

The journey was long, and Ba'lak must have had a trembling time of it, waiting for them to

return; still he had no doubt that the money he sent would bring Ba'laam to his rescue, and he tried to keep up his courage, hoping that the Is'ra-el-ites would either stay in their tents, or pass through his kingdom and leave him in peace, with enough to eat. He set guards around his palace, and posted spies and pickets all over Pis'gah and among the mountains, to give the alarm in case the "people from E'gypt" should take it into their heads to march on his capital.

Over at Pe'thor the messengers were waiting as patiently as they could on the pleasure of Ba'laam. He had invited them to stay with him until the next morning, when he promised to give an answer. During the night this word of God came to him: "Thou shalt not go; thou shalt not curse the people: for they are blessed." He reported the next morning to the Mo'ab-ites that he could n't go with them. They returned to Ba'lak, and at once told him that Ba'laam refused to come with them. This was a surprise, no doubt, to his majesty; but he sent other messengers, with promises of high places at court and plenty of money, if he would only come and curse the children of Is'ra-el.

Ba'laam treated these men, however, no better than the others. Indeed, he was even more positive than before that he could n't go—would n't go—even if Ba'lak gave him his house full of silver and gold. Yet he invited the messengers to stay over night, and he would inquire of God again. And again God came; but with a different word. "Go," he said, "if the men call thee in the morning, but speak only what I tell thee." When the day dawned, Ba'laam got ready and started on his journey to Mo'ab.

But Mo'ses says that God was angry with him because he went. Perhaps you will say that this is a contradiction. I think that I can explain this by what sometimes happens in families where boys and girls like to have their own way. There *are* such families, and there *are* such boys and girls; but they shall be nameless here. They want to go some place especially forbidden; or they want to do something against which they have been repeatedly warned; but they insist:

"Just this once! *Do* let me go! Do let me do this—only this time; I won't ask again!" This continues until pa and ma give up, and say: "Well—go, if you want. Do what you wish!" They give the permission, not because they haven't any will of their own, but because they wish their children to find out that they *ought* to be obeyed, because, if for no other reason, they are older and *ought* to know better. The children do what they please, and get into trouble, and learn hard lessons, to their cost; *but they learn the lesson!*

God let Ba'laam do what he really wanted to do, to show that he would n't force a man to *be* good. He was angry because Ba'laam persisted in his wish to go to Mo'ab, hoping somehow to get his silver and gold. The fact is, so far as we can tell, Ba'laam wanted the money that Ba'lak offered him, and yet, at the same time, wanted to *seem* to be a true prophet.

And now a very strange thing happened, which I will tell just as it is told in the fourth book of Mo'ses: While the Mo'ab princes and Ba'laam and his two servants were riding along (in a hurry to get to the Mo'ab-ite mountains as soon as possible, and rescue Ba'lak from his peril), the ass on which Ba'laam rode suddenly leaped out of the narrow road into the field at the way-side. Ba'laam did what most men do under such circumstances—he used his whip very freely.

At another place, a hollow way between vineyards, the ass again frightened, and, springing to one side, crushed Ba'laam's foot against the fence, and, lying down in the road, would n't go on. This so angered the prophet that he would have killed the poor brute if he had had a sword or a knife.

This was all that either the princes or the servants saw or heard; but Mo'ses says that the ass saw an angel of the Lord in the way, and, Pe'ter says, was given a man's voice to rebuke Ba'laam for his cruelty.

Ba'laam did n't seem to be at all surprised when he heard the man's voice coming from the ass's mouth, but answered back in his "madness."

Then it was that his own eyes were opened, and he too saw the angel standing in the narrow road, with a drawn sword in his hand. He bowed his head and fell on his face, very much ashamed of himself. The angel spoke very sharply to him, and told him that *he* ought to be killed rather than the brute. Ba'laam became very penitent, and offered to turn back, but the angel told him to go on: "Only say what God tells you to say."

The journey was at last ended, and Ba'laam stood before Ba'lak. But he assured him that he would only say what God permitted him to say. Together the king and the prophet went out on the mountain-tops that commanded a view of the Is'ra-elites' camp; and altars were built, sacrifices were offered, and Ba'laam began to speak; but instead of cursing Is'ra-el, he said: "How can I curse whom God hath not cursed?" This was n't in the bargain, but Ba'laam pleaded, as a reason, that he could only say what was *given* him to say.

This seems to have satisfied Ba'lak, but he still insisted that Ba'laam should try again. So the king and the prophet went to another place with the same result. Ba'laam could n't say a word that was n't full of blessing on Is'ra-el.

Finding that it was useless to try any further, Ba'lak became angry, and told Ba'laam to go back where he came from, which was very kind treatment, when we remember that for less reason some kings have killed those who would n't or could n't please them. Ba'laam, however, went on with his "blessing."

But, having been unable to *say* anything against Is'ra-el, it was left within his power to do a great deal of harm. He suggested to Ba'lak that he might yet destroy Is'ra-el by giving them food that had been offered to idols, and by tempting them to break the moral law.

So the Mo'ab-ites, instead of fighting the He'brews, came down to them with food, which had been offered to idols; then they hinted that they ought to worship their gods in return for this kindness; and finally the daughters of Mo'ab joined their fathers and brothers in offer-



BALAAM WITHSTOOD BY THE ANGEL.

ing temptations to disobey God. So their fall was complete, and God sent plagues among them that caused the death of twenty-four thousand—all guilty of breaking the law. But the Mo'ab-ites and Mid'i-an-ites also received their just deserts afterward. The children of Is'ra-el attacked them, and, among others, killed Ba'laam, who had remained with Ba'lak, enjoying the "wages of unrighteousness" that he had received for his plan by which Is'ra-el had drawn upon itself the anger of a pure and powerful God.

John, the Last of the Apostles.



JOHN, who wrote the Fourth Gospel and the three letters that bear his name, and the last book of the New Testament, was one of the first, as he was the last, of the disciples of Je'sus. He had been a disciple of John the Bap'tist. Perhaps he saw Je'sus baptized in the Jor'dan. And when the Baptist said to him one Sabbath morning, as Jesus came in view, "Behold, the

Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" John at once left him and followed Je'sus. From him he learned that John the Baptist was only a Voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" and he, whom John himself called "the Lamb of God," was "the Lord." Je'sus told him many things during that Sabbath and on the next day, Sunday, began his work of preaching and



JESUS AND HIS DISCIPLES.

teaching. Around him there were gathered six men as his special friends—An'drew, John, Pe'ter, James, Phil'ip, and Na-than'a-el. The last two joined the little band on the way as Je'sus and the first four traveled from Beth-ab'-a-ra, where Je'sus had been baptized, to Ca'na.

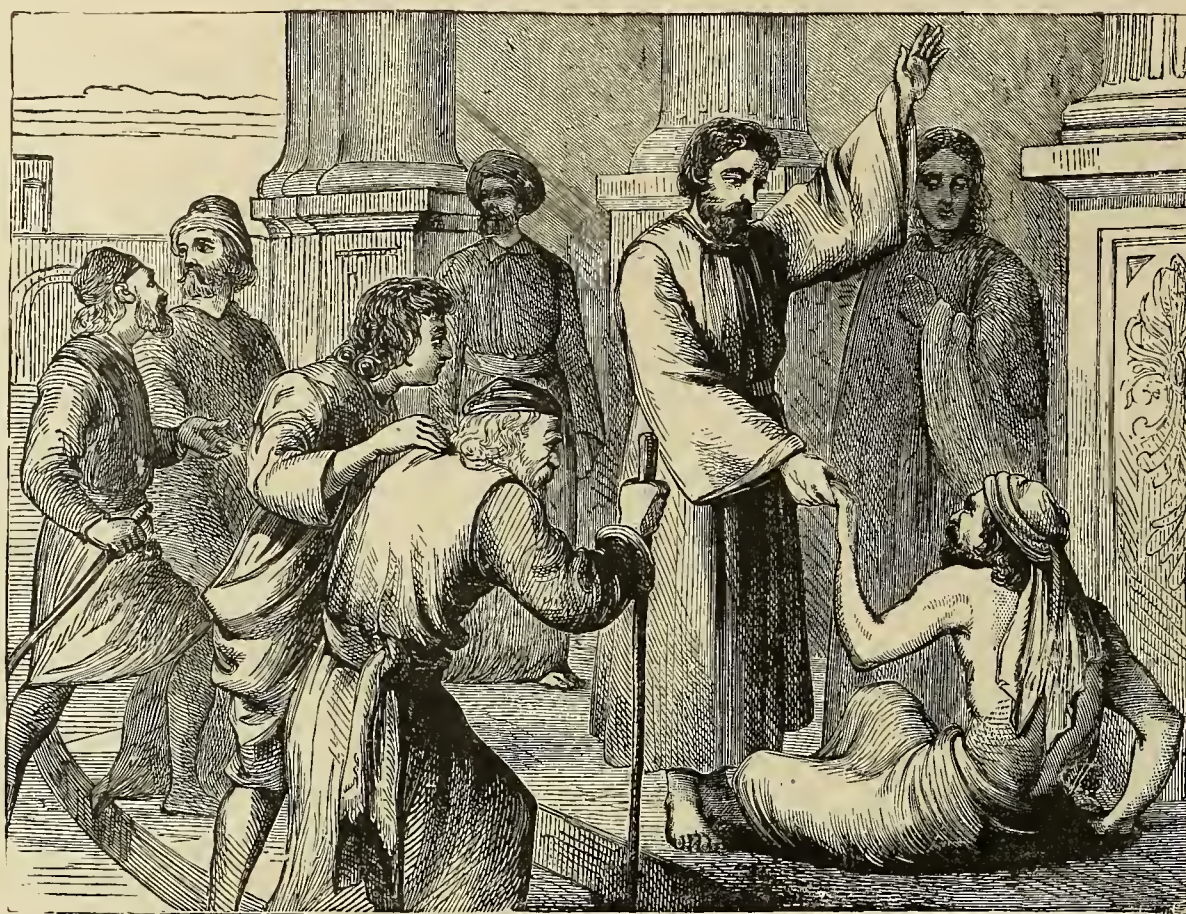
there long before his mother came to him and said in a low voice: "They have n't any wine." Je'sus at first spoke as if the time had not yet come for him to do any wonder-work, but after saying that his hour was not yet come, his mother, who seems to have understood him to



"FOLLOW ME!"

At this little town in Gal'i-lee Je'sus did his first miracle, that of changing water into wine. He, with his mother and four disciples, had been invited to a wedding. He accepted and went to the place of the marriage; but he hadn't been

mean that he would supply wine enough for all to drink, told the servants to do what he told them. Six large water-jars were brought, and filled with water. When this had been done, Je'sus said: "Draw out now, and carry to the



PETER AND JOHN HEALING THE LAME MAN.

master of the feast." And as the servants did so, they found that the water had become wine. When the feast-master tasted it, not knowing what had happened in the meantime, he said that, instead of keeping the poor wine to the last, the bridegroom had kept the best wine until the last. Much has been said, you will find, about this miracle, both by those who make and drink wine, and by those who think it wrong to touch anything that will make men drunk. The wine-makers say, "Je'sus made wine, therefore it is not wrong for us to make it." Those who do not use wine say that the wine that Je'sus made would not make any one drunk. And this must be true, I think. It occurs to me that if Je'sus could do one miracle he could do another. If he could turn water into wine, he could prevent its becoming a drunkard-maker.

As he showed forth his glory, his disciples were convinced that he was indeed the Christ, the Son of God, and they believed in him because he showed that he had the power of God.

After the wedding was over, Je'sus went to Ca-per'na-um, and then to Je-ru'sa-lem,

his disciples going with him. He went to the temple one day and drove out the "traders" and "money-changers." This was even a greater thing to do than to turn water into wine, because the money-changers were stubborn, and didn't want to leave their tables in the temple. Je'sus, however, showed forth his glory by driving them all out before him, not simply with the scourge that he had in his hands, but by his words and the flash of his piercing eye, and the glory of his face in which shone the light of his holiness. The money-changers were afraid

of him. The day of their judgment had come. They had cheated long enough, and were afraid that their misdeeds would all be shown up, and so they ran away as fast as they could go. This,



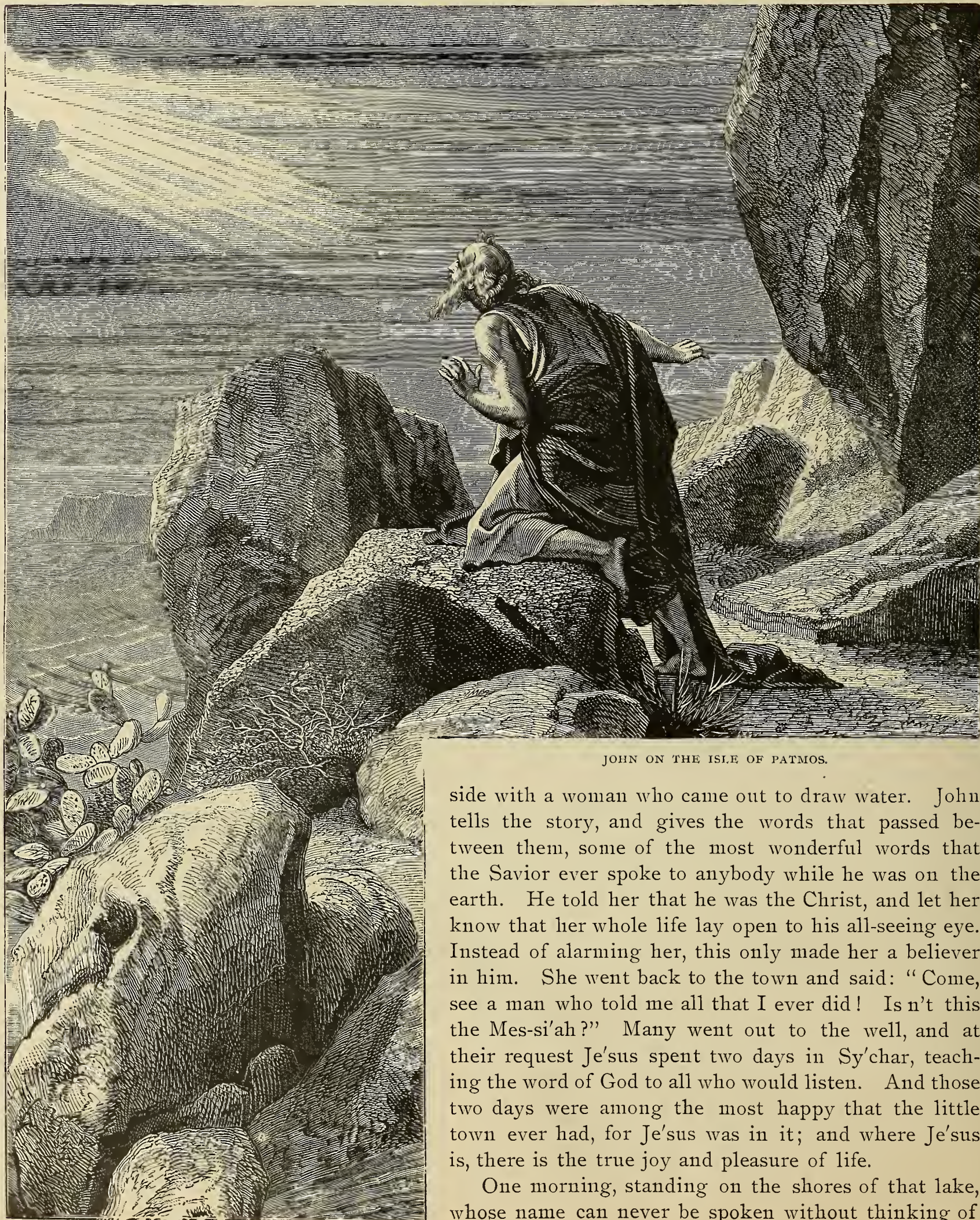
JOHN AND PETER AT THE TOMB OF JESUS.



JESUS APPEARING TO HIS DISCIPLES.

too, must have shown that Je'sus was the Son of God, even if he had not already done miracles, for he called the temple "His" house, and acted as if he were the Lord of it. Soon afterwards, leaving the city, he went out into the country.

Crowds gathered about him, and many were baptized by his disciples. Leaving Ju-de'a, he went back to Gal'i-lee, passing through Sa-ma'ri-a. Here, not far from the city of Sa-ma'ri-a or Sy'char, he had a long talk one day at a well-



JOHN ON THE ISLE OF PATMOS.

side with a woman who came out to draw water. John tells the story, and gives the words that passed between them, some of the most wonderful words that the Savior ever spoke to anybody while he was on the earth. He told her that he was the Christ, and let her know that her whole life lay open to his all-seeing eye. Instead of alarming her, this only made her a believer in him. She went back to the town and said: "Come, see a man who told me all that I ever did! Isn't this the Mes-si'ah?" Many went out to the well, and at their request Je'sus spent two days in Sy'char, teaching the word of God to all who would listen. And those two days were among the most happy that the little town ever had, for Je'sus was in it; and where Je'sus is, there is the true joy and pleasure of life.

One morning, standing on the shores of that lake, whose name can never be spoken without thinking of

him, he called Pe'ter, An'drew, James, and John to give up every thing else, and go with him; to see all his miracles, to hear all his teachings, and, at last, to tell men about him and his resurrection. John was one of the three disciples who saw the raising of Ja-i'rus's daughter and the transfiguration of Je'sus, and who were nearest Je'sus during the agony in Geth-sem'a-ne. He stood near the cross, and was one of the first to go to the grave on the first Easter Sunday.

We think of him as a very tender-hearted and loving man; but in his earlier life he was full of fire, even wishing that the enemies of Je'sus might be killed. Instead of being a "son of thunder," he became a "son of consolation," a man whose words and acts gave help and comfort to all whom he knew. He was with Pe'ter when the lame man was healed at the Beautiful Gate of the temple; and though it was Pe'ter who spoke the healing words, we can not doubt that John's faith and prayer had much to do with the miracle. He looked at the poor, lame man with such loving looks, and was so anxious that he should walk, that if Pe'ter had not done the miracle, he would have done it for the sake of helping a brother man out of his trouble and pain. He is called "that disciple whom Je'sus loved." Certain it is that he loved Je'sus, if not more than any of the other disciples, yet with a faithfulness that was never shaken.

This is one of the most beautiful things that we know about this last disciple—his faithful love for Je'sus, his Master. He, rather than Pe'ter, was the rock-disciple whom nothing could move, and on whom others could build their faith and hope. More and more, as the years go by, John is becoming known and honored, and takes his place alongside of Pe'ter and Paul, as their equal in knowledge and power. What he knew, he knew by loving God and man. What he was able to do, he did by the power of his love for others. He was, as he has been called, the

apostle of love. For this reason, perhaps, it was that Je'sus let him see so much of heaven. There, on that little island of Pat'mos, in the eastern waters of the Med-i-ter-ra'ne-an Sea, he gazed into the holy place above, and saw the glories of it. I think I see him, as he appears in the picture, kneeling on the rocks, close to the sea, and looking—O so eagerly!—out over the ocean into the distant blue, seeing what no one else could see, and hearing what nobody else could hear.

He lived to be a very old man. All of the other disciples of Je'sus died, one by one, and he was left alone. He was loved and honored by the Church; but the heathen hated him, and tried to kill him. There is an old story that he



HARBOR OF LA SCALA—PATMOS.

was put into a caldron of burning oil, but was not harmed. We know that he was taken from among his friends at Eph'e-sus and sent to the mines on the island of Pat'mos, but Je'sus appeared to him there, and gave him messages to the seven Churches in A'si-a Mi'nor, and told him many things that would happen in the history of the Church and the world.

One of the most beautiful stories about him that have been handed down is this: A young man joined the Church, and was baptized; but he did not remain faithful. He left the city, and joined a band of robbers among the mountains. John, who visited the different Churches from time to time, missed this young man from his place, and asked about him. When he was told that he had become a robber, he said: "I must



VISION OF THE CANDLESTICK.

go after him, and bring him back." Friends told him that he would be robbed, and, perhaps, killed; but he would not give up his purpose, and went alone. The robbers came out, and among them the young man for whom John was searching. As soon as he saw the apostle, he

started to run away; but John called to him, and persuaded him to come back.

Such a man was the last of the apostles; full of love for men, and a true hero, having courage to follow Je'sus, and willing to suffer and die for his sake.



OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.

"In My Father's House are Many Mansions."



IN one of his sermons delivered at Jeru'sa-lem our Savior said: "I am from above. I am not of this world." *There ARE other worlds than ours.* Je'sus says: "I go to prepare a place for you who love me and obey me. In my Father's house are many mansions; many rooms or abiding places. Be-

cause I live, ye shall live also." Paul, who entered so fully into the spirit of the Savior's life, said: "As in Ad'am all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. We shall all be changed. The Lord Je'sus Christ shall change our body, that it may be fashioned like his glorious body." *There are other worlds than ours.* Je'sus now lives in them. After his resurrection, he lived for forty days among the disciples, and then, in their presence, as-

cended, and a cloud hid him from their eyes. He lives in another mansion or room of the Great Palace. We can not see him as he was once seen; but that he is still living, and that he will come again and show himself in glory, is one of the great beliefs of the Church, one of the teachings of that Book in the Palace which tells so much about him.

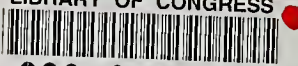
Is it wise, then, for us to live as if there were no other world; as if, when the body is buried, that is the end of it? O no! Because he lives, we shall live also! He will show us greater things than any that we have yet seen, and the Palace will appear in a blaze of light and full of glory.

There will be new heavens and a new earth. All that part of the Palace in which we now live will be made pure and bright. There will be no more night; no more sea, with its secrets of death, its storms and tempests; no more volcanoes, destroying the homes of men; no more death,—everywhere and forever, light and life in the presence of the Great King.



"MANY MANSIONS."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 022 211 280 1